

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, Director of the Coronation Music.
June, 1911. The Religious Meaning of the Coronation. Price 6d.

The QUIVER



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Mellin's

Between a *fat* baby and a *fit* baby there is often a world of difference; *fitness* should be the aim.

There is that sturdiness—virility—happy-go-lucky liveliness about the Mellin-fed child which betoken perfect health, and which augur brightly for its future.

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MY WORD
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If you haven't a BISSELL SWEEPER in your house you are losing a lot of comfort that you may enjoy at a very slight cost. Price from 10 6.
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When a woman loses her complexion she loses her greatest charm. A hard, dry, colourless skin is a sign of an unhealthy skin; no ordinary face cream can remedy this; by stopping the pores with grease they only make matters worse. Use Icilma Fluor Cream (containing the wonderful Icilma Natural Water), which removes skin blemishes and their cause. The action of Icilma upon the skin is threefold—it cleanses, it clears, and it stimulates. That is why it is entirely different from any other cream.

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1/- per Pot—of good Chemists everywhere.

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containing samples of Icilma Fluor Cream, Soap, Tooth Powder, 2d. Icilma Shampoo Sachet (Wet), 2d. Icilma Hair Powder (Dry), &c., sent on receipt of 3d. stamps for postage and packing. ICILMA COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 72), 144, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.



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is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample ball sent post free 3d. stamps. F. CHIVERS & CO. SOAP WORKS, BATH.



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BUNGALOW, containing Drawing Room, Dining Room, Three Bedrooms, and usual Offices. Constructed of timber framework, roofing red diagonal asbestos tiles, walls “Rough Cast” plastering.

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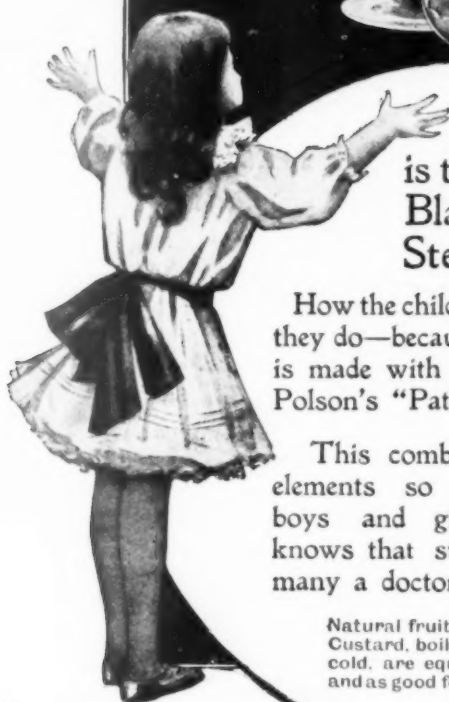
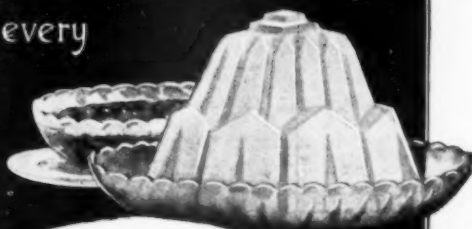
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This
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How the children like it—and it is well they do—because the finest Blancmange is made with pure milk and Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour (see recipe).

This combination supplies the food elements so necessary for growing boys and girls, and every mother knows that stewed fresh fruit saves many a doctor's bill.

Natural fruit Jellies, Corn Flour Custard, boiled or baked, hot or cold, are equally advantageous and as good for grown-up people.

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Please cut out and fill in the attached coupon, and copy will be sent you gratis and post free.

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1,000,000 MEN & WOMEN TO TRY "HAIR DRILL"—FREE.

GREAT CORONATION OFFER. A Crown for Every British Subject Free.

Mr. Edwards' first step in this great Coronation Offer is to send free supplies of his famous preparation, "Harlene," to every person who desires this crowning glory, a luxuriant, healthy head of hair.

This is the great Coronation offer made by the world-famous hair specialist, Mr. Edwards, of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Fame.

No matter what the present condition of your hair may be, no matter how thin or weak, or how worried you may be with scalp trouble, such as scurf, dandruff, greasiness, etc., this promise of a crown is made to you.

Every person who desires to acquire the personal crown has only to fill in and forward as directed the free gift coupon below to receive in return a full supply of the necessary preparations for the cultivation of hair growth. Not only will a supply of "Harlene" be sent, but also a packet of the delightful shampoo powder, "Cremex," for the cleansing of the head. There will also be sent an interesting manual of instructions on the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method.

This is the Coronation Year Gift made by the proprietor of the world-famous specific, "Harlene," and the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Is it not more than sufficient to induce you to begin at once to cultivate a new growth of hair by securing the necessary preparations now offered gratis?

One has only to examine the tell-tale brush or comb to realise that hair trouble has set in. Those few hairs in the teeth of the comb and in the meshes of the brush prove conclusively that the hair is beginning to thin, and needs immediate attention.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" method will and does grow hair. Not only does it grow hair on those places from whence it has fallen, but it strengthens the remaining

hair, and by systematic application will turn dull, fading locks to their natural fresh, full-coloured condition.

The gifts that the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill" makes in order to assist you to secure your crown are:

1. A special supply of the world famous hair-grower and scalp tonic, "Harlene," the preparation that does actually grow hair in splendidly abundant masses.

2. A supply of "Cremex," a delightful shampoo powder, the use of which clears the hair of all loose scurfy matter, dandruff, dust, dirt, etc., and prepares the scalp for the practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

3. An interesting book which tells you just what to do in order to grow strong, healthy hair. This book is of the utmost interest, for no matter what your particular hair trouble may be, the method of ridding yourself of the same is clearly indicated.

It is sufficient, in order to secure this gift, to fill in the coupon given below, and to post to the address indicated.

With each application must be enclosed three penny stamps to cover the actual cost of postage on the parcel.

For the convenience of readers it may be mentioned that further supplies of "Harlene" are obtainable of all chemists and stores in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, in boxes of six, at 1s. per box, or direct from the proprietors on receipt of P.O. addressed to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

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LADIES—1st Prize, £50; 2nd Prize, £25; 20 Prizes of £1 each; 200 of 10s. each.

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Full particulars of this competition can be obtained from your chemist; direct from Edwards' Harlene Co., on receipt of stamped envelope, or same are enclosed with every sample outfit.

**THIS COUPON
ENTITLES
YOU TO THE
FREE TRIAL
OUTFIT.**

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its Holder to a Free Outfit for Increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-96, High Holborn, London W.C.
Please send me one of the Trial Outfits as per your offer in above article. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

Name

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THE QUIVER, June, 1911.

**FILL IN
AND
SEND
THIS COUPON
TO-DAY.**



From this great building 1,000,000 Toilet Gifts for beautifying and improving the hair of the men, women and children of these Isles are being sent out this week to every city, town and village in the Kingdom. Send your application today.

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Macfarlane Larg & Co's "Coronation" Biscuits



The Biscuit which should be
in every loyal Household
in the Kingdom.

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Sufferers from Loss of Hair

SHOULD AT ONCE AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THE TATCHO HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH, WHICH IS BEING PRESENTED FREE, TO INTRODUCE AND POPULARISE MR. GEO. R. SIMS' WONDERFUL HAIR-GROWER—TATCHO.

YOU have heard of TATCHO—Mr. George R. Sims' TATCHO. Everybody has heard of it, and thousands upon thousands have good cause to bless its coming. Thousands who to-day possess fine, lustrous, luxuriant heads of hair; whose youthful appearance has been many years prolonged by this happy discovery of the well-known journalist—these are the people who have lived to thank Mr. Geo. R. Sims for a benefit which would otherwise never have been theirs. These people stand to-day an irrefutable, living, pulsating testimony to the virtues of this extraordinary specific—TATCHO, the true, genuine, honest hair-grower.

WHEREIN IT SUPERSEDES ALL OTHER BRUSHES.

Absolute cleanliness is the keynote of a healthy scalp.

When it is considered that the hair—which is by nature greasy—is a locality upon which millions of floating organisms gravitate, loss of hair must, with the certainty of mathematics, ensue by using a hair brush which constantly gathers these impurities from the hair and scalp, and returns them to the scalp each time the brush is used.

But your brush itself will speak far more eloquently than words.

Examine it, if an old-style one, and you will find embedded in the bristles a mass of the decaying substances referred to. They cling to and become embedded in the bristles, where they cannot be dislodged. It is impossible by any process of pasteurising to destroy these injurious bacteria without destroying the brush itself.

It is idle to imagine that the presence of these putrefactive organisms in the hair brush does not seriously interfere with the healthy growth of the hair and the healthy functions of the scalp.

The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush differs radically from the old-style brush. Instead of the bristles being set in tufts, they are set separately in a pneumatic air-cushion. These deftly set bristles gently cleave the strands of hair, gathering up all impurities from the hair and scalp. By merely drawing the thumb across the bristled air-cushion after the brush has been used, all impurities jump from the vibrating bristles, leaving the brush sweetly clean for further use.



The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush sweeps the scalp and the hair free of all destructive germ-microbes by a few gentle strokes. The hand is then passed over the bristles thoroughly to rid the brush of these accumulations. The hair is then ready for the administration of Tatcho. After this, the hair is gently brushed one more with the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, and a healthy fresh, a clean wave of sparkling vitality radiates from the scalp, and Tatcho, undisturbed by destructive germs, does its great work of promoting and beautifying the growth of the hair.

FREE

To Users of
TATCHO
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
Genuine, Good,
True
Hair-Grower.

If your hair is thin, falling, or going grey, if you have need of any specific for the hair, you need Tatcho. And once you can be persuaded to try Tatcho, the Company is content to allow Tatcho to speak for its powers itself.

TO OBTAIN THE FREE BRUSH—

All you have to do is to become a patron of the hair-grower. Cut out and send the coupon below to the chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, London, with a postal order for 3s. 1d. This is 2s. 6d. for your bottle of Tatcho, and 4d. for postage.

If you prefer to test the unique merits of Tatcho before purchasing a 2s. 6d. bottle, ask your Chemist to supply you with a 1s. bottle only. This will provide you with convincing testimony of the value of

Tatcho. Preserve the carton entire in which the 1s. bottle is contained, and when you have four of these cartons mail them to the Tatcho Laboratories. By return you will receive one of these Tatcho Hair-Health Brushes, post free.

FREE BRUSH COUPON.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

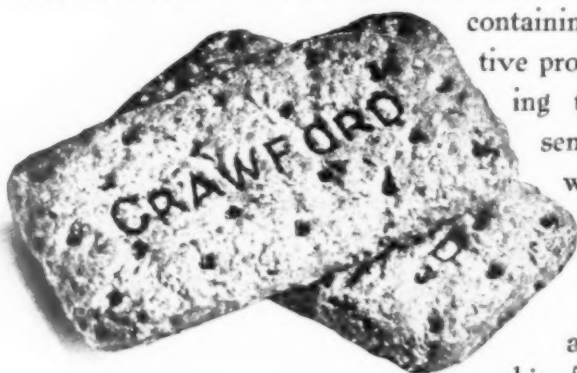
THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair-Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGES, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the June issue of THE QUIVER.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims
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(Wholemeal)
BISCUITS

CRAWFORD'S "Standard" Biscuits have been specially introduced to meet the demand which has arisen for biscuits



containing all the nutritive properties, including the germ and semolina, of the whole wheat.

These biscuits are made without the addition of any white flour whatever.

May be obtained from all Grocers and Bakers

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS, Limited,
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THE QUIVER



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—The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed.

Capt. A.R. Walker
—He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me.

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a **FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE** from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.
A Professional Man writes:—**YOU ASTONISH & HELP DEAF or BLIND**



The **ISON METHOD WITHOUT OPERATION** effects marvellous cures in Eye and Ear Diseases, Deafness in its varied forms, Noises in the Head and Ears, Ear Discharges, etc. Write for testimonials and printed form of questions to be answered, sent free. Mr. ISON, Oculist and Aurist, Ison's Eye and Ear Dispensary, Ltd., 71, Gt. George St., Leeds. (Established 1871)

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PLASMON COCOA

is **TEN** times more nutritious than ordinary cocoa.—*vide Lancet.*

COCOA IN PERFECTION, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.
PLASMON is used by the ROYAL FAMILY

SEEGER'S SEEGER'OL

FOR GREY HAIR.
Trial Bottle. **6d.**



SEEGER'S tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired, BROWN, DARK BROWN, LIGHT BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN or GOLDEN. SEEGER'S has a certified clientele of over FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY EIGHT THOUSAND USERS. SEEGER'S contains no lead, mercury, silver or sulphur. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. SEEGER'S is permanent, washable, has no grease, does not burn the hair or scalp. Large bottle 2/- post free 2/6. Trial bottle post free 7d. Chemists and Stores everywhere. **HINDS LTD., Finsbury, London.**



A pleasure
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If all who find an ordinary walk a trial would wear 'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels, less would be heard of headaches and fatigue.

Black,
Brown,
& Grey.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

make walking on any road a pleasure; they absorb all jar, jolt, and shock; they save your money because they save your boots; they help you to conserve your strength and nerves—all of which one single pair will prove.

See name on heel.



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Be sure you take a "Swan" with you this year. It takes up little room, but will prove an indispensable addition to your baggage. Always ready for use. One filling will last for days, and entire satisfaction is warranted—not only for a week or two, but for years.

The New

"SWAN SAFETY"

Can't leak. Can't blot. Can't miss!
The proper pen for traveller or tourist.

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Branches: 98, Cheapside, E.C.; 26A, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; and at Brussels, Paris, New York, and Chicago.

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Descriptive
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£30,000 STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

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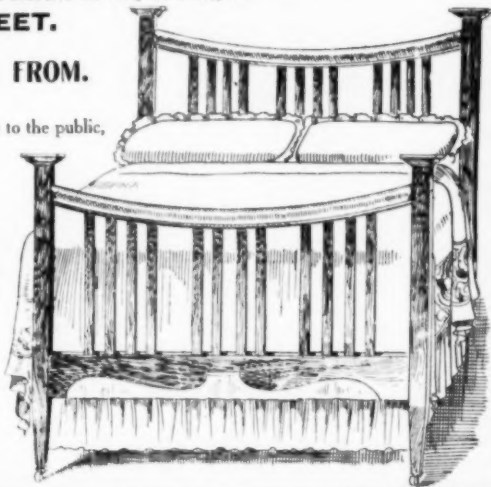
Solid Fumed Oak Bedstead, fitted with Improved Double Woven Wire Spring Mattress with Heavy Cable Edges and Centre complete, 4ft. 6 in. by 6ft. 6 in.

£2 15 6

Hundreds of others from —
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Catalogue (No. 38) and Guide,
"How to Furnish," Post Free.

Country Orders over £2 Carriage Paid.



Laitova Lemon Cheese

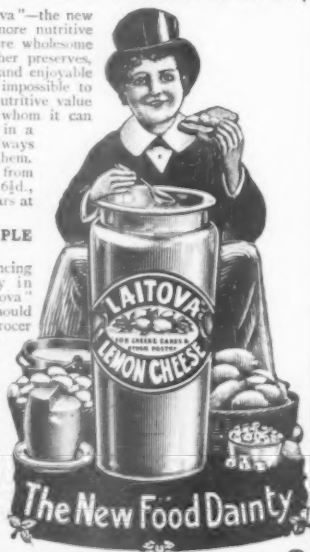
"The new food dainty with the more-ish flavour."

That's "Laitova"—the new Food Dainty, more nutritive than butter or other preserves, and more tasty and enjoyable to eat. It is impossible to exaggerate its nutritive value to children, to whom it can freely be given in a variety of ways always acceptable to them. Get a large jar from your grocer for 6d., and in smaller jars at 3d., 2d., etc.

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RYCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
3, Cornbrook,
Manchester.



NOW, LADIES —AND GENTLEMEN— WE WANT YOU

JUST TO TRY

A WOMAN'S
PRIDE
AND GLORY.
BEAUTIFUL
HAIR.

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THE
WONDERFUL
HAIR TONIC.

No other tonic acts so effectively. It cleanses away the congealed secretions of the hair follicles, and kills dangerous dandruff germs and other bacilli. Then it penetrates to the roots of the hair, which it feeds and stimulates, thereby promoting a growth of

**SOFT, SILKY,
LUSTROUS
TRESSES.**

It positively stops falling hair.

In Bottles 1/- & 2/-,
of All Chemists, or
sent free from
THE EGGLOSSA
MANUFACTURING
COMPANY,
Bishopston,
BRISTOL.



I'm sure "EGGLOSSA" would be a fine thing for your hair. It has done wonders for mine.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
"Uses PROCTOR'S Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Voice and Chest, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho-Laryngeal).

For
**CHEST,
THROAT,
VOICE,**



For
**ASTHMA,
COUGH,
CATARRH.**

A BOON TO SINGERS, SPEAKERS, TEACHERS, &c.
Sold by Chemists and Stores, only in Boxes, 1/- and 2/-.
Insist on having "Pinelyptus."



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ECZOLINE TREATMENT—WHAT IS IT?

1st. A Wonderful Healing Ointment. 2nd. Blood Cooling and Purifying Tablets. 3rd. Specially Prepared Soap.

**THE SAME IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR ECZEMA,
SORES, Bad Legs, Rashes, Irritation, Chilblains, and Kindred Complaints.**

THE FIRST thing done is to STOP the Irritation, then HEAL, and finally give the Skin a Soft and Clear Complexion.

TESTIMONIAL.

"It is the only ointment that gives relief. My face is clear. I have never been so clear for years. Only those who know its worth can value it most."

We will send you a trial treatment, post paid, for 3s.

Prices separate:—Ointment, 1s. 1/-; 2s. 6d.; 4s. 6d. Tablets same price. Soap, 6d. Veterinary, made for Animals, Dogs, Cats, Horses, etc., Ointment same price; Soap, 1s. per lb. A specially prepared Shaving Soap for tender skins, 6d. per stick. Send to-day to Proprietor.

W. W. HUNTER, Regent Street, Swindon, Wilts, England, or inquire of your Chemist.

ECZOLINE TREATMENT post paid for 3s.

The change from
wall paper to the refined
simplicity and brightness of Hall's
Distemper decoration has the refreshing
effect of a change to a newly-built house.

HALL'S DISTEMPER

is entirely free from the colour-fading and dust-collecting drawbacks of wallpaper. It retains its freshness and beauty unimpaired for years, and may be "spring cleaned" by lightly sponging with warm water. It is made in 70 colours, including rich dark as well as light shades.

Be particular to specify **HALL'S Distemper**, as imitations do not possess its unique advantages.

"How to Decorate Your Home." Write to-day for this beautifully illustrated pamphlet, showing in colours how to artistically decorate every room in the house. Post free from the Sole Manufacturers:—

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London Office: 199^B, Boro' High Street, S.E.



STAIN GREY HAIRS

The Hair, Whiskers, or Eyebrows are simply and safely done with

"NECROCEINE."

Restoring the colour (any shade) to the roots, it has a lasting effect, and makes detection impossible. Does not stain the skin. Undoubtedly the cleanest and best Hair Stainer in the World. Light Brown, Golden, Dark Brown, and Black. Secretly packed by Post for 1.3. 2.3. 3.3. 5.

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All-British-Made

IS OFFERED DIRECT TO YOU FOR £10
ON THIS CLEAR UNDERSTANDING.

Gold Medal Brussels, 1910.



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STONE-MADE
BREAD

THE FAMILY BREAD.

IT CONTAINS
all the essentials
of
A PERFECT
BREAD
scientifically
prepared.

The
GOOD OLD BREAD
of our Forefathers.

TWO
GOLD MEDALS
IN 1910.

Promotes
STRONG
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TRY IT.

PARTICULARS of
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Why 'It's the Good Old Bread that our Mothers used to make. What daffney call it? GERMATA

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PLEADS EARNESTLY for donations in Aid of its Work on behalf of the **UNEMPLOYED, OUTCAST AND HELPLESS, AND THE UNGODLY AND CARELESS.**

FRESH AIR HOMES for Women and Children stifling in London slums.

LABOUR HOMES throughout the land for reclamation of criminals, tramps, loafers, and social failures of both sexes. **HOMES FOR YOUTHS.** Fifty per cent. gain a real fresh start in life. **FARM COLONY.**

EMIGRATION for Men, Families, and Lads.

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MISSIONS IN PRISONS, WORKHOUSES, and SLUMS, on invitation of responsible Clergy. Hundreds of Evangelists and Mission-Sisters working in town and country parishes under Clergy.

FUNDS, OLD CLOTHES, AND FIRE-WOOD ORDERS (3s. 6d. per 100 Bundles), **URGENTLY NEEDED.**

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to **PREFENDARY CARLILE** (Hon. Chief Secretary), 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

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I CAN RID YOU OF YOUR FAT, TOO.

I Have Put Aside 10,000 Packages for Free Presentation, so that Too-Fat Readers may give My Remedy a Fair Trial.

The Coupon at the End of This Article Entitles a Reader to Test the Remedy which Reduced Me 26 lb. Within 28 Days.

I suffered the disfigurement, annoyance, and distressing physical symptoms of over-fatness for many years.

I was so disappointed with remedy after remedy that I determined to study obesity, and to find a cure for myself. When you realise this fact you will understand the spirit which prompts me to make the offer I do to-day.

I feel that, no matter how many other remedies and treatments you have tried, you will be willing

to give mine a trial, if I undertake to send you this trial entirely at my own expense. I know it is an offer which would have appealed to me when I was fat.

I make the following offer to every reader who has superfluous fat to get rid of, or who realises that he or she has a tendency to fatness.

I will send, securely and privately packed, to any reader who forwards me the coupon below, a special Free Trial supply of



These photos (reproduced by kind permission) show how one lady benefited in appearance by my cure in four weeks.

my unfailing remedy for all forms of obesity, free of charge. If you have any form of obesity, such as—

General or Local Fatness,
Double Chin and Flabby Cheeks,
Ungainly Hips,
Shapeless Limbs,
Faults of Figure, etc.,

avail yourself of my offer to-day. You will quickly discover that you can get rid of your fat at a perfectly satisfactory rate. I lost 26 lb. within 28 days myself, and have never since had the slightest indication of a return of my former stoutness.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

I can only send one package to each person, and I ask every applicant to enclose threepence in stamps to help to pay the cost of postage and packing.

In the package I will enclose a copy of my new book of facts for fat people. This book contains the story of my own wonderful cure. I will also enclose photographs and letters of ladies and gentlemen who have been reduced by my method.

This Coupon entitles the Sender to a Free Trial Package of my Cure for the Too-Fat. A letter also may be sent, but the Coupon must be used.

I HAVE never tried your Remedy, and wish to do so, and I accept your offer to send me one Free Trial Package. I enclose 3d. to cover postage and packing.

Name
Address

To JOHN NELSON LLOYD Ltd., 114, Vernon House, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.



Electrolysis at Home.

Removal of superfluous hair at home by Mme. Tensfeldt's perfected process, exactly as used by her for many years. Recurrence physiologically impossible; every hair root completely destroyed.

Mme. Tensfeldt gives lessons by post enabling every lady to remove superfluous hair herself or have it done by a maid. Perfectly easy; practically painless; no shock or electrical sensation.

Complete Apparatus lent on Hire and forwarded in perfectly plain package. Absolute privacy, and the opportunity afforded to remove every hair completely, permanently, and without haste, make this home electrolysis treatment the one perfect method.

Particulars free in plain envelope. Use coupon or write.

COUPON.

Mme. P. S. F. Tensfeldt, 71, Princes St., Edinburgh.

Please send me free of charge in plain envelope particulars and terms for hire of your perfected apparatus for permanent removal of superfluous hair by self-treatment.

(X Miss) (Mrs) Write very plainly.

(X Please strike out one of those.)

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A SEWING MACHINE FOR 6/6

Patronised by H.M. the Empress of Russia.

This Machine has an established reputation for doing good work speedily and easily on thick or thin materials. No experience necessary. Sent in wooden box, Carriage Paid, for 7/3. Extra needles, 6d. per packet. Write for press opinions and testimonials, or call and see the Machine at work.

(PATENTED.)

SEWING MACHINE CO. (Desk 10),

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EYESIGHT RESTORED



**NO SPECTACLES !
NO OPERATION !!
NO MEDICINE !!!**

IF YOUR EYES ARE WEAK

LEARN How to Make Them STRONG.

If you wear glasses—If your eyes smart or burn, or are strained or become dim—If you suffer from headache, you need Dr. Gilbert Percival's book on "Eyes," describing a new method of self home treatment. Minor eye weaknesses are caused by poor circulation of blood in the eye arteries. Near-sight, far-sight, squint, and astigmatism are caused by the eyes becoming distorted (out of shape). Correct massage, as described in the book, produces a normal circulation of pure blood, and moulds the eye painlessly to its normal shape, with perfect success and without danger, as the gentle manipulations are done over the eyelid, not in direct contact with the eye.

FREE—1/- BOOK ON "EYES."

The book is published at 1s., but it has been arranged, in order to extend its valuable educational knowledge quickly to the public, to distribute book at cost. If you wish to relieve eye-strain and headache, and be independent of spectacles, grasp this opportunity and send for a FREE copy to-day. Get away from the spectacle habit. See Nature with the naked eyes—not through glass windows. Merely send your name and address, with 3 (abroad, 6 foreign) postage stamps, but do it NOW. Address—

G. J. PERCIVAL, NEU-VITA EYE INSTITUTE (Est. 1903),
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Will not turn black or rub off. Has been sold for thirty years, and is STILL THE BEST.

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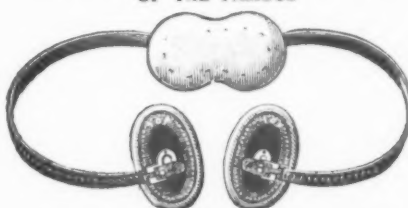
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SELF-ADJUSTING TRUSSES,

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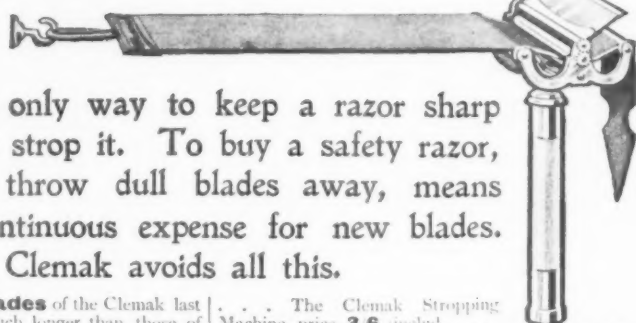
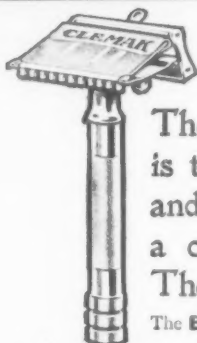
BELTS FOR ALL PURPOSES—GENERAL Support, Warmth, Umbilical Hernia, Movable Kidney.

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SALMON & ODY, 164, Strand, W.C.
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The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades. The Clemak avoids all this.

The **CLEMAK** Blades of the Clemak last much longer than those of other Safeties—**because you strop them.** The Clemak is the **only** first-class Safety Razor sold at a **FAIR** price—**5/-**. It is made as well and shaves as well as any Razor sold at a guinea. This is a provable fact.

. . . The Clemak Stropping Machine, price **3/6** (including good leather strop), compels you to strop at the **correct** angle and pressure. Ensures a **keen** blade for **every** shave—saves its cost many times over. . . The Clemak Safety Razor and Stropping Machine is a perfect shaving outfit.

Combination Case, 12 Blades, Stropping Machine, and Strop, 10/6 post free.

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CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

OF ALL CUTLERS, OR IRON TONGERS ETC.



CLEMAK RAZOR CO. 17 BILLITER STREET

WESTERN CANADA.

Western Canada is of vast extent. The diocese of Rupertsland is larger than England and Wales; Qu Appelle is larger than Great Britain. The diocese of Calgary is nearly as large as Italy; and Saskatchewan is only slightly smaller than France; Athabasca is larger than Germany; and Yukon is as large as Spain. Thus, these Western dioceses are as large as all Western Europe; in addition to which the huge dioceses of British Columbia and those of Northern Ontario are to be reckoned.

The flood of immigrants spreading over all this land presents the Church with an overwhelming problem.

The Colonial and Continental Church Society

has sought to meet the emergency by its

NORTH-WEST CANADA FUND

begun in 1906. By its means there are now working in these provinces **76 Clergy** and over **100 Laymen**. More than £40,000 has been expended in the West. It

URGENTLY NEEDS SUPPORT.

£150 a year will support a clergyman; £75 a year, a catechist; £50 a year for four years will train a divinity student for the ministry; £20 will pay passage money to the West.

SECRETARY: THE REV. J. D. MULLINS, M.A.,
9, SERJEANT'S INN, FLEET STREET, E.C.



**PATON'S
ALLOA KNITTING
WOOLS**

Patterns of the latest new Art Shades free on application to Paton's, Alloa, Scotland, or 192 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

LADIES WITH SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

For many years I was afflicted with a very humiliating growth of hair on my face. I have discovered a sure and harmless remedy which permanently removes this embarrassing growth, and acts directly upon the follicles, thereby exterminating root and branch; it is absolutely painless. I have treated hundreds of cases with perfect success. Write to me in confidence for further particulars, and enclose stamp to pay postage. It is quite an inexpensive treatment.

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A WORD TO THE WIDE-AWAKE!

All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home.

Do you know that practically **ALL** Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply **BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBARDS, OVERMANTELS, &c.**, at very **LOW PRICES**, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.

Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price Lists (POST FREE).

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HOVIS STILL THE BEST BREAD

Contains the Semolina and more Germ than any other bread.

5/-
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THE 'JEWEL' PEN IS DIFFERENT

to other Fountain Pens in this respect, that whilst it will do the work that is claimed for high-priced pens, and do it well, it costs only 5/-

DON'T FORGET A 'JEWEL' FOR 5/-

Of all Stationers or post free from sole makers:

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QUITE A GOOD THING For the Table
ASK FOR IT.

HONEYCOMB MOULD

Every Cook and Housekeeper will be pleased to hear of the Honeycomb Mould. A Jelly Top and Creamy Base, Self-separated in one operation. Rich as a cream and as soft as custard.

3½d. Packet makes 1½ Pints.

Here's Another Good Thing—**"SUNSHINE"**

The First and Most Economic
CUSTARD POWDER

6½d. Tin makes 24 Pints.

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DOOM of the PILL
Carina
SALTS TABLETS

If I were really very ill,
And asked to take the nicest pill,
I fear I'd have to sadly frown.
And say "I could not get it down."

CARNA SALTS TABLETS have come to the relief of those who dislike taking Pills. They can be dissolved in a cup of tea, coffee, cocoa, or hot water, and being tasteless, they will not spoil the flavour.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are a purgative and a tonic, not a purgative. They purify the system but do not strain the organs.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are especially good in cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Giddiness and Nervousness. They are absolutely harmless.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are a Blood Purifier, and when it is remembered that the blood traverses every organ of the body, it will be seen that the benefits they confer must be priceless.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS give you a BRIGHT, BUOYANT FEELING.

IN BOXES, 1s.

Of all chemists, or post free of
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd., 110, Strand, London, W.C.

5/- MONTHLY



I'm the only man in the world who sells brand new **SWIFT, HUMBER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, PREMIER, PROGRESS, ROVER, REMINGTON, CENTAUR, SINGER, QUADRANT**, and other Cycles at 5/- monthly. **Twelve Years' Guarantee** given. Strictest privacy assured.

HIGH GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES
From £3 10s. cash.

Edw^d **O'Brien, Ltd.**
Sent on Approval.
WRITE FOR LISTS.

The World's Largest Cycle Dealer,
(Dept. 172), COVENTRY.

Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the
Ragged School Union
AND
Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,
Director,

32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,
LONDON, W.C.

CULTIVATING THE CONDITION TO ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

Pronouncement of supreme importance to all whose health prevents the fullest enjoyment of life's good things.

Mr. Eugen Sandow offers to explain personally, or by letter, without charge or obligation to readers of "The Quiver," his remarkable method of flesh reduction and general tone improvement.

I am a great believer in enjoyment. Pleasure is more than the spice of life. It is as essential to well-being as well-being is essential to pleasure.

Now I am going to make a statement which I want every reader to test personally. The examination will, I am perfectly sure, convince that I am not extravagant in my pronouncement that—

*The Pleasures of the Table without Fear of an Aftermath of Dyspepsia,
Mental Pleasures,
Physical Enjoyments of Every Kind,
As well as the General Luxury of Living,*

are not realised as they should be by one man or woman in every ten.

My pronouncement goes farther; for I claim that the delightful assurance of a free participation in all reasonable desires, with immunity from any ill after-effects, is within the reach of certainly nine out of every ten men and women who to-day are lacking in just that tone and vigour which alone enable the keenest enjoyment of anything and everything.

That is why I take this opportunity in the pages of THE QUIVER to especially explain the great object of my ambitions and the Institute I direct—i.e. the promotion of the enjoyment of life by means of enabling the men and women who consult me and follow my advice to shake off the health troubles which are the only barriers to the fullest realisation of all that goes to make life worth living, by an entirely natural system of simple but scientific Natural Health Culture.

"OH THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT."

Take one instance. What a tremendous sacrifice of physical and mental comfort and enjoyment is traceable to the "too, too solid flesh" which creeps so insidiously upon the still youthful society, professional or business man, and seems as though it specially singles out the most charming young matrons for its unwelcome infliction.

By following my advice not only are the appearance and figure improved, but the health and stamina are at the same time built up and the dangerous constitutional changes inseparable from obesity entirely eliminated.

It is not only the society man or woman who falls out of condition and finds life becoming a burden. Workers in every sphere, whose energies, whether mental or physical or both, are subjected to daily strain, equally decline in fitness and find themselves growing what is commonly known as "stale"—the brain becoming dull and the body tired.

To all these I say:

What you require is generally toning up, and I have every evidence to prove that there is no more certain way of restoring exhausted mental and physical energy than by my course of Natural Health Culture.

HOW TO SECURE MY FREE ADVICE.

I am fully aware that even as this lack of fitness is peculiar to no one class of the community, neither is it particular to any one town or one country. Its effects are experienced everywhere throughout the world.

Call, if you can, between the hours of 11.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. or 3.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. and see me personally, so that we can go into your condition and requirements privately. However, the fact that you reside in Manchester or Dublin, anywhere abroad or

in the Colonies, need not for an instant debar you from inquiring how I can improve your run-down condition and restore you to a state of perfect health and fitness.

Wherever you live you can write to me, sending particulars of your condition or defect, and I will freely forward you a letter of reply explaining the method of my treatment and its applicability in your own particular case, and show you how in the privacy of your own home you can secure that buoyant condition of fitness you desire.

Whether you call upon me personally at my Institute, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., or write to me, I make no preliminary charge for a consultation or advice by letter.



Photo

[Harwick Brothers.]

Please send me particulars of your Natural Method of Health Culture.

NAME

(Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Rev., or other Title.)

ADDRESS

Age..... OCCUPATION

NATURE OF DEFECT or

Condition which requires improvement

Can you call? Please state Yes or No

If you cannot call please give further detailed particulars in a letter, so that the opinion upon your case may be sent to you by post.

To Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

"The Quiver," June, 1911.

Q.—June, 1911.]

xvii

FILL IN,
CUT OUT AND
FORWARD.



Off for the Holidays!

TAKE A TUBE OF SECCOTINE

with you; you will find it invaluable for repairing the damage that always occurs in travelling. ¶ Some part of your camera gets out of order, a stick or umbrella gets broken, your golf clubs come to grief, you break your pipe;—

SECCOTINE

will mend all these quickly and effectively. There is no heating or other preparation required; all that is necessary is to withdraw the pin-stopper and apply the adhesive.

FOR TRAVELLERS

we recommend the 3d. size of tube, put up in a neat tin box, suitable for the vest pocket.

FOR SAMPLES apply to the
Proprietors:

M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd.,
BELFAST.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/4 2/6 & 4/6.



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THE
STARS
TELL
YOU.

6,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a TEST HOROSCOPE comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 2d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month, and year of birth-time if known.—Mr. Newton Verity (C.A.), 58, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING

Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT**. It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c. Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts. Sold by all Chemists, 7/4d., 1/1 1/2, &c., per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 50, Grey's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.



Yes. There are special merits in CARNA DENTIFRICE SALTS that others do not possess.

They cleanse the mouth to a degree rarely equalled by any other means.

They harden the gums and give them a healthy feeling and appearance.

They preserve the teeth and arrest decay. Have you a decayed tooth? Use CARNA DENTIFRICE SALTS and the decay will go no further.

They impart a pearly whiteness to the teeth which is much to be admired.

They give that cleanly and refreshing feeling to the mouth which is enjoyable.

After using them one gets the true flavour of the food one eats.

No waste in use. Just try them.
SIXPENCE A BOX.

Of all Chemists, or post free of
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,
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BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. KING GEORGE V.



TO QUEEN MARY.

Pearls

The
KING of SOAPS
and the
SOAP of KINGS

THE QUIVER



BENSON'S SILVER, OR "EMPIRE" PLATE.

"EMPIRE" PLATE is treble plated on pure Nickel Silver. The patterns are reproductions from the old Silver models, and have all the beauty of line and form of the silver of 150 years ago; apart from the Hall Mark, no difference is visible. The prices are, quality considered, strictly moderate, either for Cash or on "The Times" system of MONTHLY PAYMENTS of £1.

SOLID OAK CASE, containing 62 pieces of "Empire" Plate and Sheffield Cutlery, £7 10s. Other Sizes, £3 12s. to £100.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FREE.

No. 1, of Watches, Chains, and Jewellery.
No. 2, of Clocks, "Empire" Plate, and Silver Goods for Presents.

Mention THE QUIVER.

62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,
The East of England's
HACKNEY ROAD, 1E HNAL GREEN, E.
Large North Eastern Hospital.

134 beds always full.
Economically Administered.
£12,000 a year expenditure.
Assured income under £1,000.

33,000 Out-Patients annually.
Inquiry System in force for prevention of abuse.
87,000 Attendances.
No funds in hand.

PLEASE HELP.
T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

REYNOLDS' STANDARD WHEATMEAL BREAD.

Awarded 80 Gold Medals.

Contains the GERM, SEMOLINA and all natural properties of choice quality wheat.

EASILY DIGESTED. SWEET-EATING AND NUTRITIOUS.

From Bakers, Grocers, and the Stores.

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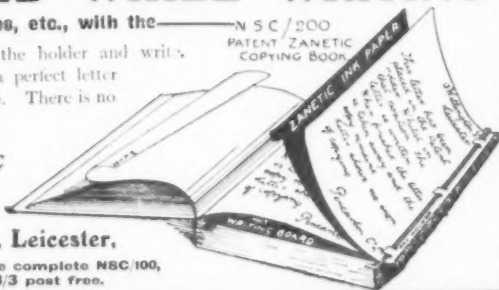
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You simply insert your writing paper in the holder and write. Whereupon you secure by the act of writing a perfect letter and a perfect copy (which remains in the book). There is no sign of copying, no perforated edge.

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If stamped addressed envelope enclosed. One complete NSC/100, copying 200 full size 10 x 5 in. letter, for 3/3 post free.



COUPON.

"How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver."

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name

Address

Age Date of Birthday

"According to Our Lights."



Dosed, drugged, coddled and confined until life is sadly clouded.

NEARLY every mother is wise and beneficent "according to her lights," but it is not quite every mother who takes sufficient pains to ensure that her "lights" are brilliant enough to illumine the path in which she has to walk. That is why so many women stumble along the road, painfully conscious that they are not wise enough to manage their children—the reason, also, why they frequently seek for and act upon advice that is not only misleading but positively harmful.

Take that very ordinary case of a mother whose little ones appear to have weak stomachs, easily upset by trivial changes in diet, and consider what an appalling amount of trouble and worry she brings upon herself if she persists in trusting everybody else's opinion before her own. Such a woman is continually snuffing out her little candle of mother-wisdom, instead of simply trimming the wick in order to brighten the flame. She will get advice in plenty—bushels of it. Every second person to whom she complains of the weakness of her children will advance an enthusiastic plea for a new remedy, and unless the hapless youngsters are gifted with a very strong sense of resistance, they will be called upon to endure all manner of kindly meant unkindnesses, will be dosed, drugged, coddled, and confined until what should be the merriest and most irresponsible time of their lives becomes a sadly clouded period of semi-invalidism.

The truly wise woman is she who believes with her whole heart that an "own mother" can always decide for herself what is really best for her little ones. In nineteen cases out of twenty such a mother will be guided aright, and will have very little difficulty in managing her children.

In this matter of medicines, for instance, it is assuredly against all the principles and "lights" of mother-wisdom that a child should be *punished*, by constant dosing, for what is not an offence on the part of the little one, but is rather a sheer mishap, or, as we would generally put it—"a natural weakness." The woman who definitely refuses to thus punish her child is certainly acting according to the highest light that can belong to any woman—the light of true mother-love.

Before she consents to give her child one single dose of nauseous medicine let her try to find some easy and *natural* way of dealing with the trouble, and if she is really anxious to find such a way she will not have to seek it for long. That simple and pleasant laxative, California Syrup of Figs, has come to thousands upon thousands of mothers as an ideal solution of the oft-repeated question: "What is best to give the children?" This pleasant syrup is so eminently "child-like" in its qualities, that a mother, in using it whenever there is the slightest need, *cannot* go wrong. Its taste is exceedingly pleasant, its action is cooling and

An "own
mother" can
always decide
for herself what
medicine is
really best for
her little
ones.



soothing, there is never the very least trouble in getting the little one to take it, and never any recriminations from an indignant pain-racked child who *was* taken it; and the last-named quality is as well worth noting as the others. California Syrup of Figs is a friend *always*, first and last, and for that very reason children attach themselves to it with a whole-hearted enthusiasm, gladly accepting it as something which—though generally given when one is "not quite well," would be every bit as welcome when one *is* well. And that, after all, is the supreme test of an ideal medicine for children—a something that is nice *always*.

Doctors in all parts of the world recommend California Syrup of Figs, and it is to be had from Chemists and Stores everywhere, price 1/1½ and 1/9 per bottle.

CASSELL'S

GARDENING HANDBOOKS

A series of the most practical, up-to-date, and comprehensive gardening handbooks, for both amateur and professional gardeners. Splendidly bound, printed in clear type on good paper, and profusely illustrated. Paper covers, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net. Postage, 3d. extra.

Gardening Difficulties Solved

"If every amateur, gardener and under-gardener, possessed a copy of this book, their problems would be solved."—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

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"'Little Gardens' is conceived on a sensible scale, and will be of real use to owners of small suburban or country plots."—*Little*

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"The handbook is well got up, and should be in the hands of every potato grower."—*Irish Times*.

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"We have a high conception of the utility of all of Mr. Walter P. Wright's series of pictorial practical gardening books."—*Journal of Horticulture*.

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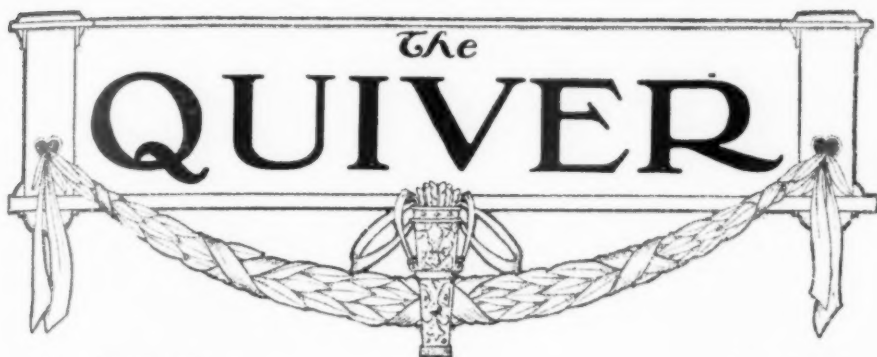
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KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY IN THEIR ROBES OF STATE.

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VOL. XLVI, No. 8
(VOL. L., OLD SERIES)

JUNE, 1911

The Coronation

The Religious Meaning of an Ancient and Solemn Ceremony

By ERNEST H. RANN

WHEN Horace Walpole referred to the Coronation as the finest sight in the world, he evidently spoke from the stage-manager's, or spectacular, point of view. It was a pageant for the people, a dazzling display of magnificent jewels and splendid dresses to charm and delight the multitude, perchance to allay their wavering devotion to the throne, after the manner of the contests between men and beasts provided by the Roman Emperors to keep the common people amused and quiet.

But when the hidden meaning of the Coronation is considered, the ceremony will be recognised as a solemn religious service in which the King is consecrated, or set apart by being anointed with holy oil, to the service of his people. A religious ceremony always, is this Coronation. The High Priest in the Jewish Church crowned the King, in order to show that his office was of divine origin, and so in like manner the Archbishop of the Church of England follows this immemorial custom, and places the crown on the Royal head.

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Could any place have a more solemn

THE QUIVER

influence on a King as he stands to receive his crown? While the place of the Coronation is sacred, the day chosen for that important event is usually fixed for one of the great festivals of the Church. In the "Liber Regalis," a vellum volume in the custody of the Dean of Westminster, containing the order of the Coronation service, it is stated that the ceremony should be held on the Lord's Day, or other Holy Day, as is done in the case of bishops, priests, and deacons. William the Conqueror, whose religion did not count for much, chose Christmas Day for his crowning in Westminster Abbey. Henry III. and Edward VI. were crowned on Sunday, Stephen on the Feast of St. Stephen, Charles I. on the Feast of the Purification, and William IV. on the Feast of the Nativity.

It is important to note, in addition, that

the ceremony of consecrating a King follows on the lines of that for consecrating a bishop. In each case the oath of obedience has to be taken, the Litany is recited, and the anointing takes place. The bishop, by the act of consecration, becomes entitled to wear the ecclesiastical vestments appropriate to his office; the King is vested in alb, dalmatic, and stole. To the bishop is delivered his crozier, ring, and mitre, with the book of the Gospels; the King is girded with the sword of justice and mercy; and receives the *pallium regale*, crown, ring, sceptre, and rod. At the end of the service in each case Holy Communion is celebrated.

Before the Norman Conquest the Coronation was known as the "hallowing" or "sacring," significant terms when we consider the sacred character of the ceremony. The anointing, as it has come to be known now, was the most important part of the ceremony; and Gildas, who in this respect may be considered trustworthy, states that in the time of the British Church the Kings were anointed with oil. The Saxon Chronicle, referring to the coronation of Egferth, King of the Mercians, in 796, states that by the use of holy oil he was "hallowed to King."

But perhaps the full religious significance of the Coronation may be better understood if the service be followed throughout. Reference has already been made to the part which the clergy, from the Archbishop downwards, play in this important ritual, and it may here be observed that on the eve of the great day the Regalia is brought to the Abbey from the Tower, where it has been kept since the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and laid at the shrine of the Confessor, where vigil is kept over it during the hours of darkness. On the Coronation morning the



A SNOWY CORONATION: HENRY V. ENTERING WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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Ampulla is filled with the holy oil for the anointing, and laid with the Spoon on the altar. An anthem is sung as the King enters and proceeds to his seat near his throne in the so-called "Theatre" of the Abbey. After the Recognition, in which the consent of the people is asked for the ceremony (a civil touch, this, dating from time immemorial), the Bible, paten, and chalice are placed on the altar. The Lords who bear the Regalia, except those who carry the swords, then hand the various articles to the Archbishop, who delivers them to the Dean of Westminster, and by him they are placed on the altar.

What is the Regalia, and what is the significance of its various pieces? First, the Imperial Crown, of pure gold, to indicate the splendour of the royal office, circling the head and weighty enough—that of Queen Victoria was nearly 40 oz.—to show the responsibility attached to it.* St. Edward's Crown and Staff are also included. The Royal Sceptre is otherwise known as the Sceptre with the Cross; and the Sceptre with the Dove is symbolical of the Holy Ghost, which, as Didron has remarked, "was thought to direct the action of Kings. . . . If the sceptre be regarded as a staff to ensure the steps of the sovereign, the dove is a spirit to direct his course." At the ceremony of the consecration of the Kings of France, he tells us, white doves were let loose in the church after the unction, to indicate that as the captive birds regained their liberty, so the Coronation of the King restored independence to the similarly captive people, "or, more probably, the custom conveyed an idea analogous to that of the sceptre on which the Holy Ghost rests." Nearly a hundred years ago a sceptre with



AN OLD-TIME CORONATION: RICHARD III. GOES IN STATE THROUGH THE CITY.

the dove was found lying, covered with dirt and dust, on a shelf in the jewel-house; and though there is no actual proof, it is believed to be that which Queen Mary carried at her joint Coronation with King William. Among the Regalia are four swords—the Sword of State, with which the King is girded; the Curtana, or pointless Sword of Mercy; the pointed Sword of Temporal Justice; and the pointed Sword of Spiritual Justice.

When the Regalia, full of religious significance, has been received, the Litany is sung, and then the Communion service is begun, the sermon is preached, and the oath administered to the King, who, kneeling, places his right hand on the Bible brought from the altar, and declares: "The things which I have here before promised, I will perform, and keep. So help me God."

The ceremony of the anointing follows next, and it will be necessary to dip far into the past ages to understand its full spiritual meaning. It would be incorrect to say that the anointing was the privilege of every King, for of the thirty odd Kings who governed mediæval Europe only four besides the Holy Roman Emperor were crowned or anointed. The favoured ones were the Kings of England, France, Sicily, and Jerusalem, and the first two enjoyed the privilege of a compound oil of a specially sacred character. The Israelites were well acquainted with the custom, as may be seen by many references to it in the Old

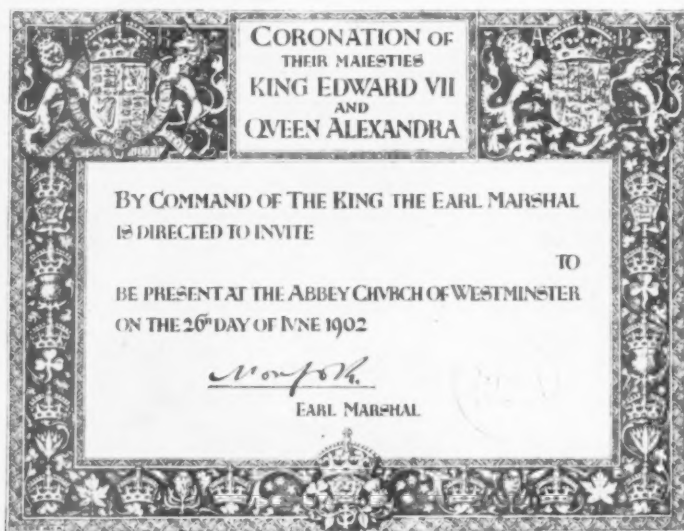
* "I pity your fatigue," said the Princess Anne to Queen Mary, the consort of William III., at her Coronation, whereupon the Queen turned sharply and said, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems."

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Testament. Thus "Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him [David] in the midst of his brethren: and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." * Again, "Zadok the priest took an horn of oil out of the tabernacle, and anointed Solomon. And they blew the trumpet; and all the people said, God save king Solomon." † It is believed that among the Israelites the practice persisted until the destruction of Solomon's temple, when the holy chrism was lost.

The Anglo-Saxon Kings followed the

legends concerning the oil was to the effect that while Thomas à Becket was in banishment at Lyons he went to pray one night in a church, when the Virgin Mary appeared to him. She carried a golden eagle containing the oil, and a small vial of glass or stone. She handed the eagle to à Becket, with the assurance that the oil would bring happiness to any king anointed with it. He was to deliver them to a monk at Poitiers, by whom they would be hidden in a large stone in St. Gregory's Church. Here they lay until discovered



ADMISSION CARD TO THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

ancient precedent; in fact, the anointing has been part of our Coronation service for more than a thousand years. At the earlier ceremonies the chrism was composed of oil and balm, which was consecrated afresh on every Maundy Thursday preceding the Reformation.

But neither the priest who administered it, nor the King who received it on his person, had any doubt of its miraculous origin, or of its protective power:—

"Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

One of the most famous and enduring

by the dream of a holy man, who brought the oil to the Duke of Lancaster. The Duke in turn gave it to the Black Prince, the Black Prince sent it to the Tower. Richard II. would have had himself anointed with it, but he had already received the holy unction; and it was not until the Coronation of Henry IV. that it was used in this country. Henry, it is said, was careful to draw on the miraculous story in order to impress the superstitious public with a sense of his divine right to a somewhat shaky throne. With great pomp and ceremony he brought to the Abbey, in a chariot made specially for the purpose, the oil which the unlucky

* 1 Samuel xvi. 13.

† 1 Kings i. 39.

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ANOINTING SPOON.
(From Davenport's
"English Regalia.")

Richard had supposed was "meant for the use of some more fortunate King," and laid particular stress on his own anointing. Nor was this all. After the ceremony Henry attended four different Masses, in order to make quadruply sure of Divine favour.

In a curious document written in the early years of the fifteenth century may be found a long series of brief paragraphs setting forth the ceremony of the Coronation. Referring to the anointing, it is directed that the King is to be anointed in five places with holy oil—on the hands, breast, shoulders, elbows, and head—and afterwards again on the head with the special chrism. The oil on the head signified glory; that on the arms strength; and that on the breast sanctity. After the anointing the monarch's head was to be covered with a linen coif, "so it is to remain till the eighth day after the anointing, on which day the Abbot of Westminster or his deputy shall come to the King and take off the said coif, and wash and clean the King's head." Warm water was to be used for the washing, and an ivory or gold comb; but the latter article disappeared at an early date, for in the Parliamentary inventory of the Regalia we find mention only of "one olde combe of horne, worth nothing." The coif was last provided at the Coronation of George IV.

At the Coronation of Queen Mary, her Majesty, after the Coronation oaths, was "led to her traverse," and there "unarrayed and unclothed" by the ladies of the Privy Chamber. She returned to her place in "a corsett of purple velvett," and received the holy oil, after which Mrs. Walgrave, "laced up the apertures left on the shoulders of the corsett, where she was anointed, and put her on a pair of linen gloves." It may be remarked that

Mary refused the ordinary anointing oil, and insisted on having a fresh supply sent over from Brussels by the Emperor Charles V. Queen Elizabeth, at her own Coronation, displayed her usual faculty of independent criticism, and declared that the anointing oil was "grease, and smelled ill." When Charles I. came to the throne the supply of holy oil was entirely exhausted, and a fresh supply, consisting of a very elaborate compound oil of nine ingredients, including oil of jasmine, rose, and cinnamon, was made and blessed by the Archbishop on the Coronation morning. Before Charles's day it had been usual for the King to wear a shirt of white silk and another of red silk, both of which were slit at the places of unction. But Charles discarded the red silk shirt, and years afterwards, as he lay in his coffin, it was recalled "as an ill presage" that the unhappy monarch had appeared all in white when he was stripped for the anointing.

Charles II., who was the first king to receive the unction sitting down, had a more elaborate anointing than any English monarch before or after his day.



(Photo: Park and Son, Notting Hill.)

THE CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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Probably enough he had in mind the case of Charlemagne, who, when crowned at Rome, was stripped of all his clothes, so that the Pope might anoint him all over from head to foot. In Charles's case the holy oil was poured "in the palms of both his hands, upon his breast, between his shoulders, on both his shoulders, the two bowings of his arms, and on the crown of his head."

James, his brother, who paid the apothecary £200 for the anointing oil, sought absolution from the Pope for having received unction at the hands of a non-Roman bishop. In the case of Queen Adelaide and Queen Victoria the use of the holy oil was confined to the Royal hands and head. It may be interesting to note that the ampulla, or golden eagle, containing the consecration oil, which will be used at the Coronation of King George, is the original ampulla first used at the crowning of Henry IV. Being kept in Westminster Abbey, it escaped the destruction of the Regalia by the Commonwealth Parliament.

Before quitting this part of the subject, it may be well to quote the prayer which the Archbishop utters just previous to the anointing ceremony, as the King, bareheaded and bereft of his crimson robes, sits in St. Edward's Chair: "O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing with oil didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets, to teach and govern thy people Israel: Bless and sanctify thy chosen servant George, who by our office and ministry is now to be anointed with this Oil, and consecrated King of this Realm: Strengthen him, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the Comforter; confirm and stablish him with thy free and princely Spirit, the Spirit of wisdom and government, the Spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the Spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and fill him, O Lord, with the Spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever. Amen."

This is, indeed, the most important



THE AMPULLA.

(From Davenport's "English Regalia.")

part of the service, far more so than the placing of the crown on the monarch's head.

Following the anointing ceremony comes the delivery of the spurs and sword, and the investment of the King in the robes signifying his priestly office. He also receives the orb—"And when you see this Orb thus set under the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer." The ring is

placed on the fourth finger of the King's right hand; the gloves—once a part of the priestly dress—are delivered; the sceptre and rod are placed in the monarch's right and left hands respectively, and finally the crown is placed on the King's head.

"O God, the crown of the faithful:" is the Archbishop's prayer, "Bless we beseech thee and sanctify this thy servant George our King; and as thou dost this day set a Crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues, through the King eternal Jesus Christ our Lord." Afterwards comes the delivery of the Bible—a part of the ceremony for which William and Mary are responsible. "Our gracious King; we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God." A solemn benediction is pronounced, and the monarch is enthroned to receive the homage of his subjects. The whole ceremony concludes with the Holy Communion—of which, be it noted, King John and King James II. refused to partake when they were crowned—and the singing of the "Te Deum."

"What is the finest sight in the world? A Coronation. What do people most talk about? A Coronation." Thus Horace Walpole. But his words were far from revealing the true inwardness of that ancient and solemn ceremony—how far this article may show.

The Touchstone

A Complete Story

By KATE SEATON

SISTER CLARE came briskly out of the Matron's room, and crossing the wide hall, was turning along the silent corridor on the left, when the sound of voices reached her. Men's voices, one quietly reasoning, conciliation in its tones; the other rising from eager pleading to angry menace.

Swinging quickly round, she walked swiftly towards the entrance, and as she did so, a door opened behind her, and Dr. Glynne, the chief surgeon, also attracted by the unusual sounds, stepped hurriedly out, but paused as he caught sight of the Sister.

"What is the matter, Evans?" she asked in a clear, imperious voice.

The porter gave a sigh of relief and answered jerkily:

"I told him, Sister; he was told before. He wants to see his wife."

Sister Clare turned her steady grey eyes on the pallid face of the intruder, who, now that someone in authority had appeared, had grown nervously silent; only his twitching face and wistful eyes voicing, in dumb agony, the anxiety which was well-nigh driving him frantic.

"Your wife?" questioned the Sister coldly.

"Yes—yes; Mary Boyers. She's been operated on to-day. I want to see 'er," pleaded the man hoarsely.

"Your wife is going on all right, but you can't see her to-night," replied the nurse firmly.

"They told me that three hours ago, as soon as it were over; but 'ow do I know yer ain't keeping somethin' back?" cried the man wildly. "'Ow do I know she's all right? She may be dyin', an' yer a-keepin' of me from 'er!"

"We are not in the habit of deceiving the relatives of our patients," broke in the Sister angrily. "If she continues to do well, you may be allowed to see her to-morrow—as you were told before." And with an impatient frown she turned to go.

But the man clutched desperately at her stiff blue gown.

"Nurse, for the love of Heaven, 'ave pity. Let me see 'er just a minute. If I can only just see 'er, I'll promise not to speak. I'll —"

"Certainly not! It's quite out of the question," interrupted the Sister sternly. "Release my dress; you are only hindering me from my duties."

With a despairing gesture, the man released his hold.

"My God!" he gasped; "a woman without pity! A mere machine!"

Sister Clare turned away, a slightly contemptuous expression in her eyes, and almost collided with Dr. Glynne, who, having been a silent spectator of the scene, was now coming forward, his strong face full of a great sympathy.

"Perhaps I can comfort him," he said quietly.

The Sister deigned him no reply, but, with an impatient ejaculation, jerked aside, and hastening across the hall, disappeared down a long corridor.

The man was now on the outer steps, his haggard face gleaming whitely in the glare of the electric light, as he turned for a last despairing glance behind him.

In a moment the young surgeon was at his side, his hand—the light, steady hand which wielded the surgical knife with a deftness and skill that won the admiration of his colleagues—stretched out to touch the man's shoulder.

"My man," he said gently, "I think I can set your mind at rest. It was I who operated on your wife."

The man turned with a low, inarticulate cry, and passed his hand slowly across his eyes.

"She went through it splendidly," continued the surgeon cheerily. "She is a brave little woman—a wife to be proud of. She never flinched when the time came."

A sudden gleam lit up the man's troubled eyes, and a faint smile stole across the twitching lips.

"She were always that, were Mary," he said proudly. "But, eh, sir, to think of

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sich a bit of a girl 'avin' to go through that, and a big, strong chap like me, as 'ud gladly a died to save 'er, just 'avin' to stand by 'elpless. An' now they'll not even let me see 'er!"

His voice broke pitifully, and the doctor's grip tightened on his shoulder sympathetically.

"I know it seems hard to have to wait so long," he said; "but you are not going to prove yourself less brave and patient than your wife? It is quite against the rules to admit relatives so soon after an operation—both for their sake and the patients'. But I assure you she went through it well, and is going on all right."

The man's eager eyes devoured the surgeon's face; then, as if satisfied with what he saw, he drew a sharp breath of relief.

"Thank yer, sir. I believes yer. But that woman was 'ard—'ard an' pitiless. I couldn't trust 'er."

The surgeon winced, and his eyes suddenly clouded.

"Well, you may trust me," he said, a little wearily. "I'll go up and see your wife again before I leave, and make sure all is right."

The man nodded his thanks, and silently wringing the surgeon's hand, dropped down the steps.

For a moment Dr. Glynne watched the drooping figure looming darkly in the middle of the wide path; then, as the murk swallowed him up, turned with a tired gesture to fulfil his promise.

He had not gone many yards before he was accosted by one of his colleagues.

"That you, Glynne?" exclaimed the fresh young voice. "I thought you had gone some time since."

"No, I'm still here, Macdonald. I've just one more case to see; then I'm off."

"Lucky man!" returned Macdonald enviously. "I'd gladly forgo a week of my leave to be free at this moment; but I've number five ward to do yet."

"That so, Mac? Something very special on?" asked Glynne, a kindly twinkle in his eyes.

"Rather!" Macdonald hesitated; then, after another glance into the face of the man who always inspired confidences, he added shamefacedly: "I'd an invite to the Forresters to-night; Evelyn was to be

there, and—she's going away to-morrow for some months."

Glynne laughed understandingly, and took out his watch.

"Look alive, Mac; you'll just catch the six-thirty, if you do a sprint. I'll do number five for you."

"Glynne, you mean it?" cried Macdonald delightedly. "You're a trump!"

"All right, old man. But you've no time to lose; off you go, and—good luck to your wooing!"

Macdonald needed no second bidding, and Glynne smiled involuntarily as his eager footsteps died quickly away.

As he approached ward five—the ward of which Sister Clare was in charge—Glynne's steps grew slower, and the smile died out of his eyes, leaving his face tired and sad.

Already most of the patients had been settled for the night, but Sister Clare still lingered with a few of the more serious cases.

Glynne paused by the open doorway, and watched her at her task—gently smoothing the pillow of one restless patient, deftly raising another into a more comfortable position, and all with the quietness and skill of the born nurse.

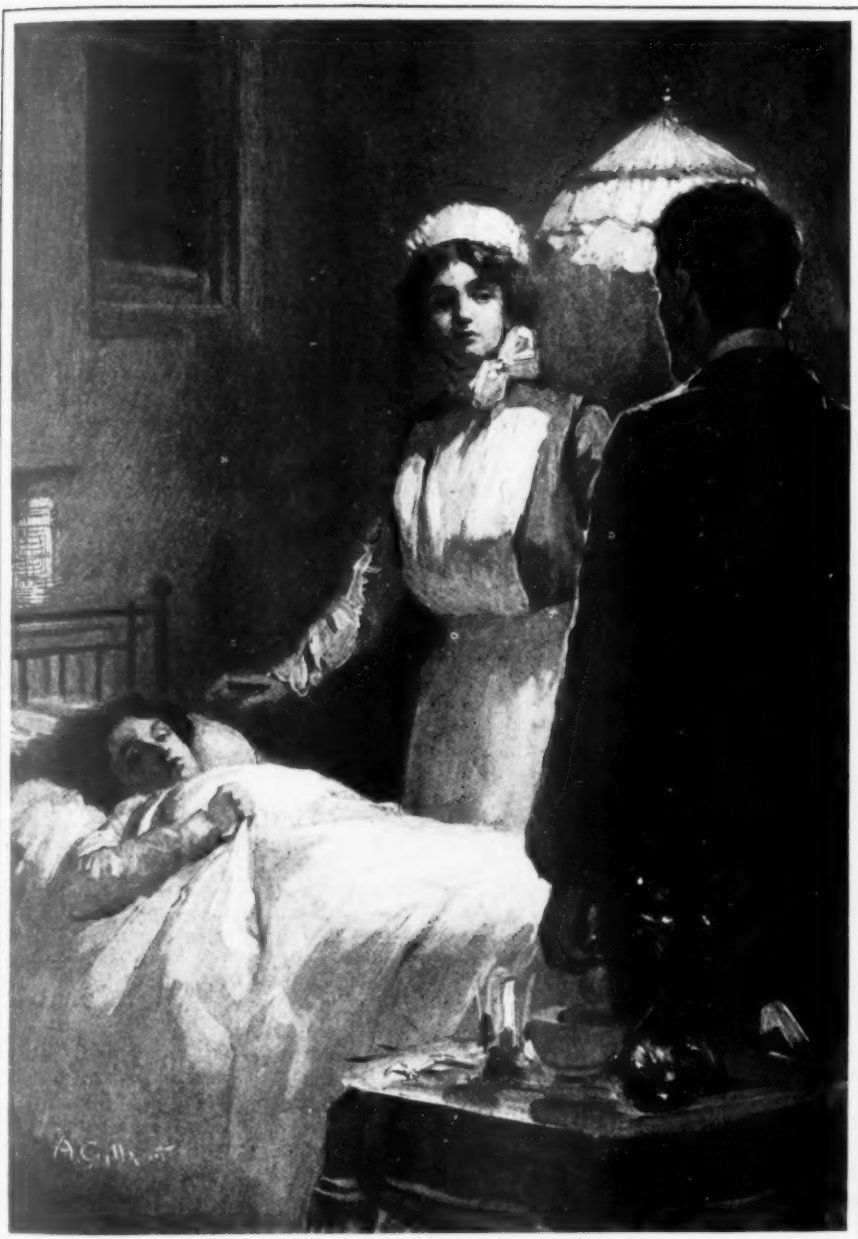
With his mind still lingering with Macdonald, Glynne suddenly frowned and uttered a short, impatient sigh. What a contrast Sister Clare was to the sweet, winsome girl Macdonald had gone to woo—a girl full of warm, generous impulses and tender womanhood!

What was it poor Boyers had called Sister Clare?—a hard woman, hard and pitiless?

The words echoed painfully in his ears—the more painfully in that he believed them to be true.

This splendid woman, with her wonderful genius for nursing and her strenuous devotion to duty—never hesitating to spend her royal strength prodigally in the fight with fell disease or grim death—was yet somehow cold and aloof, as if her real nature were untouched by the suffering to which she so skilfully ministered.

Though nominally in charge of number five ward, she was often told off to attend special cases, where her cool nerve and steady hand proved of invaluable assistance. And so it came about that Dr. Glynne had seen more of Sister Clare than of any other nurse upon the staff.



"He flashed a searching glance into the strong, beautiful face opposite him. . . . With an effort, he pulled himself together"—p. 708.

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At first, his professional eyes had simply admired her unusual skill; it was only later that he had become conscious of the fact that this clever and reliable nurse was also a beautiful woman.

He began to watch eagerly for her coming, and was conscious of a keen sense of disappointment if some other nurse took her place.

But to-night, as he watched her moving noiselessly about the ward, he became possessed by a growing irritation against her. It was as if she both attracted and repelled him, fascinated and chilled him, at one and the same time.

With his mind full of these conflicting emotions, he drew back into the quiet corridor unperceived.

Simultaneously with the realisation that he loved this woman, there flashed upon him a vivid recollection of the past, of his early boyhood's home. Memory conjured up, with unerring fidelity, the image of the father whom he had worshipped—a man of large sympathies and tender heart. With cruel distinctness he saw also the cold, heartless woman towards whom, even as a boy, he had been conscious of strong antagonism and bitter anger, because of her hardness and coldness towards the man who had loved her so truly, and who had ever given her of his best.

With that keen, clear insight which had helped to raise him to his present responsible position, Glynne knew that if Sister Clare were persuaded to accept his love and to unite her life with his own, it would be but to repeat once again the same heart-breaking tragedy which had crushed his father's life, and brought about the complete failure in which it had ended.

Sister Clare moved suddenly towards the doorway, and caught sight of him. There was something in his face that arrested her—the determined set of his firm jaws, such as she had seen when he had been fighting a more than usually hard case and was determined not to be beaten.

She came towards him with a questioning air.

"Well," she asked lightly; "did you get rid of that tiresome man?"

"He has gone—yes," he responded gravely. Then, with a futile attempt to appeal to her sympathies: "Poor fellow, he was almost wild with anxiety for his wife."

"Um—yes; consumed with anxiety to know how soon she would be up, and able to attend to his wants again!" she said shortly, her full, red lips curling in a scornful little smile. "You see, when a man's wife is laid up his meals are apt to suffer," she added scathingly. "But—did you want me for something?"

"No, thank you. I've only come to do the ward for Macdonald, who has been called away," he explained coldly.

So coldly that Sister Clare looked at him with slightly raised brows; then, calling a nurse to accompany him round the ward, she abruptly left him.

When Glynne had finished his tour of inspection, he went slowly down a short corridor, and paused outside the door of a small, darkened room, from which could be heard the low, pitiful moans of someone in pain—moans which, as the doctor listened, broke into speech as pitiful and full of pain as the sobbing breath which a moment before had arrested his footsteps.

"Oh, the pain, the pain! . . . How it hurts!" the voice moaned feebly. Then, in the same breath, but clearer and more articulate: "No, no . . . it's not so bad. . . . Tell him the pain's not so bad. He's coming soon . . . he said he'd come soon. . . . Nurse, you'll tell him I'm doin' fine . . . that the pain isn't much. . . . That it's just nothin' at all."

Again the breath caught sobbingly, and in unconscious contradiction of her cheering assurance, the distressing wail began once more.

Softly Glynne pushed open the door and entered the darkened room, and as he did so was surprised when Sister Clare moved out from the shadows and stood on the other side of the bed, where the light from the shaded lamp fell full upon her face.

"I promised her husband I would look in on her again before I went," he explained.

He stood a moment looking down at the small, flushed face upon the pillow; then, as the pitiful babble of the poor woman just emerging from the effects of the anæsthetic began once again, he flashed a searching glance into the strong, beautiful face opposite him.

Was it only the effect of the subdued light that had produced that softened gleam in the usually cold grey eyes? he asked himself wonderingly; or was it—? With an

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effort, he pulled himself together, the physician foremost once more.

"Ah—h!" Another moan broke from the helpless woman on the bed; then her eyes, dark with pain, suddenly opened wide.

"Tell—him—I'm—just—splendid," she whispered slowly, a gleam of consciousness once more shining in her eyes. "He—mustn't—know—it—hurts so. Ah!"

Again the weary eyes closed, as the pain grew more insistent.

The surgeon turned abruptly aside, and taking up the record sheet, made a pretence of examining it. Then, as the woman showed signs of returning consciousness, he strode back to the bed.

"The pain will be better soon," he said soothingly.

The dark eyes opened at the sound of his voice and met his intelligently.

"Your husband has just been," he went on smilingly.

"And—you told him——?" She broke off, her eyes questioning his anxiously.

"I told him you were getting on fine, and what a brave little wife he had got."

A faint smile crossed the flushed face.

"I'm glad. I—don't—want—him—to—know—how—bad—it—is."

"Poor little woman!" he murmured, a world of sympathy in his tone.

Again that faint, fleeting smile crossed the woman's lips, and she lay still a moment, her eyes fixed wistfully on the surgeon's face.

"It's not the pain—I mind," she began slowly. "It's because it's so hard for Jim. It's worse for him, 'cause, you see"—a glow crept into the pain-darkened eyes—"you see, he loves me so much, an' we've never been separated before since we were married. If I could only ha' made it easier for him!" she finished longingly.

Again her eyes grew dim and wandering for a moment, lingering finally on the face of Sister Clare.

"I wish she could sleep," said the nurse, in a low voice. "She has talked on incessantly the last few hours."

"Nurse," the voice broke in with a new pleading note, "would you do something for me?"

"I will do anything I can, if you will only try and sleep," rejoined Sister Clare quickly, laying her cool hand gently on the hot forehead.

"Ah! I can ask you. You are so kind and—and good."

Sister Clare's face flushed, and her eyes flashed a sudden defiance into the keen ones opposite, as if resenting the expression she caught in them.

"You see, the childer will be in bed now, an' Jim—he'll just be sittin' alone, worritin' an' thinkin' about me."

A hot hand, roughened by toil, stole out to clasp the cool, shapely hand of Sister Clare, and the sick woman's voice sank to a coaxing whisper.

"Ah, nurse, if you only knew my Jim—how tenderly he's allus loved me, you'd know what a lot it 'ud mean to him if he could just have a message from me now."

Glynne waited in tense silence, certain of the curt refusal which would follow the pathetic request. But to his surprise, the straight figure opposite suddenly bent in a gracious curve over the bed.

"And—what message would you like to send?" asked Sister Clare softly.

"Just my love—and—not to worry." A spasm of pain checked her utterance for a moment. "Tell him," she resumed faintly, "I'll soon be sittin' again in the big chair he made fer me—and—a good-night kiss—to him and—my babies."

The voice trailed off to the feeblest whisper, but her eyes still held the Sister's with a pleading insistence—held them until the heart of the Sister was drawn out, and bending tenderly over the bed, she gently stroked the flushed face, and, with an unsteady little laugh, said soothingly:

"Then you may rest happy, little woman—I'll take your message myself. I am just off duty."

Satisfied with her promise, the sick woman closed her eyes, and, as if by magic, the restless tossing of the brown head ceased.

As the nurse in charge of the case came in, Sister Clare slipped quietly from the room, leaving Dr. Glynne giving final instructions; and with a new warm glow at her heart, she set off a few minutes later for the dingy tenement where Jim Boyers lived—not, it must be confessed, without some secret misgivings as to the kind of reception she would meet with there.

But she need not have feared. For when, after some little difficulty, she at last discovered the right door, and in response to her knock, received a gloomy invitation to

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"She found Jim Boyers alone and in grief."

enter, she found Jim Boyers—as his wife had predicted—alone and in grief.

He looked up with a sudden anxiety at her entrance—all his late anger forgotten in the fear that she had brought him bad news.

"Don't be afraid," she said quickly. "All is going on well with your wife." And in a few, simple words she hastened to give him his wife's tender message.

Then, to give the man time to recover from his emotion, she quietly crossed the room to where a small, low bedstead lay in one corner, and stood looking down at the two baby faces, rosy in sleep, nestling so closely together that the flaxen curls of the baby-girl twined themselves lovingly about the boy's dark, tousled head.

When Sister Clare once more retraced her steps down the rickety stairs, there was a tender smile on her lips, and a softened, wistful look in her deep grey eyes. She had left Jim Boyers heartened and comforted by his wife's message, but also deeply ashamed of the hasty judgment he had pronounced on the woman who had now shown him such a depth of womanly tenderness and sympathy.

As she stepped out into the roadway, a man came hastily across to meet her, and she gave a sudden start at sight of him.

"Dr. Glynn!" she exclaimed, her face flushing in surprise.

"You didn't think I should allow you to be in this district alone, did you?" he asked. "I meant to accompany you, but you had gone before I knew."

She smiled her thanks, and for a time they continued their walk in silence.

As they neared a better-lighted thoroughfare, Glynn glanced curiously at the face of the silent woman beside him, and what he saw there set his pulses suddenly throbbing with a new joy. Surely, the days of miracles were not past! It was as if an ice-bound but beautiful scene in raw December had suddenly thawed and blossomed out into the rosy, sun-kissed beauty of fragrant June!

He drew in his breath sharply, and as they turned into one of those quiet squares for which London is so famous, he paused and laid a restraining hand upon his companion's arm.

"Clare," he said simply, his voice tremb-

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ling with the strength of his emotion, "Clare, I love you, and want you for my wife."

"You—love *me*?" she asked slowly. Then, with a sudden passion: "Ah! how can you? I—I have been so hateful, hard, unwomanly!"

"What about to-night?" he asked gently. "Do you think any other nurse on the staff—tired out as you were after a long, trying day—would have set off across the city on such an errand?"

He held out his hand to take hers, but she waved it off.

"Wait!" she whispered. "Let me first tell you something—something of my past life. Dr. Glynne, you think of me as an unmarried woman. I am——" She paused, and his face suddenly whitened as he waited for her next low words. "I am a widow. No, let me tell you all!" she entreated, as he would have interrupted her. "I was rich, full of warm, generous impulses, and possessed of an earnest desire to use my wealth in a right way—just a simple, trusting girl of twenty-one when I met—him. He made passionate love to me; I believed him——" Again she paused, and the quivering, passionate voice grew weary. "I had only been married to him a few weeks when he told me—brutally—that he had no love for me, that my money was all that he had wanted. When he found that it was tied up in such a way as to be beyond his power, he made my life one long burden with his tyranny. Of his life—I cannot speak. For five, long weary years I bore it, then—I fled, took up the nursing profession and—a new name. Soon after, he was killed by a fall on the Alps." She paused a moment and caught her breath sobbingly.

"Don't tell me any more now, dearest," he said tenderly.

"Yes, yes; I must—you do not know me as I really am. My whole nature became hard and bitter; I lost all faith in human nature. I believe only the strenuousness of my nursing duties saved my reason, so possessed did I become with hatred of the man who had done me this wrong. Of God, and all I had believed in the happy past, I would not—dared not think. I thought

I had ceased to believe in love, that I had schooled myself to indifference, to the denial of emotion and of all the best impulses of my nature." Again she paused, and raised her eyes, now wells of womanly sweetness beneath the mist of tears. "I thought I had succeeded—till to-night."

He looked at the softened, beautiful face pityingly.

"Poor child," he said gently. "But, tell me, Clare; had you no suspicion of my love for you?"

"Ah, I dare not let myself believe it true. I told myself fiercely that all men's love was but selfishness, and defied my heart to respond. But—I have learnt the truth to-night. A couple of poor, uneducated souls have taught me the error of my sweeping judgment; have shown me the reality and sacredness of human love."

With a sudden, swift movement and a boyish laugh, Glynne drew into the seclusion of a small opening, and, gathering her into his arms, kissed the proud, beautiful face, now lovelier than ever in its sweet yielding and new-found humility.

Sister Clare—now Sister Clare no longer, but the happy wife of the clever surgeon—was not quite lost to the nursing profession; for even after her marriage she would often accompany her husband on his errands of healing. Especially where poverty forbade the necessary help and comforts to a sick one was Clare Glynne to be found, pouring out generously both her skill and her money on behalf of the needy patient.

She never knew how near she had been to missing the crowning joy of her life; for her husband never told her of the vow he had registered in the doorway of number five ward that night—never to ask a woman to be his wife whose nature was so hard and cold as he believed hers to be!

Neither did Jim Boyers, now Dr. Glynne's right-hand man, nor his wife Mary, installed in a cosy home of her own near by, ever understand that it was a deep and undying gratitude that prompted the generous treatment which had been meted out to them by the now famous surgeon and his beautiful wife.

Beside the Still Waters



The Promise of Life

A LIFE of hope deferred too often is
*A life of wasted opportunities ;
 A life of perished hope too often is
 A life of all-lost opportunities.*
*Yet hope is but the flower and not the root,
 And hope is still the flower and not the fruit.
 Arise and sow the seed ; a day shall come
 When also thou shalt keep thy harvest home.*

C. ROSSETTI.

A Parable of the Soul

AN eagle, flying over a valley of ice, discovered a carcass, upon which it descended and feasted so long that its wings became frozen to the ice. In vain it struggled to mount upward : a vivid emblem of worldly desires.

If you will go to the banks of a little stream, and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice that, while they plunge their *bodies* in the water, they keep their wings high out of the water ; and, after swimming about a little while, they fly away with their wings unwet through the sunny air. Now, that is a lesson for us. Here we are immersed in the cares and business of the world ; but let us keep the wings of our soul, our faith, and our love out of the world, that, with these unlogged, we may be ready to take our flight to heaven.

—J. INGLIS.

The Spirit's Wooing

WHEN shall we begin the wooing ? When I had written that sentence I chanced to lift my eyes from the paper, and I saw a tender fruit-sapling just laden with blossom ! At what age may a sapling blossom ? At what age may a young life begin to blossom for the King ? To revert to my figure, when shall we begin the wooing ? Plato said : " The most important part of education is right training in the nursery." Perhaps we have to begin the wooing even in the speechless years. In the life of the Spirit I believe in early wooings because I believe in early weddings ! The wooing and the wedding become increasingly difficult when we pass the age of twelve. As for the wedding itself, the betrothal to the Lord, I would have it a very decisive act. It must be a conscious, intelligent consecration.—

REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D.

"Without Me—"

THERE are two kinds of magnets, steel magnets and soft iron magnets. The steel magnet receives its magnetism from the loadstone, and has it permanently ; it can get along very well alone in a small way ; it can pick up needles and do many other little things to amuse children. There is another kind of magnet which is made of

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soft iron, with a coil of copper wire round it. When the battery is all ready and the cups are filled with the mercury, and the connection is made with the wires, this magnet is twenty times as strong as the steel magnet. Break the circuit, and its power is all gone instantly. We are soft iron magnets; our whole power must come from the Lord Jesus Christ; but faith makes the connection, and while it holds we are safe.—C. D. FOSS.

The Heavenly Vision

THERE is a story told by a soldier of the Civil War in America, that, in a critical pause in one of the great battles, a regiment to which he belonged was lying down in a wood, in imminent peril of collapse, when suddenly, in the tense silence, a bird sent forth a joyous trill of song. Instantly the soldiers in their agony of suspense thought of homes and little ones, and all that depended on their remaining firm and immovable under attack, and instantly they regained their confidence, and when the rebel attack was renewed they invincibly sent it rolling back on the foe. So, in the battle of life, we need a glimpse of Divine incentives, of human love, of the ideal purity of holiness, to quicken our swooning hearts, lest we utterly fail in the hot and teeming strife.—PRINCIPAL E. GRIFFITH-JONES.

The Saintship of Service

THERE is a legend in the Greek Church about the two favoured saints, St. Cassianus—the type of monastic asceticism, individual character, which “bids for cloistered cell its neighbour and its work farewell”—and St. Nicholas—the type of generous, active, unselfish laborious Christianity. St. Cassianus enters heaven, and Christ says to him, “What hast thou seen on earth, Cassianus?” “I saw,” he answered, “a peasant floundering with his waggon in the marsh.” “Didst thou help him?” “No!” “Why not?” “I was coming before Thee,” said St. Cassianus, “and I was afraid of soiling my white robes.” Then St. Nicholas enters heaven, all covered with mud and mire. “Why so stained and soiled, St. Nicholas?” said the Lord. “I saw a peasant floundering in the marsh,” said St. Nicholas, “and I put my shoulder to the wheel and helped him out.” “Blessed art thou,” answered the Lord; “thou didst well; thou didst better than Cassianus.” And He blessed St. Nicholas with fourfold approval.—DEAN FARRAR.

The Power of Happy Thoughts

HOW careful we should be to guard our thoughts! It they are pleasant we will have pleasant faces and kind ways. Old age will be happy through them, for they will be used as material from which to build homes of refuge wherein we find comfort and delight when the windows are darkened and we are forced to keep company most of our time with what is within us.

When I Awake

I SHALL be well content when I awake
From the dream-sleep of Life, and look
away,
To see the golden sunlit morning break
Of the eternal day.

When from the everlasting hills shall rise
All the awakening voices of the spheres,
Sweet with the ages' unsung harmonies,
Tuned for undying years.

Never to raise vain hands in mute appeal
To dim, unanswering skies, or halt un-
manned
Beside the rugged way, and seek to feel,
Childlike, the guiding hand.

There shall lack nothing; for the seas shall
yield
Their spoil again, and earth unbar her
doors,
And all the hidden ways shall be revealed,
And all the secret stores.

Then from the veil of earth that bound me fast
I shall be free, transfigured, glorified!
For in His likeness I shall rise at last
And shall be satisfied!

JAMES CLAYTON.

Joy and Despair

TO live is hard, and there is not one of us, I fancy, who has not again and again been tempted to despair of life when he has dared to look upon its dark mysteries; but again, there is not one of us who has not found a great sorrow, a great disappointment, a great trial, an avenue to unexpected joy.—CANON WESTCOTT.

Love's Holdfast

THERE is power in love to divine another's destiny better than the other can, and by heroic encouragements to hold him to his task.—R. W. EMERSON.



(Photo, Campbell & Gray.)

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ORGAN.

Sir Frederick Bridge

Director of the Coronation Music

By GREGORY BLYTH

SIXTY-SIX years ago, in the small town of Oldbury, in Worcestershire—its population even now is only some 25,000—Sir Frederick Bridge, Organist of Westminster Abbey, King Edward Professor of Music in the University of London, Gresham Professor of Music, Doctor of Music of the University of Oxford, Master of Arts, Professor at the Royal College of Music, Conductor of the Royal Choral Society, Chairman of the Board of Trinity College (London), Knight Bachelor, Member of the Royal Victorian Order, first saw the light.

His father, John Bridge, was an amateur in the parish church choir at the time, but in 1850 was appointed to a lay-clerkship at Rochester Cathedral, and consequently removed with his family to that ancient city, and placed his boy "Freddy" as a chorister in the cathedral. Later on, another son, Joseph, also became a chorister, and subsequently another Joseph—Joseph Maas—joined them; and I cannot recall any other instance of three boys—and two of them brothers—in one generation of choristers in one cathedral rising to such eminence in music. Joseph Bridge is now Dr. Joseph C. Bridge, Organist of Chester Cathedral and Professor of Music in the University of Durham; and Joseph Maas became one of our leading tenors in oratorio and opera before his untimely death.

Choir boys two generations ago had a far worse time than they do now, and it is not too much to say that the kindliness which Sir Frederick shows to the Westminster lads is in great part inspired by his own experiences at Rochester as a chorister. The general education was moderate in quantity and quality. The hours of work were long, for the boys began school at seven o'clock in the morning, and had only three-quarters of an hour for dinner in the middle of the day. In the matter of warmth the authorities of Rochester Cathedral might have taken their cue from

Sydney Smith, who, when it was proposed to heat St. Paul's Cathedral, declared that one might as well attempt to heat Salisbury Plain. In any case, the Dean and Chapter of Rochester did not then consider it part of their duties to place stoves in the cathedral, with the result that the organist frequently had a hot-water bottle on his seat, on which he warmed his hands, while the poor little choristers huddled under a rug which the generous wife of one of the Canons had lent them, in a vain attempt to keep out the cold.

Frederick Bridge's first master was J. L. Hopkins, who, it is interesting to note, was a chorister at Westminster Abbey, where his pupil is now organist. On J. L. Hopkins' appointment to Trinity College, Cambridge, he was succeeded by his cousin, John Hopkins, who had been a chorister at St. Paul's Cathedral, and to this organist Frederick Bridge was articled. What the boy did he did with all his might, even to blowing the organ occasionally for his master's pupil, Philip Arnes, who became Organist of Durham Cathedral and the first Professor of Music of Durham University. Sir Frederick confesses, in regard to his organ-blowing experiences, that when Philip Arnes played "Baal, we cry to thee!" from "Elijah," he wished that the pagan god would come and relieve him of his task.

By the time that Frederick Bridge was in his teens he was beginning to make his mark. His progress had been rapid, but none the less sure, and at the age of seventeen he was organist of Shorne, between Gravesend and Rochester. A year later he occupied a similar position at Strood; when he was twenty-one he became Organist of Holy Trinity, Windsor, and a pupil of Sir John Goss, then Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. He had not done learning, and has not done to this day. Two years later Frederick Bridge was a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, and at the age of twenty-four was appointed to the important posts of



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE SALMON FISHING IN SCOTLAND.

Organist of Manchester Cathedral and teacher of harmony at Owens' College in that city.

For six years he remained in Cottonopolis, doing good useful work, taking a broad and humanistic view of music and its purpose, and whetting his wit against that of the hard-headed sons of the North.

But London held out its lure, as it has done to many another aspiring young man, and the opportunity to proceed southward came when Mr. James Turle, the Organist and Master of the Choristers of Westminster Abbey, retired in 1875. Dr. Bridge was appointed "Permanent Deputy-Organist and Successor" to Mr. Turle, who retained his title of Organist, but, of course, did no duty. On his death, in 1882, Dr. Bridge assumed the full title as he had already assumed the full responsibilities.

It was a noble and important post, and right worthily has he acquitted himself in it. It is a feeble commonplace to say that his heart has been in the labour for a full generation, that he has maintained and expanded the traditions for glorious music which Westminster Abbey has long enjoyed, and that by his unique personality he has endeared him-

self to all with whom he has come in contact.

As to his boys, the Abbey choristers, twenty-four in number, "lucky dogs" is the phrase often applied to them, and lucky they are as compared with Sir Frederick in his early days. They are recruited at about the age of nine years from all parts of the British Isles, and before being admitted to the choir they have to satisfy the keen critical ear of Sir Frederick that they are qualified for the post. The boys are boarded at the Choir House, and although they work hard, they have their full share of amusement and recreation. Between them and Sir Frederick the most affectionate ties exist, and the chief sorrow of the youngsters is said to come when their voices break and they have to leave the choir. But they go with the kindest good wishes for their future welfare from their old master, and the knowledge that in parting from him they are parting from a genuine friend.

Among his almost boundless musical activities, composition and authorship hold a prominent position. Oratorios, sacred and dramatic cantatas, church services, anthems, and hymn tunes, instrumental items, part songs, and glees (some

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE

of the latter masterpieces in the expression of the humorous in music), he has produced them all, and some of the most successful as recently as the present year. I venture to suggest that with his keen sense of the dramatic, as well as humorous, possibilities of a given subject, there is still one field he might essay and conquer—namely, that of light opera.

It would occupy a full column of *THE QUIVER* to name in detail his varied productions as a composer, but I cannot pass over his "Song of the English" (the words by Rudyard Kipling), a choral ballad which was produced with so much success by the Royal Choral Society on March 30th at the Royal Albert Hall, or his fine "Te Deum," written for the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Authorised Version of the Bible at the Albert Hall on March 29th.

As an author, we find him represented by four books on Counterpoint and other subjects in Novello's Music Primers; by an extremely interesting and entertaining book, "Samuel Pepys, Lover of

Music," in Smith, Elder's catalogue; and by his really wonderful collection of Shakespearean references to music comprised in his "Shakespeare and Music" Birthday Book, published by Bosworth and Co.

Sir Frederick lives in a quaint old corner of the Abbey, known as Litlington Tower, after the Abbot who built the cloisters in this tower, which was built somewhere about the middle of the fourteenth century, and retains much of its old-world aspect. The house is stocked with many trophies of the chase, for the owner—as we shall show—is a keen sportsman; but there are unmistakable signs everywhere that music is the dominant influence of his life. Not a little proud is he of the Abbey organ, a small portion of which dates back to 1694, and is attributed to the famous Father Schmidt. It was added to from time to time, and in 1884 it was rebuilt, part of the casing being included as a memorial to Purcell, a famous Abbey organist. In 1895 a fifth manual was added, and since the last Coronation the organ has been completely rebuilt.



(Photo: Fictorial Agency.)

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE DELIVERING THE GRESHAM LECTURE.

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In his capacity as Abbey organist, Sir Frederick Bridge has arranged the musical portions of all the great ceremonies that have taken place there during the last thirty years. He came too late for the funeral of Dickens, whom he often saw at Rochester, but he has said that it is a source of pride to him—a one time Rochester boy—to play near the grave of the great master and humanist. Sir Frederick has played at the funeral services of Tennyson and Browning, Darwin and Kelvin, Stanley and Gladstone. His four-part setting of "Crossing the Bar" was composed expressly for Tennyson's funeral; and we may add that he has also set Mr. Gladstone's version of the "Rock of Ages" to music. But, without doubt, his most notable performances have been those connected with the two Jubilees of Queen Victoria and the Coronation of King Edward. At the 1887 Jubilee he arranged all the music and composed a special anthem, for which he received the personal thanks of Queen Victoria, and the Jubilee silver medal. Among the honours conferred by Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee, Dr. Frederick became "Sir" Frederick.

In past ages the Coronation music was of the most meagre description. The only music mentioned by Holinshead in his picturesque account of the Coronation of Henry VIII. is a fanfare of trumpets announcing the arrival of the Duke of Buckingham, "mounted upon a great courser, richlie trapped and embroidered," and at the pageants the "queristers of Paules plaied on viols and sung"; but by the time Charles II. was crowned there was, according to Pepys—a great favourite with Sir Frederick—"rare music with lutes, viols, trumpets, organs, and voices." At the Coronation of King Edward, Sir Frederick, on whom devolved the responsibility for the elaborate musical service in the Abbey, was represented by his "Homage" anthem, "Kings shall see and arise," which was sung at that part of the ceremony in which the General Pardon was formerly made.

Sir Frederick tells a good story of the preparations for the first Jubilee celebration. The twelve trumpeters were practising fanfares in the Abbey, and the

piercing notes echoed and re-echoed through the ancient building with all the force that powerful lungs could give them. Then Sir Frederick himself essayed a few notes, but this was too much for the Clerk of the Works, who protested. "My men," he said, "threaten to leave the job if this goes on. They have already stopped work, and this means £5 a minute." Now trumpeting at such a figure was a costly luxury, even at Jubilee time, so it was stopped.

At the forthcoming Coronation of King George and Queen Mary, Sir Frederick Bridge, as Organist of Westminster Abbey, will once more enjoy the title of "Director of the Coronation Music." The post is by no means a sinecure, as Sir Frederick found when he had to carry out the arduous and manifold duties attaching to it at the Coronation of King Edward, nine years ago, but those who were present in the venerable Abbey on that happy August day will have a vivid recollection of the music, and how splendidly it formed part of the solemn and important ceremony. Seated in the organ loft over the beautiful screen that divides the Abbey nave from the choir, Sir Frederick acquitted himself in a manner which, it is safe to say, no previous Abbey organist had excelled, and few had equalled.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that Sir Frederick's labours are exclusively devoted to Westminster Abbey and its choir. He is a man of boundless energy, and like most busy men, he can always find time for other duties, such as conducting a madrigal society, delivering a Gresham lecture, holding an examination for the Royal College of Organists or one of the universities with which he is connected, or making an after-dinner speech.

Sir Frederick is the third conductor whom the Royal Choral Society has had since the formation, nearly forty years ago. M. Gounod and Sir Joseph Barnby were his predecessors, and when the latter died it was freely said that the choir would break up, as many members talked of resigning. When Sir Frederick took over the conductorship it was evident that, in addition to the ordinary work, he had to conquer the spirit of unrest and disunion;



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

"WILL THE TENORS ON THIS SIDE SING THEIR PART ALONE, PLEASE?"
(Sir Frederick Bridge conducting a Royal Choral Society rehearsal.)

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but he approached his difficult task with patience, perseverance, and the utmost good humour, so that to-day he can count on the whole-hearted devotion and loyalty of those who acknowledge his baton. There are really two complete choirs, one on either side of the great organ, and with the orchestra, which he also superintends, they comprise a body 1,000 strong. It is probable there is no other example of such a choir: the ordinary "Festival Choir" is usually about three hundred strong. To conduct such a body offers no difficulty to a competent conductor; but to conduct *two choirs at once*, each of them larger than an ordinary Festival Choir, and to guide them through such music as Elgar's "*Geron-tius*," surely demands unusual nerve and decision. And yet this is what Sir Frederick does, to the satisfaction of all sympathetic listeners.

As one listens to their performances in the Albert Hall one is apt to forget the infinite labour that has gone beforehand. The native wit of Sir Frederick is, perhaps, his strongest weapon. Many times he has impressed on them all that the singers who make the best effect are not those with the best voices; "they are the singers who use their brains." Occasionally he will play off the ladies against the gentlemen, and bring them both to his way of thinking with a kindly appeal spiced with a thrust of humour. "Ladies," he once

said, as a cat appeared on the platform and stood in front of the sopranos, "this intelligent animal has come to see if by any chance there is a vacant place."

As a lecturer on music he is known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in many parts of the British Empire. Three years ago he visited Canada, and wherever he went, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he received a cordial welcome, as a master of music, a genial personality, and a staunch patriot to boot.

Sir Frederick himself attributes his success to the fact that he has never taken a narrow view of music, but a broad-minded one. It will be clear that he knows how to gild the pill of wisdom and make it palatable to the young people whom he is always ready to help. But he is not always teaching or advising. Whenever he can he escapes from the turmoil of city life to his pleasant house



LUNCH ON THE MOORS.

in the north of Scotland, where, on weekdays, he may be found tramping the moors with his gun, or luring the salmon with his rod. On Sundays you may see him in the little church at Glass, seated at the organ he presented to the church in memory of the late Lady Bridge, who rests in the little burial ground at Glass.

Happy in the success of his life's work, the affection of his family, and the attachment of devoted friends, long may Sir Frederick Bridge occupy his distinguished position in the history of music in England.

The Affectations of a Saint

Complete Story

By DOROTHY HILTON

I

MRS. JIM and the tea equipage arrived under the trees at the same moment. Her guests, equally pleased to see both, threw down their racquets and gathered round. They had seen their hostess last at luncheon, and since then the afternoon post had arrived. It had brought her a piece of news which she hastened to communicate to them.

"Amelia is coming to-morrow," she announced.

"That's ripping! Good old Amelia!" cried Johnnie Scott, who was cousin to the lady in question as well as to Mrs. Jim.

"Then I shall get my bezique again at night," said the master of the house complacently.

But it was Cyril, the son and heir, who testified his appreciation of the intelligence the most heartily. He crammed the remainder of a hot scone into his mouth, clapped two very buttery hands ecstatically, and gave voice to a series of hurrahs.

"Needless to question the popularity of the lady expected," remarked Fred Eastman.

"Yes, we all love her," said Mrs. Jim. "And yet"—she paused, with the teapot uplifted—"I wouldn't have had her come just now for worlds, if I could have helped it."

"Why don't you want her just now, Amy?" asked Eastman's sister Geraldine with lazy curiosity.

"Yes, why, indeed?" said Amy's husband reproachfully. The words had jarred on his hospitable soul. "You told her to come back the moment she could get away."

"I did," admitted the lady, "but Jim, dear, you forget"—she cast a glance along the shrubby path—"George wasn't here then."

But Jim had a slow-moving mind. He could see no reason why the coming of his brother should affect Amelia's welcome.

"We've got plenty of spare rooms, haven't we?" he said.

Amy laughed. "That's not the difficulty. It's this. George has never met Amelia."

"So much the worse for George, I should think," said Eastman. "I speak feelingly. I'm in the same boat myself."

"Oh, I want *you* to know her, Fred," said Amy, "but George is different."

"I begin to see what you're getting at," said Johnnie. "The clever, the observant, the cynical George—and poor, dear Amelia." He finished the sentence apparently inconsequently with a shrill imitation of an affected feminine giggle. All but Fred laughed involuntarily, though Amy immediately afterwards assumed a look of displeasure.

"Shame on you, Johnnie!"

"And this," said Johnnie, quite unabashed. He was twisting his ten fingers with an air of assumed bashfulness. Another titter ran round the group.

"Fred, oblige me by boxing his ears" said Mrs. Jim.

"I was only representing pictorially the possibility that George might find our dear cousin good 'copy,'" Johnnie explained. "It isn't all beer and skittles having a celebrated author in the family."

"Oh, you think George will make fun of her," said Jim, comprehension lighting up his face. "I began to imagine you were afraid he might fall in love with her."

When the hilarity which greeted this sally had subsided, Mrs. Jim resumed:

"I'm not afraid he'll make fun of her; that"—with a reproachful look at Johnnie—"isn't his way. But I know just how he'll dissect all her little affectations with that horrible novelistic instinct of his."

"I can picture the meeting," said Johnnie. "George so calm, so cynical; Amelia gushing—blushing—the giggle, and this." Again he performed the pantomime upon his fingers, but he looked quite serious this time. "I agree with you, Amy; I wish she hadn't been coming just now."

"Amelia is far too good to be laughed at," went on Mrs. Jim. "We do it ourselves, but there is no malice in our laughter. Now

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George will see all her little weaknesses—indeed, they're patent enough!—and he'll never trouble to find out her real goodness."

"She's just the brickiest brick I know, is Amelia," said Johnnie.

"You've hit the right nail on the head there, my boy," agreed the master of the house as he struggled out of his lounge chair. "And look here, little woman," he went on, turning to his wife, "don't you worry, for if George dares to try to make 'copy' out of Amelia's failings I'll punch his head as sure as I'm his brother!" With that assurance he walked away.

"That is Jim's straightforward way," said his wife admiringly, "but he'd never have a notion even if George did it. He absolutely declines to read his books. My strongest hope is that Amelia won't interest him. She may be quite an ordinary type."

"I'm interested, at any rate," said Eastman. "I want to know more of the lady. Is she old; young; plain or pretty?"

Amy considered a moment before replying.

"I can't remember her age exactly. One certainly could not call her young, and yet she isn't so very old. The life she has lived for the last ten years has made her grow old in some ways, and kept her young in others. I thought perhaps Geraldine might have told you about her. We don't often speak of it—family skeletons are best kept decently out of sight—but Amelia's mother was a—what's the word, Johnnie? It doesn't sound so bad as the real thing—yes, dipsomaniac; that is it. Amelia was quite young then, and there is not one girl in a million who would have done as she did. She never left her mother, but she contrived that Madeline, her younger sister, should have a little fun. She used to talk as if she herself were quite an elderly person with no claim to youthful gaieties. And she never made a murmur about her own hard fate when Madeline married and went out to India. And it was not as if she had got any return for her devotion. The mother hated her. She saw in her only a restraint upon her desires. Amelia once confessed to me that she had made a mistake in keeping her at home. She would have been better in an institution."

"Then she is dead now?"

"Yes, she died two years ago. At first life seemed something of a blank to poor Amelia; then a sort of physical and mental

reaction set in. She began to feel that life owed her something for the years of youth that had been filched from her, and now she is living in a passionate determination to have those lost years back. She goes about constantly, dresses smartly, and is doing her best to have a real good time."

"Wise Amelia," said Eastman.

"So I think, and I'm thankful to say she is enjoying herself, but—it's rather difficult to explain—you see, she affects youthfulness with such intense determination that there is a certain ridiculousness about it. Then in those long years of seclusion she has acquired the oddest little affectations. It is when she meets strangers that she twists her fingers as Johnnie showed you. None of these things are half so noticeable when she is alone with us. By nature she is sensible and clever enough. If she'd had her fair share of rubbing about in the world, she'd never have picked up these mannerisms."

"Amelia thinks she is leading a dreadfully selfish life now," put in Johnnie. "But she couldn't be selfish if she tried."

"She's one of those sauntly creatures born to be victimised," said Amy. "Do you know why she left here, Geraldine?"

"I have no idea," said Geraldine languidly. She was growing decidedly weary of the subject of Amelia.

"She went because she thought old Mrs. Millard was threatened with one of her fits of melancholia. It's the slowest place she lives in, but Amelia just packed up and went, and didn't even make a virtue of it."

"And don't forget to tell how she helped the mater when the kids had the measles," said Johnnie.

"I'll tell you what, Amy," burst in Eastman, "I'm not much of a knight-errant, but I suggest that we make a compact to guard the good Amelia from the dragon George. I volunteer my services."

"Ditto here," said Johnnie with more earnestness than elegance.

"Exactly what I was thinking," said Mrs. Jim. "It wouldn't be difficult to prevent him from seeing much of her. Jim always monopolises her for his wretched bezique unless I interfere. Then Cyril is a host in himself. Amelia is just the sort of person all children make a slave of. Talk of angels; here he comes. George, I mean, not Cyril!"

A tall, broad-shouldered man was coming



"'Perhaps so,' said the distinguished author in non-committal tones"—p. 724.

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up the path. He had a fishing-rod in his hand, and Mrs. Jim called out an inquiry as to the sport he had had in order to cover the pause of which all were guiltily conscious.

"The sun came out too brightly," he replied, "but I've had a good time nevertheless."

"Fishing's the sport for meditation and plots," said Johnnie.

"Perhaps so," said the distinguished author in non-committal tones as he accepted a cup of tea from the hands of his sister-in-law. A calm, self-contained, not very young man was this George Marsden. When he had finished his tea he went into the house.

"I'm fond enough of George," said Mrs. Jim, "but I couldn't bear to see that eye of his concentrated upon Amelia. He'd be sure to want to work her into his new novel."

"He won't, if I can help it," said Johnnie, and Eastman joined him in a renewed protestation of their determination to stick so closely to Amelia that the new species of dragon should have no chance with her at all.

"Very well, I shall depend on you. And what about you, Geraldine?" Mrs. Jim asked.

"Oh, I'll help with pleasure," said that young lady, with her slow smile. It had occurred to her that, if Johnnie and Fred were going to "stick" to Amelia, it would be a further precaution if someone "stuck" to the novelist, and this was a duty she was very ready to undertake.

II

AMELIA arrived next day. Though it could not be said that the "Dragon" showed any particular signs of interest in her, all parties leagued for her defence—both those consciously and unconsciously enlisted—entered upon their duties with the utmost zeal. The master of the house monopolised her every evening; Cyril stuck to her like a leech all day. Johnnie and Eastman vied with each other in their attentions to her, and Geraldine fulfilled her promise according to her own interpretation of it; that is, she chained the distinguished author to her side as often as she could find any pretext for doing so. In Johnnie's opinion, Geraldine threatened to over-do things altogether.

"It's all very well to pretend that she's guarding Amelia," he announced to Mrs. Jim one evening. "It strikes me she's playing for her own hand. She's got him down by the pond, and she's trying to flirt, and if ever a man looked bored George is that individual. She's not the kind of girl to interest him, anyway. If Amelia had been a little more—more, you understand—he'd have flown to her long ago in sheer desperation. Suppose we go along and rescue him?"

But Geraldine and her companion had left the seat on which Johnnie had seen them, and when Amy and he returned to the garden they found the pair watching a game of tennis between Amelia and Fred.

Amelia was not a graceful player. She had no idea of judging a ball. To see her strike and then gaze wildly round, and to hear her shrill, good-natured giggle when she realised that the ball had gone over her head instead of over the net, was highly diverting. Marsden seemed so much interested in the performance that he was paying little attention to his companion, who was chattering away with the utmost vivacity. But as they drew nearer they heard him say:

"That is because you are so young, Miss Eastman. You cannot understand how refreshing it is to a man of my years to see that someone can manage to preserve a youthful spirit even when the hair has turned grey. I admire Miss Amelia's zest in life."

He spoke so incisively that both Johnnie and Amy were convinced that Geraldine had hardly been cloaking the failings she had promised to screen.

"I think that halo of wavy grey hair makes your cousin's face very interesting," said George, turning to his sister-in-law. "You all seem to have conspired this last week to keep her to yourselves, but such popularity makes me determined to know her better."

The game was finished, and Amelia was leaving the lawn. With no further excuse Marsden went after her.

Johnnie exploded in half-suppressed mirth. "The deed is done," he said. Eastman, who was folding the net, looked after the retreating figures, and then across at the others.

"Someone has broken the contract," his mutely reproachful eyes seemed to say.

THE AFFECTATIONS OF A SAINT

III

TEA was ready again under the trees; so was Mrs. Jim. Geraldine, too, and Johnnie were there, and Cyril, but neither George, Fred, nor Amelia had responded to the summons of the gong. Jim was away for the afternoon. Cyril had been striving for the last few minutes to gain his mother's attention. At last he succeeded.

"Look, mum-mie, what I got from Uncle George," he said, holding up a shilling. "He wanted Cousin 'Melia to show him the way through the wood, but she'd promised me first. So he said he'd give me this if I'd be a good boy and let her go wiv him. So I did."

"A thoroughly interesting narrative, my boy," said Johnnie.

"Quite idyllic," murmured Geraldine sarcastically. "Did you see anything of Fred?" she asked sharply. The little lad nodded his head.

"Yes, he asked me, too, where Cousin 'Melia was, and I said she'd gone into the wood, and then he went into the wood himself."

"I hope there hasn't been bloodshed," whispered Johnnie to Amy.

"S-hush!" said that lady. "They are coming."

As she spoke the trio came into view. Amelia was walking between the two men. A flush of excitement was on her cheeks; she looked almost pretty. She was chatting



"Amelia had no idea of judging a ball."

gaily, and her little giggle rang out more than once, but, though Geraldine heard it with a sneer upon her lips, there was genuine mirth in it. Yet, despite the evident good humour of the new-comers, constraint now fell upon the group. Cyril and his prattle were a welcome addition. He had a royal time, being permitted to monopolise the general attention without rebuke. When he had finished his tea, Amelia and he went off together. George soon afterwards went into the house; Eastman followed suit; then Geraldine picked up her novel and departed.

"It strikes me no one is keen to compare notes on the compact now," remarked Johnnie, when Amy and he were alone.

"We've made a mess of it somehow," said Mrs. Jim ruefully.

"We all overdid it, and that's a fact," said Johnnie. "Geraldine began it. She

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bored George so completely that he was bound to seek refuge with Amelia. Eastman overdid it; he paid such devoted attention to her that George, as a man of observation, owed it to himself to find out wherein her attractiveness lay. As he said, we made her appear so extraordinarily popular that he naturally wanted to have a look in. Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk, but I herewith notify you of my absolute withdrawal from all participation in the said league and covenant. In other words, I leave my beloved cousin to her fate."

"Oh, Johnnie!" said Mrs. Jim reproachfully.

"Don't say 'Oh, Johnnie!' It's the kindest thing we can do. In the first place, the dear girl is having a jolly good time; in the second, George knows all her failings by this, and if he has marked her down for 'copy,' as I suppose he has by the way he appears to be studying her, the better he gets to know her the more kindly he is likely to treat her. In the third place——"

"Well?" For Johnnie had paused.

"I said that Eastman had overdone things. There's a sub-heading to that. Don't gasp, but doesn't it strike you that he really is smitten with our fair cousin? He is certainly carrying out his part of the contract with uncommon gusto, and I don't suppose *he* is contemplating working her into a book."

"But, Johnnie dear, he's much younger than Amelia."

"Oh, that goes for nothing nowadays. To think I've lived to see the day—Amelia with a brace of lovers!" This idea so amused the youth that Amy could get no more sensible conversation from him.

IV

AS Johnnie had said, Amelia was having a "jolly good time." She had never had so much attention in all her life, but on the whole she kept her head better than might have been expected. Moreover, the new consciousness of a power to please subdued some of her nervousness. She was less irritatingly self-conscious.

Mrs. Jim watched the little drama without much satisfaction. She felt her responsibilities as *deus ex machina*. She had begun to think that Johnnie's suspicions regarding

Eastman were not far wrong. He was certainly Amelia's devoted slave. But either Marsden was more skilful in monopolising her society, or else Amelia favoured him; certainly the novelist appeared to be "making the running" the more satisfactorily of the two. Johnnie even went so far as to suggest that Mrs. Jim should give Amelia a hint that she was "putting her money on the wrong horse," and this she was half resolved to do.

That same afternoon Amelia called her into her room.

"I want you to tell me whether you think this dress is too youthful for me, Amy," she said, and the ever-ready colour mounted to her cheeks as she spoke. Amy examined the gown spread upon the bed.

"I don't think so," she said, "but isn't it too nice for tennis? Why not wear your blue linen? Fred was saying how well that frock suited you."

Mrs. Jim watched the effect of her words carefully. Amelia looked pleased, but she did not blush.

"Did he?" she said. "All the same, I think I'll wear the pink. I'm not sure that I shall play tennis to-night." She blushed then, and Mrs. Jim remembered that her brother-in-law had said it was too hot for tennis. She was casting about in her mind for some way in which to convey her hint, when Amelia, with another blush, produced a small parcel and said:

"It wasn't altogether about the dress I wanted your advice. 'I—I got this by post to-day.'"

"How funny!" exclaimed Mrs. Jim. The parcel which Amelia had handed to her contained a bottle of hair dye. "Was it sent as an advertisement?"

"N—no, I wrote for it," admitted Amelia. She was twisting and untwisting her fingers nervously. "Are you dreadfully shocked, Amy? My hair went grey so very early. I know lots of women as old as I am who have no grey hairs at all. I thought I might try just a wee drop to begin with. Do you think it would be very wicked?"

"Not wicked. People have a right to make the best of themselves. But I think it would be a mistake in your case. I like your hair as it is, and someone said to me that it made your face look very interesting."

"Do tell me who it was?" said Amelia eagerly.

THE AFFECTATIONS OF A SAINT

Amy hesitated; she was uncertain whether it would be kindness or cruelty to tell her. It was the very last thing she had intended to do when she entered the room. Then she said:

"It was George."

"Did he say that?" asked Amelia softly. "Then I won't use it. I'm so glad you told me." She was locking away the bottle as she spoke. When she turned, Amy saw that her face was radiant. That look told its own story, and Amy went to her room in much perturbation of spirit.

V

"GEORGE is a brute, Amy," Johnnie whispered to his cousin in the drawing-room a few nights later. The lamps had been lighted, but the French windows were still open. It was one of the most delicious evenings of the summer. "He's either a callous brute"—he repeated—"or it's never occurred to him that she's not likely to understand that he's merely studying her. I believe she's head over ears in love with him already, and Eastman's retired from the contest."

Amy looked troubled. The affair lay heavy on her heart and conscience. She had not told Johnnie of Amelia's confidences to her, but she had not forgotten her cousin's illuminated countenance.

"Where are they now?" she asked.

"Out in the garden. It's an ideal night for love's young dream," he said viciously.

At that moment the master of the house yawned, and looked at his watch.

"Where is Amelia?" he said. "It's time for our bezique. I'd better get out the cards." He did so, but no Amelia appeared. He was distinctly aggrieved.

"It's all George's fault," he said. "I suppose he's got yarning about his old books, and he'll have no idea of the time, and Amelia is far too good-natured to rebel."

"I wonder they are not afraid of rheumatism; there is a heavy dew," said Geraldine. Since Marsden had so assiduously courted Amelia's society Geraldine had made a point of referring to the pair as if both had been quite aged and decrepit.

"You'll really have to interfere, Amy," said Johnnie *sotto voce*.

"I mean to," she said in a vehement

whisper. "I can't stand it. I shall tell George plainly what he is doing."

It was an hour later when the missing couple came in. Marsden wore a satisfied smile, and Amelia looked flushed and embarrassed. Mrs. Jim's blood was now up.

"Did you close the gate, George?" she asked.

"I'm sure I can't remember," he said, "but I will go and see."

"I will come with you," she said. "Unless I see it closed with my own eyes, I always imagine that the hens are in the garden in the morning." They went out together.

"You seem very fond of Amelia's society, George," she began at once.

"So I am," he said heartily. "I find her very interesting."

"I was afraid you would. I suppose you make it your business to study everyone you meet? I was certain from the first that you'd want to put Amelia in a book."

"That's just what I'm hoping to do," he said cheerfully.

"Then I think I ought to tell you her story. Of course, her little affectations are very patent, but when one knows all she has gone through——"

"Oh, Jim told me her history some time ago," he interposed.

"Has the man no compassion then?" thought his sister-in-law indignantly. Aloud she said:

"You understand, then, why she is different from other women. You can have no idea what a dear, sweet creature she is, but of course she is unsophisticated. To be candid, George, I didn't want you to meet her. I dreaded your novelistic instinct. You will deal with her tenderly, won't you? But it isn't that that is troubling me. You can have no idea how ignorant she is of the ways of men, and—and, you know, George, you have paid her marked attention. It is not likely she guesses that you are interested in her as a study. Don't you see what a dangerous game you are playing? I hate to say it, but, George, suppose Amelia got to care?"

"I see, Amy, that you have no real appreciation of what the novelist's instinct is," he said slowly. "I suppose art is often cruel. We can't afford to let anything escape us; not even the affectations of a saint."

"And Amelia is a saint," said Amy

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hotly. "You speak so cynically, George, but it is true."

"Of course it is true," he said. "Don't you think I can see deeper than the affectations? And, by the way, you haven't shown the least interest as to the story in which I intend to introduce her."

"I don't want to know anything about it," she said miserably. "I think you are very heartless to make 'copy' of her, but even that will not be so bad if only you do not break her heart into the bargain."

"I mean to put her in my autobiography—the story of my life."

"I don't want to know anything about it."

"Amy, Amy, you are dense to-night. And, by Jove!"—he dropped his cynical tone and spoke hotly, eagerly—"you are far from complimentary to my future wife."

"George, what do you mean?"

"Just that. I have the sense to know a saint when I meet one, and—sinner that I am—she has consented to take me 'for better or for worse.' Amy was silent from sheer astonishment. "Aren't you going to give me your blessing, sister mine? You're such a loyal friend, and I know I'm not good enough for Amelia——"

"Oh, George, it isn't that!" Amy gasped. "I never thought you'd have fallen in love

with Amelia. We know what a dear she is, but——"

"And you will not credit me with as much penetration?"

"Oh, yes, but——"

"Don't dare to mention those little affectations again. Why, Amy, you make a mountain out of a mole-hill. I would undertake to have every one of them cured by the end of the honeymoon, but, by Jove! I don't know that I have any desire to have her a bit different from what she is."

Amy looked up at him. There was a wonderful light in his eyes.

"Yes, I can't disguise it, Amy, I'm hard hit. And now, if you have any affection for either of us, I beg you will no longer pay us the doubtful compliment of being so greatly surprised. I shall take a smoke out here while you go in and tell the others, and please treat it as if it were the most natural thing in the world."

Amy went back alone and told the news.

Amelia had gone to bed. Johnnie whistled; Geraldine remarked that these elderly romances had a pathetic interest; Jim gave a gasp of astonishment, and then called all to witness that he had predicted this very thing. Eastman alone said nothing, and Amy and Johnnie agreed afterwards that he had grown strangely pale.



The Press as Reformer

The Romance of Newspaper Knights-errant

By FRANK ELIAS

IN one respect the newspaper press is its own worst enemy. It performs national services and may think that these actions deserve grateful remembrance. But if the modern press founds its conduct upon one principle more than another, it is on this, that all news is ephemeral, that we must never look back, that yesterday is as dead as if it had never been. And so the press is hoist with its own petard. We cannot even remember the good deeds of a newspaper when those deeds are in the past; to such an extent has the modern press reshaped our national intelligence.

In the Cause of Woman

Curiously enough the greatest of all the reforms undertaken by the British press is the one most completely ignored. How many people at the moment remember the day in 1885 when a British journalist was sent to prison for trying to rouse public opinion upon the most ghastly of all forms of evil—the white-slave traffic? Nowadays, Mr. Stead's name sometimes excites a shrug as men think of the Julia Bureau, the strange matter of the Gladstone spirit interview, and other more amiable fads. Yet what an obscured vision it is which fails to see in this man the greatest of all newspaper knights-errant, the one journalist who, at a time when, as a craftsman, he was at the height of his powers, literally risked everything to accomplish a great reform. Men laugh at the curiously fatuous spook interview as though it represented a leading event in Mr. Stead's career. It is perfectly true that his public actions have been full of mistakes. But if men laugh, no woman can do so without being at once a traitor to her sex.

From his youth, Mr. Stead had been a writer in the cause of women. His opinions were well known. In 1885 he was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*. At this time Mrs. Butler, wife of Dean Butler, and one of the noblest women who ever

lived, was engaged in social work in London. Day after day her heart was rent by the appalling evidences which she met of the existence of the traffic in young girls. Dr. Barnardo, of the well-known homes, was also deeply oppressed by what he saw of this sickening evil. Finally, the two workers felt that they could endure no more. They looked round for a helper, and at last they came to Mr. Stead. It happened that at this time a Bill was before the House of Commons for strengthening the law against the evil, but it was a feeble measure and feebly supported. Several times it had come up, and on each occasion it had been talked out. The public was indifferent. But, as Mr. Stead said, it was indifferent because it did not know. He felt that the duty was laid upon him to make it known.

How was this to be done? He saw only one way. It was a way that would have appalled a less strong man, a way along which lay terrible danger to reputation and to life. It was useless to write about things of which he knew nothing except from hearsay. Before a journalist can write about a great fire, he must stand where he may even feel the flames upon his cheek. Before he can write of Hell, he must enter Hell.

Mr. Stead faced a great risk. But before he took the step it was necessary that his plans should be known to men of such acknowledgedly high character that when the work was done no one could come forward alleging that the real object had been simply to make a great newspaper sensation, or to express a naturally unclean mind. The men who came forward to support Mr. Stead were amongst the noblest of the time. A committee was formed in which Archbishop Benson, Dean Church, Cardinal Manning, Liddon, and Hugh Price Hughes were associated. Mr. Stead acted throughout in conjunction with this body. His first move was to seek the help of the

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police, but then and afterwards the help of authority was closed against him. He found he would get no help from any official quarter. Then he began his work. Night after night he visited the haunts of vice, seeing with his own eyes what no pure man had ever seen before.

Then he returned, laid his evidence before his committee, and, through his paper, published it to the world. It would be a mere truism to say that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, containing his account of what he had seen, fell like a bomb upon London. The country was aroused, divided for and against the man who had shown this national sore to the world. In the course of his inquiries, however, Mr. Stead, with the knowledge of his committee, found it necessary to commit a technical offence. For this he was tried and convicted, and suffered a year's imprisonment.

But now the service he had done quickly appeared; the old Bill was withdrawn, a new strong Bill was passed, raising the age of consent, and the greatest newspaper triumph of our time was achieved.

In connection with the matter, and as illustrating how the best men of all opinions rallied round Mr. Stead, Mr. Benjamin Waugh in his book "W. T. Stead" tells the following story of the late Lord Shaftesbury. The annual meeting of Mr. Waugh's Waifs and Strays Society was about to be held at the Mansion House. Just before the meeting, Lord Shaftesbury, who was the principal speaker, arrived.

Seeing Mr. Waugh, he went up to him.

"Mr. Waugh," he said, "do you know Mr. Stead?" It was on the Friday when the terrible black week was at its blackest,

when the din of London was full of denunciations of Mr. Stead and rumours of richly deserved fines and imprisonments were everywhere.

"Yes, I do."

"What do you think of him?"

"I love him with some of the love with which I love my Redeemer," was my passionate reply.

"I am glad," he said. "Now you must excuse my not speaking to-day on your report. I thank God that I have lived to see it come to the front," and after a pause he added:

"I may never speak in public again."

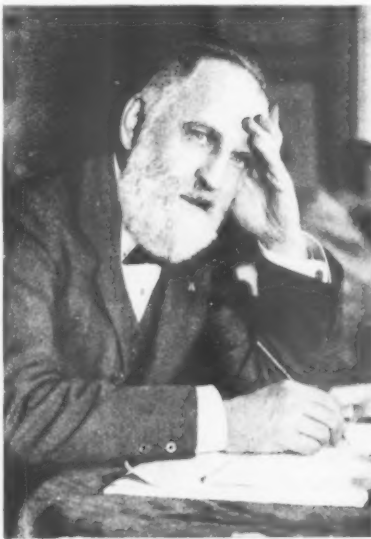
"Nor did he. The last speech of his beautiful career was made in support of Mr. Stead."

Towards Peace

Mr. Stead, since he has edited the *Review of Reviews*, has identified himself with many causes. But his chief work

has been on behalf of Peace. When first the Czar summoned the famous Conference which subsequently met at The Hague, Mr. Stead felt certain that unless public interest in it could be aroused its meeting would be futile. With his old energy, therefore, he flung himself into the work of propaganda, and largely to him is owing the interest taken by the country in the proceedings of the first Conference.

War is an unutterable curse. It debases the nations engaged in it, it cripples their civilisation, it fans their evil passions and quenches their good, it punishes most those least able to bear it, and must humiliate every Christianity-professing country which takes a part in it. To work for peace as Mr. Stead has done is to undertake a great service to the human race. Such work confers dignity upon the press which is its organ.



(Photo: Pictorial Agency)

MR. W. T. STEAD.

THE PRESS AS REFORMER

"The Cry of the Children"

If Mr. Stead and the *Pall Mall* are to be regarded as the defenders of girls and women, the defenders of the helpless infant are the men of the *Tribune* who, four years ago, launched the great campaign well known by its title "The Cry of the Children." Here the chief protagonist was the well-known journalist, Mr. G. R. Sims. When Mr. Sims first began to inquire into the condition of child-life in London, he was quite unprepared for what he found.

"I came upon awful details," he wrote to me in reply to an inquiry, "which if anyone a year or two before had told me about, I should have viewed, I might almost say, as gross exaggerations."

In compiling his articles, Mr. Sims was determined that above all things he would be definite. He tried in his writing to strike as unemotional a note as possible. But the generous heart of the inquirer was wrung again and again by what he saw in his "pilgrimage of pain," as he calls it.

Mr. Sims' attention was first called to the subject of child neglect by a friend of his, a young artist who was engaged with him on a series of magazine articles dealing with London life. In the course of their inquiries they had to describe the life of the public-house, and it was while sketching scenes

in these squalid surroundings that the heart of the artist was touched by the sight which he continually met of babies and little children in the crowded bars late at night. He called Mr. Sims' attention to this spectacle, and, says Mr. Sims in his book "The Black Stain," "I thought the matter over, studied it a little more closely than I had done, and came to the conclusion that my artist confrère was

right—that the baby in the public-house was indeed a 'crying evil.' Night after night, accompanied by my confrère, I visited bars and saloons in every part of London, and the result was the series of articles to which the proprietors of the *Tribune* gave the noble hospitality of their columns."

The terrible condition of the little children carried into the sordid atmosphere of the public-house by their drunken mothers, was vividly described by the pen of an accomplished journalist. Mr. Sims was not in the ordinary sense a philanthropist, and he was not a professional total abstinence advocate. But he was a man with a heart, who was stirred to his depths by the sights which nightly met his eyes. His graphic

descriptions excited incredulity and then consternation in the minds of his readers; a great public demand arose for the ending of these horrors of child-life; and at last, under the management of Mr. H. Gladstone and Mr. Herbert Samuel, the now famous "Children's Charter" passed through Parliament, and to-day no infant or small child can, under any circumstances, be carried across the threshold of a public-house. In the course of his investigations for the series of articles known as "The Cry of the Child-

ren," Mr. Sims discovered many other terrible facts than were covered by the scope of the inquiry on behalf of the *Tribune*. These he has recounted in his book, "The Black Stain." Afterwards Mr. Sims went to Liverpool and other great cities, investigating the condition of local child-life, and exposing the horrors which he discovered, in the local newspapers. Thus the provincial press, no less than the



MR. GEORGE R. SIMS

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London, became a powerful organ of reform on behalf of the children.

There are many people who would totally dissent from Mr. Sims' point of view on many matters. But none ever did a nobler or greater work for the weakest and least articulate class than this "man of the world," as he calls himself, or than the proprietor of the paper in whose columns the pathetic cry of the children appeared.

The *Tribune* is dead, yet its work surely lives on in the "Children's Act, 1908."

The *Daily News* has made sufficiently well known its hatred of the gambling evil. But if at one time it seemed a little conscious of its virtue, no words can be too strong in praise of the stand made by its proprietors against one of the social

scourges of the age. I am not convinced, as some journalists appear to be, that a paper which excludes all betting news can have no hope of survival. Of the millions of men who may be seen daily with their papers before them in our suburban trains, how many turn to the racing page? Is it not a fact that, apart from what I believe are called "aristocratic circles," and from the working class, only a limited interest is taken in racing? Nevertheless, the *Daily News*, when it struck out all incitements to gambling, took a "leap in the dark," and the fact that it alighted on its feet, and that to-day it occupies one of the strongest positions of any paper on its own side of politics, must not be allowed to mitigate the credit which certainly belongs to Mr. Cadbury for his action.

Having taken its own emphatic step against the betting evil, the *Daily News* could then begin a crusade against the vice. It began to publish analyses of gambling transactions advised by a selected number of newspaper tipsters. The starting prices of various famous horses were given, and then followed a statement of the amount which would have been lost by the person backing these runners. This was to appeal to the reason of the gambler, and it may be said that the gambler did not read the *Daily News*. The paper may not have reached the gambler; but it reached the people who did reach the gambler. Particularly did it create a new ideal for its contemporaries by setting an example which, so far, none of them have dared to follow. It has supported all proposals for legislation for the killing of the betting curse, and



THE RESULT OF THE CHILDREN'S ACT: A PUBLIC-HOUSE SUPPLIES A NURSE TO MIND THE CHILDREN WHO ARE NO LONGER ALLOWED INSIDE.



THE HORRORS OF CONTINENTAL HORSE TRAFFIC—A SCENE 'TWEEN DECKS AFTER A GALE. A STATE OF THINGS SUPPRESSED BY NEWSPAPER AGITATION.

by the success which attends its career, gives the lie to the allegation that a paper cannot live which refuses to publish betting news.

The efforts of *Truth* in exposing fraud, particularly the peculiarly mean fraud whereby widows and the ignorant poor are robbed of their savings, is well known. For thirty years the work of that journal has been carried on, until to-day it is a terror to evil-doers. The "bucket-shop" monger who offers fabulous wealth in return for a small investment, the betting tipster, and similar pests, are lost when *Truth* gets upon their track. Work of this useful kind has also been undertaken by the *Morning Leader*, which has constantly waged war upon fraudulent home-employment agencies.

One of the best of recent campaigns was that undertaken by the *Daily Mail*. For some time its attention had been drawn to cases in the police-courts in which numbers of persons were prosecuted for cruelty to old horses at the docks. It appeared that these animals

were on their way for shipment to Belgium, where they would be duly killed for food. The tariff laws of that country, however, forbade the import of dead meat, and so the horses, however miserable their condition—and they were only sold for export when they were past work—were driven aboard, often in the most pitiable state of suffering. The inspection at the ports was inadequate, there being far more work than there were inspectors to perform it.

The *Daily Mail*, having ascertained these things, published a series of articles calling attention to the question of the shipment of the horses. Opinion was aroused, additional inspectors were appointed, and to-day a far more stringent watch is kept than formerly upon the condition under which the weary and broken beasts who have served Englishmen so well are sent away that in another land they may be men's food.

Moreover, in consequence of the agitation, the attention of Parliament was gained, and finally a stringent Act was passed to end the horrors of the traffic.

Cynthia Charrington

Serial Story

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

CHAPTER XVI

IN THE SCHOOL OF LOVE

"GOT the hump, haven't you?" asked the freckled girl. "Look as if you'd lost a shilling and found sixpence. What's up? Bad debt, eh?"

Beth laughed shortly.

"No. My patrons continue to pay up their shillings and sixpences with exemplary promptitude."

"Lost a client?"

"On the contrary. Found a new one. But there are other things in life besides work, my dear, however extraordinary it may appear."

"No, there aren't. Not at the moment. One thing at a time, and that done well. You came here to earn your living, and you are doing it, aren't you? Made a fine start, anyway. Much better than I expected. Ought to be pleased and thankful, instead of going about with a face like a fiddle. Wicked, I call it; scattering germs of discontent. Worse than going about with a smallpox rash. A kill-joy is a first class sort of murderer. Got too many of them in this house as it is. The sooner you quit the ranks the better. I thought you had more grit!"

Instead of attempting any defence Beth favoured Mary Higgs with a long and thoughtful scrutiny. After two months' acquaintanceship she had come to the conclusion that this very ordinary looking girl was rather a wonderful character. In the midst of a hard, monotonous life her kindly optimism was unfailing as the light, and her cheerful staccato appreciations were ready for every occasion, good or bad. When the clouds lowered, and the east wind belched its cruel blasts through chink and cranny, she hailed it as "Bracin'!" "Rousin'!" and quoted Charles Kingsley, with a nose blue with cold; when the rain lashed and the streets swam in mud, she called it "good growing weather," and anticipated spring flowers; when the food at the shilling dinner was so uninviting as to be practically uneatable, she rejoiced at the benefit to her "figger," and when milk ran short,

sipped her gritty black coffee with an air, and called it "Continental"! Such a character demanded respect, and Beth had no disposition to take offence at outspoken criticisms bestowed upon herself. At that moment she was not thinking of herself at all, but simply and solely of Mary Higgs.

"Mary," she said slowly, "what is your object in life? If it isn't a secret, I should very much like to know!"

Mary Higgs nursed her thin knees reflectively. The days of fires being over, the two girls were seated by Beth's window, looking past two struggling geranium plants to the forest of chimney piles beyond.

"Object?" she repeated vaguely. "I've got an object for to-day, but I don't trouble my head about the future. I'm paying for a pension to provide for my old age. Nice to be able to laze a bit after sixty—cottage, chickens, cabbages, cat on the hearth—that kind of thing. Luxurious! I've a taste for luxury. Right thing to provide for your old age. Prudent; but I don't worry about it. Perhaps it will never come. Quite enough to manage a day at a time."

"Do you never think you might possibly—would like to—marry?"

The freckled girl grimaced expressively.

"I might like it, but *he* wouldn't! Too plain. Men never bother their heads about me, so why should I worry about them? Silly! Poor spirited! Too much to do, to sit crying for the moon."

"I don't believe you ever cry. Do you ever cry, Mary? Do you ever feel lonely and miserable, and sick of everything on earth, as I do to-day? I was happy enough yesterday till the black mood came on. It fell over me suddenly like a great big cloud. Do you know the feeling, Mary? Have you ever had it?"

Beth fully expected her mentor to deny such a weakness with scorn, but, on the contrary, she assented with frankest candour.

"Course I have! Scores of times. Everyone has. Only one thing to be done. Howl it out in your bedroom, and buy a tonic! I've got a cheap prescription. Take your own bottle, and you can have it made up

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for sixpence. Better try sixpence worth yourself! I'll buy it for you when I go out, at the shop at the corner. They know me. Might put up the price if you went in with your duchess air."

"Mary, how can you! I haven't a duchess air! Nobody could possibly be plainer or simpler." Beth affected to be greatly incensed by the accusation, but in reality she was pleased to feel that the air of dignity at which Cynthia had been wont to smile had survived the ordeal of hard-working days, to be recognised by her house-mates, and to stand her in good stead with such formidable patrons as Guy Fanshawe.

The next morning the porter at one of the blocks of flats handed the General Helper a note, requesting her to call on the occupant of No. 24, on urgent and pressing business. She went without delay, and heard from the lips of a handsome and elegantly-dressed woman the nature of that pressing business.

"I have a boy of twelve at a boarding-school at Brighton. Scarlet fever has broken out, and we want him removed at once. Of course he must be in quarantine for some time, but the risk will be less than if he remained with the other pupils. I couldn't possibly bring him here; the neighbours would make a fuss, and in the middle of the season, too—it would mean giving up all my engagements; but we have a little week-end cottage at Cromer, where he could stay until the prescribed time is over. I would send down one maid to attend to the few rooms which would be required. You say on your circulars that you undertake the care of children in the holidays. Could you go down this afternoon, and take full charge of him for the next few weeks?"

Beth gasped with surprise and indignation.

"I am not aware that I undertook to take charge of children with infectious diseases. Suppose your son *did* develop the fever?"

"Oh, I should send down nurses, of course. Naturally you would not have experience. I should not feel happy to leave him with an amateur."

"But I should have to spend some time in quarantine myself. Would you be willing to pay for my expenses meantime, or during the whole illness if I caught it myself?"

"Grown-up people don't catch such things.

It is most unlikely. Of course I could not make any promises, but I would pay you good terms for the next fortnight. Two guineas a week, with board and lodging."

Beth rose hastily, feeling discretion to be the better part of valour in her dealings with this woman.

"I am afraid four guineas would hardly compensate me for the risk of a long illness and months of idleness. I am sorry to have to refuse, but——"

"You would have a fortnight at the sea, remember! It would make quite a good summer holiday. I think you are very foolish. I am willing to pay your fares both ways."

"I am afraid even that inducement is not enough to tempt me! I have my living to earn, and scarlet fever is a serious risk."

"Oh, of course, if you would rather not!" The mother who could not give up her season's engagements to wait upon her own son, rose and bowed Beth out with an air of scathing disdain. "You must allow me to say that you can hardly expect to make much way in life if you have not the courage to face an occasional risk! Good morning!"

Beth sailed past with her nose in the air, and outside in the long bare corridor relieved her feelings by stamping her feet with an energy hardly in keeping with her "duchess airs." It was a relief to ring the bell of Mrs. Fanshawe's flat, and be assured of considerate treatment for an hour at least; but to-day there were no flowers spread out upon the oak table, and Mrs. Fanshawe, with a white, stricken face, had sad tidings to relate.

"My husband has gone away! He sailed for New York this morning. He will be away for six weeks, perhaps more; it may be two months. I mayn't see him for two whole months!"

"Sit down and tell me about it. Tell me all you can."

Beth put her arm round the trembling girl and led her to the cushioned settle. Even when they were seated she retained her hold of the cold little hand, pressing it with affectionate sympathy. Here was another wounded woman's heart; to comfort it would be the best comfort for herself.

"I don't want to pry into your secrets, but I'm a General Helper, you know; can't I help you to-day in something better than flowers?"

The tears rose in Mrs. Fanshawe's eyes.

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"Yes, Guy said you would help! He said: 'Get Miss Elliot to come often. Consult Miss Elliot. She's a lady, and a good sort. She'll be your friend.'"

"Indeed I will. I *am* your friend. I am glad your husband said that. Was it quite a surprise his going? Had you no warning? Poor girl, it must have been a shock!"

"Yes; I—I knew! It might have come at any time. I've been dreading it for

for his sister, and he asked my name and where I lived, and he sent me flowers. One day he called at the home, and mother was vexed. She went into the room and saw him alone, and he went away without seeing me, and I cried. Mother told me that she had said to him that I was a good, dutiful girl, and that he would be a coward if he turned my head, and made me discontented with my own station, and that I had as much claim to his respect as any lady in



"And he stared at me very hard."

weeks. You see, it was like this: my husband was in the army; he met me when his regiment was stationed at B—. The colonel's wife sent for some hats, and I took them to the house, and tried them on to show her how they looked. Guy was in the room. He was laughing and talking and making fun, and she wanted his opinion. And—and he stared at me very hard; every time I looked up he was staring, and the colonel's wife said something to him in French, and he got very red. He came to the shop next day to buy hats

the land. And I asked her what he said, and she wouldn't tell me, and I cried all night. And after that he used to meet me walking home, and he said mother was wrong to be cross, because he really thought more of me than any girl he knew. And I tried to be cold and stiff because mother said I ought, but he was so kind; I liked him so much I couldn't help being a *little* nice!" Mrs. Fanshawe lifted her face as she spoke, and Beth saw thereon the exquisite reflection of the smile with which she had listened to the pleading of her

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soldier lover. What wonder that he had lost his head—that in that moment's madness he had considered the world well lost for the sake of so fair a bride!

"Then mother found out, and she took me away to stay with an aunt by the sea. The regiment was leaving the town, and she said I should not see Guy again, and I thought my heart would break. Then one day he came down. He had found out where we were staying and he was desperate, too; and he told mother he didn't care for anything in the world but me, and he was his own master and should do as he pleased, and if I would only consent to be his wife, we should be married at once. He said he would give up the army; he hadn't enough money to live as a married man in the regiment, but he had a rich relation in the city who had offered to take him into his firm if he ever grew tired of soldiering, and he thought I would be happier living in town. Mother was cruel; she said he knew the ladies of the regiment would never be friends with me, and that was the real reason of his retiring, and that it was just a craze for a pretty face, and I would live to regret it if I ruined his career. I was so miserable; I didn't want to ruin Guy. I told him so, but he laughed, and said he would be ruined without me. . . . It was no use talking to him. Mother talked every day. I know now that his own people talked, too, and his colonel, and all his friends, but he would not listen. He was—dreadfully—in love!" She reared her little head with an air of pride, touching to behold. "He was, indeed, Miss Elliot. I was only a simple working girl, and he was a grand gentleman; but he would have given up everything in the whole world for my sake, then!"

"I'm sure he would. I don't wonder a bit," declared Beth ardently. "And so you were married, and he brought you to this flat, and went into business himself, and—"

"And we *haven't* been happy! Isn't it strange? We love each other still. I love Guy more than ever, and he loves me, too; sometimes for a bit he seems as much in love as ever. We've never quarrelled; I've tried my best, but he gets vexed. . . . I don't understand, and I can't talk, and I make mistakes. I made a mistake when you were here at lunch. Will you tell me what I said? Guy never corrects me, but he frowns, and his voice grows cold.

It hurts me when he talks like that. Before we were married he used to laugh at my mistakes. He thought them funny then, but now he is cross. Doesn't it seem strange that he should be cross when I am his wife?"

"I don't think it strange. You are part of himself now, and he is too ambitious for you, to be content to allow you to go on making mistakes. You wouldn't want him to go on laughing at shortcomings all your life! He oughtn't to be cross, of course, but men are not naturally patient. You are in fault yourself, you know. It is not all on his side. You have *not* tried your best!"

Mrs. Fanshawe looked up with wide, startled eyes.

"What do you mean? I don't—I don't understand."

"May I say just what I like? You won't be offended?"

"No, indeed! I want to know. Please, do go on."

"Well, then, think of your own position! You married your husband against the wish of all his friends. You let him give up his profession, which I am sure he loved; you believed that you could make up to him for all he would lose. What have you done all this long year to make yourself more fit to be his companion?"

The blank stare of amazement upon the young wife's face was the most eloquent reply. Words were powerless beside it. It had simply never occurred to Flora Fanshawe's child-like mind that she had any duty to her husband besides keeping his home to the best of her ability, and decking herself in fashionable finery for his delectation; an idea of raising herself to his level had never visited her fondest dream.

"I? What *could* I do?"

"You asked me what mistake you made the other day. You were trying to talk of a subject in which your husband was interested, and you used a wrong word, and he was annoyed. You have a dictionary in the house, and could have found out for yourself what the mistake was, and so have avoided making it again, but you waited and did nothing, and depended on me. I don't call *that* playing the game! You have had all the days to yourself; you found the time long; think of all you might have learnt if you had studied all this year!"

Flora Fanshawe straightened her back, and sat up stiff and tense. Across her pale face there shot a sudden gleam of hope as

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when the sun touches a mountain of snow, and warms it into life; then as suddenly it faded, and the slow tears rose.

"But I didn't—I didn't; and now he has gone; it is too late! This old gentleman in the city is Guy's godfather, and he hates soldiering; he tried hard to persuade Guy to go into his firm years ago. He is very fond of him and very proud, but he doesn't like me. He thinks"—her voice broke tremblingly—"I am not good enough! It was he who suggested this trip. He said Guy looked ill and it would do him good, and he should do business for the firm at the same time. He is to travel about in America, never staying more than a few days in each place. Mr. Hatch said he could not possibly take his wife, and I don't"—she hesitated, trembling again—"I don't think Guy *wanted* to take me! I think he was—*glad*—to be alone! And yet he loves me, he *does* love me. When it came to the last to-day, and he said good-bye—"

"I know, I know!" Beth shrank as from a wound, seeing mentally the scene between the young husband and wife. "I am sure he cares, but men are not like us; we can't understand their ways. He can be happy and enjoy a change, while you break your heart at saying good-bye." She flushed, and brought her hands together emphatically. "But you mustn't, you mustn't give way and be weak; you must be brave, and fight it out. Listen! I'm rather miserable myself just now—shall we make a compact to help each other? I need nothing but work to do and strength to do it, but you have so much at stake. It is no credit to you that you gained your husband's love. God made you so lovely that almost any man would love you if he came in your way, but you have to *keep* his love, and that is much more difficult. You have wasted a whole year, and the first excitement is over, and he is a little—just a little—just beginning to feel the least bit in the world—bored!" The phrase was softened, and softened again, to soothe the pain on the young wife's face. "Now how would it be, if, instead of grieving over this separation, you try looking upon it as an opportunity—an opportunity of working hard to make yourself a little more of a companion to him, and so give him a lovely surprise on his return?"

"Ah-h!" gasped Flora Fanshawe breathlessly. "Oh!" She threw out her hands,

and seized Beth by the arm. The beauty of the flushed, tilted face was almost startling to behold. "Could you—could you teach me to be a lady in six weeks?"

It seemed almost brutal to laugh, yet Beth could not control all signs of amusement at so innocent a request.

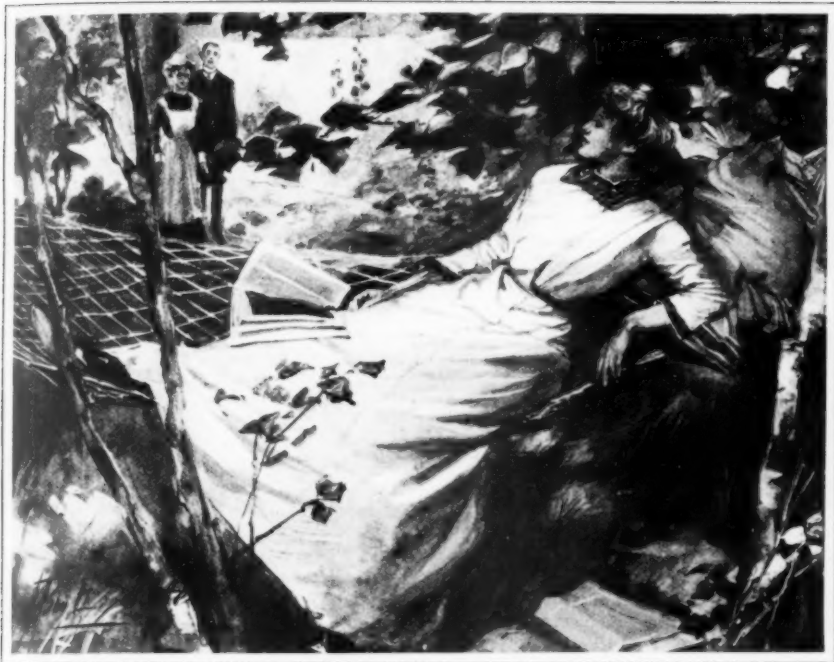
"No, you sweet thing, nor in six years either if you weren't one already in instinct and in heart! I haven't anything to teach you, dear, in the great matters of feeling and thinking; it's just the little conventions and mannerisms that are wanting—silly little things in themselves, but little things aggravate, so you must put them right before Guy comes back. You may leave out all your g's and be fashionable and admired, but you must never, never say 'a-many' as you did the other day, or talk of 'the likes of me,' or of 'him and me,' or 'I'd as lief,' and you must learn the difference between fresco and *alfresco*, and a hundred little expressions which educated people use every day. Will you let me tell you every time you make a slip, and write down the proper expression in a notebook?"

"I will! I will! Oh, how good you are. How can I thank you! I'll work so hard; I'll work all day long, if only Guy could come home and be pleased! What else can I do? I have plenty of money. He left me so much. Will you come often, every day? No one could help me like you."

But to this Beth would not agree.

"That would be nice for me, but not at all the best thing for you. You ought to see different people—the more the better. Suppose I come in three times a week to read and talk, and find someone else to take the alternate days? Your husband is very artistic; he loves pictures and china and curios, so you want to love them, too; and to do that you must understand something about them. There is a nice girl at Mount House who teaches drawing at a High School every morning; she is clever and bright and enthusiastic. I am sure you would like her, and she would make an ideal guide. She could call for you in the afternoons, and go with you to the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery and the Wallace Collection, and all the exhibitions worth seeing, and tell you about the pictures and the artists, and bring you books to read which would tell even more. Don't you think that would be a good idea?"

"If you think so—yes! But I'd a deal sooner have you."



"She was awakened by the sound of approaching footsteps, and peering hastily upward, beheld the parlourmaid leading the way across the lawn"—p. 741.

"Strike off '*a deal*,' please. It *isn't* pretty! Oh, I'm sure you'll like Miss Bruce. She knows far more about pictures than I do, but I'll undertake the china if you like. I know very little about it myself, but I have a book giving the various markings, so we can study your treasures together. It would be nice if you knew the different makes and could talk about them to your husband, and go with him when he went to buy fresh treasures. Wouldn't it, now?"

Mrs. Fanshawe hesitated, her violet eyes fixed on Beth's face with a solemn, child-like stare.

"Yes!" she said absently. "Yes! But it seems so small—such a silly bit of a thing—to study pots and dishes to keep your husband's love! I can't believe as it can make a difference."

"Dear, it will! Every little thing is important that helps to make you more of a companion, and gives you another interest in common. Think now! haven't there been times when your husband was dull and

tired, when you have longed for something to say that would take him out of himself, and have felt sad because you couldn't? What we want to do is to begin to alter that from this very day. We can't do everything in two months, but we can do a good deal, and we'll work, work, work so hard that the time will fly past quickly—too quickly!"

Flora Fanshawe shook her head, but she was smiling by this time. She sidled up to Beth's side holding out her two hands, with a pretty, impulsive gesture.

"And can you make my hands white, too? He doesn't like my hands."

"They shall be manicured regularly. Oh, I do a thing thoroughly, my dear, when I take it in hand. You have given me *carte blanche*, and I'm going to use it like a tyrant. No more frizzing of your beautiful hair; we are going to get it smooth and silky as it was intended to be; no more pink satin tea-gowns; no more—dare I say it?—will you be cross?—no more rouged cheeks!"

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Flora Fanshawe blushed—blushed so deeply that the artificial pink was hidden by the natural carmine flush; her lids fell like a shamed child.

"I—I cried so much, it made me pale. Guy used to admire my colour; I put it on to look—like—like what I used!"

"You are not going to cry any more. He loves your beauty, and you are going to take care of it for his sake." Beth bent forward and kissed the soft, rounded cheek. "Now find me a notebook! I'm going to begin operations by writing down a list of expressions that are *not* to be used, with the proper expression underneath, and you must learn them all to say to me next time I come."

"I shall remember. It will be easy to remember. Everything will be easy when I'm working for Guy." Flora Fanshawe did not rise to look for the book; she sat still by Beth's side, looking into her face with wistful eyes. "But you said *you* were in trouble, too, and we have been talking all this time about me. Can't I help you? Do you love someone, too, and are things going wrong? Oh, but nothing in the world counts against love. You mustn't let it pass. I am sure I could help. Couldn't I ask him here, and let you meet?"

"You couldn't, dear. It's impossible. He is not in town."

The words slipped from Beth's tongue—slipped unconsciously, as it seemed, without volition on her part. The sound of them startled her like a mighty thunder crashing in her ear; she sat rigid, breathless, crimson-cheeked, while the world rocked. The sweet sincerity of Flora Fanshawe's words had disarmed resentment, and startled her into an unconscious avowal. What had she said? What had she meant? She did not love Stamford Reid, had hardly thought of him, before that unexpected meeting the day before had revealed his secret interest in herself. Yet that abrupt farewell had left her sore and aching. What was it that for a moment had dazzled her sight and lent such a charm to life? A hope, a possibility, a deep-lying conviction that if this man gave her his love, she could—she could care in return! "Nothing in the world counts against love. Don't lose it—don't let it pass!" Suddenly Beth leapt to a decision. Stamford had sought her, and had been repulsed; now it was her turn. She would contrive to see him again, would be kind—would show her regret. "I'll stay

here for two months longer, and fight for this dear thing's happiness, and then—and then I'll go on a visit to Liverpool, and fight for my own!"

The decision was taken, the burden lifted; the sun shone out from behind the clouds.

CHAPTER XVII

THAT DAY IN JUNE

IT was a bright Sunday in June—a day big with consequences in the life of Cynthia Charrington. The morning had passed in ordinary, accustomed fashion: church, a walk in the park, midday dinner, and now at three o'clock Cynthia took her way into the garden, leaving her parents in undisturbed possession of the library. Like most hard-working men, Mr. Charrington looked upon Sunday afternoon as a legitimate rest time, and it was the rule of the house that he was left free from interruption from two to five o'clock. It was necessary for the completion of these restful hours that his wife should be by his side, so the embargo applied to Mrs. Charrington also, and it was left to Cynthia to entertain possible callers. It was rare, however, that callers arrived on Sunday afternoon, and Cynthia had every expectation of a solitary afternoon as she swung herself lightly into a hammock between two big lime trees at the furthest end of the garden. She was dressed in a cool white frock, the customary touches of brown showing in shoes, stockings, and belt, while round the neck of the bodice was a band of curious Moorish embroidery whereon threads of brown and red were woven against a dull gold background. Another girl would have used lace for this purpose, and that fact, as Cynthia was fond of saying, was just the reason why she did not. The wish to be "different" seemed inherent in her nature, and in this instance the result was abundantly justified by its effect. The red, the brown, the gold, all seemed to find matching points of colour in the waves of the luxuriant hair, and the white young throat looked the more dazzlingly white by means of contrast.

Cynthia swung gently to and fro, her discarded book lying by her side; she felt drowsy, and deliberately encouraged the sensation. If there was one thing which she enjoyed more than another it was sleeping in the open air, and on this the first truly summer-like day of the year the

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opportunity was doubly welcome. She closed her eyes, nestled her cheek more comfortably against the cushion, and fell fast asleep.

She was awakened by the sound of approaching footsteps, and peering hastily upward, beheld the parlourmaid leading the way across the lawn, followed by a tall masculine figure. Even in that quick waking glance through the screen of leaves Cynthia was conscious that the visitor was not The Man, and it was consequently with more of annoyance than pleasure that she swung herself lightly into a sitting position, and smoothed her ruffled locks.

Tiresome! Now she would have to make conversation until tea time. People should really not be allowed to come bothering on Sunday afternoons. She should yawn all the time, she knew she would; what else could one do, wakened with a start in the middle of a lovely dream?

But Cynthia did not yawn.

By this time the visitor had rounded the last corner, and with a shock of mingled surprise and consternation Cynthia recognised Malcolm Dauglish. Since that revealing moment in the conservatory she had sedulously avoided being left alone in the Professor's company, and the prospect of a prolonged *tête-à-tête* in the quiet garden filled her with irritated embarrassment. Time and again Cynthia had striven to convince herself that it had been imagination only which had led her to dream that this man regarded her with any serious liking, but the suspicion once aroused, found one confirmation after another as memory conjured up the past. His pleasure in her society, noted not only by herself but by many onlookers, the extraordinary interest in her appearance, as illustrated by the detailed remembrance of her attire; more eloquent than all, those strange transforming flashes of youth on the worn face. In the solitude of her own room Cynthia had blushed many times at the remembrance, and had felt—what had she felt?—such an extraordinary medley of feelings that it was difficult to disentangle one from the other. Pride and humility; pride that such a man among men should have honoured her with his love; an unwonted humility which whispered that she was not worthy, but just an ordinary girl with a pretty face, and that if he knew her as she really was he could not still continue to care; impatience of the embarrassment into which she

was plunged by the discovery; a lurking fear lest she herself had been to blame, and through all a persistent undercurrent of something mysteriously resembling regret. She did not wish for the Professor's love; she passionately desired the love of another man; nevertheless, to be the wife of Malcolm Dauglish would be no light honour. In the world she would hold up her head among her fellows, proud of being the chosen companion of such a man; in the home—what would a home be like with a companion at once so gentle, so courteous, and so strong? If she had met him a year ago, how differently her life might have been cast! But now, now it was too late! The vision of a handsome face would arise in Cynthia's mind, and sweep her away into the golden land of dreams.

"Good afternoon, Professor. How brave of you to face such a long, hot walk! Father and mother are resting in the house, and it is forbidden to disturb them until tea time. Will you sit down and talk to me? I've been asleep!" cried Cynthia, in her bright, girlish tones, holding out her hand in welcome, and swinging herself gently to and fro on the tips of her brown shoes. The flush on her cheeks, the slight disarray of her hair, bore testimony to her words, but they added to the charm of her appearance, as the first glance of the man's eyes had not failed to inform her.

Dauglish murmured a few confused, unintelligible words, then seated himself on a garden chair by Cynthia's side, and looked fixedly in her eyes. The smile faded on the girl's face as she returned that look, and her heart sank within her. They were no commonplaces of conversation which this man was about to speak; this man, with the white, set face, the long, strained glance. The crisis which she had dimly feared was upon her, and there was no escape. She looked nervously down the garden path, up at the windows of the house.

"I knew you would be alone. I came now because I—I wanted to talk. There have been so many people about, and I can't wait any longer! I can't work; I can't sleep; I meant to wait patiently, but I am possessed by a fear that I may be too late! Cynthia! I have dared to love you. I want you to know it. I want you of your sweetness and charity to remember it. If it is worth anything, to let it count! You have a right to know—I want you to know——"

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He paused breathlessly, and Cynthia sat staring at him in helpless embarrassment. It was the strangest proposal she had ever heard; nay, strictly speaking, it could not be called a proposal at all, since he had asked for no promise, no protestation in return, but had simply stated the fact of his own love. Cynthia twisted her fingers, waiting for the natural continuation of such vows, but it did not come. She found herself forced into speech.

"I—I don't see how you can! I am such a girl. I don't understand why."

"Shall I tell you?" asked the Professor softly. "I have longed to tell you for such a long time, Cynthia! I love you because you awoke me from my sleep. I was living a blinded life, dead to the great beauty and joy of life, until you came. I looked at you, and something stirred in my heart. You gave me back the youth which I had let pass unnoticed. You gave me hope, love, joy. I love you because you are beautiful and sweet, because there is something in you which touches me more closely than any human creature has touched me before, because I believe that some day, some time you will love me in return."

"No, no!" cried Cynthia desperately. She cast just one glance into the glowing, youthful face bent over her, and then turned hurriedly aside. A feeling of helplessness possessed her; the strangest, most inexplicable inclination to yield, to consent. It was madness; she must be hypnotised by the man's earnestness, by the consciousness of her own power over him. She must make an effort, be brave, speak the truth. "No, no, Professor Daughlish; you are wrong. It is absurd. It could never be. Even when I suggested going in to dinner with you, mother was shocked. She thought me unsuitable as a partner for you, even for one hour."

"Why did you choose to go in to dinner with me that evening, Cynthia?"

The colour rushed into the girl's face; a hot, shamed colour that seemed to scorch her cheeks. She made no reply, and the Professor put the question differently.

"Why did you, Cynthia? Tell me! Was it because you cared for my society more than—more than that of any man present?"

The eager quiver in the voice made Cynthia's heart ache. It seemed impossible to speak, yet she must let him know the truth. There could be no more deceit. The ruddy head moved in quick denial. There was a

moment's pause. She felt rather than saw the suffering on the man's face; his struggle to regain composure; but at the end of that pause he spoke again, in a quiet, natural voice:

"No; it was not. I understand, Cynthia! But at least you looked upon me as a friend; you had a certain measure of kindness in your heart towards me?"

The brown eyes flashed a quick, eloquent reply. Involuntarily Cynthia's hand was thrust out, to be clasped and held in a firm pressure. She did not strive to regain it; the touch of Daughlish's hand brought with it a feeling of rest and comfort. They sat in silence for several minutes, avoiding each other's eyes.

"Cynthia," said the Professor, "now that you have opened my eyes I see—many things! I think there is very little that concerns you which I do not see. You looked upon me as a middle-aged man—a contemporary of your father's. You never considered me in the light of a possible lover. All your young dreams, your young longings went out—elsewhere. I don't need to be told that you do not love me now. I am only bold enough to believe that love may come."

The girl's hand twitched within his own, and once again her head moved with a quick, dissenting shake.

"Please, don't. It makes me so sad; I like you so much that I hate to make you unhappy, but I couldn't! Can't we be good friends still—better friends than ever? I should miss you so much if you stayed away now. Life has been ever so much more interesting since you came. I—I *do* love you in a way, only not—not as you wish! I never could."

"I shall always be your friend, Cynthia. What you say to-day will make no difference. I didn't really expect anything better, though there have been moments when I have had gleams of hope—but never is a long word! In science it has been my principle to ignore it. I shall certainly not be less persistent in love. Don't be angry with me, dear; don't think me a conceited fool. I believe that you and I were made to be partners. I believe that I could make you happy—happier than you will be with anyone else. It's going to be war to the knife between me and any other man who tries to take you away. If it's possible to do it by any fair means, I intend to keep you for myself!"



"'You beautiful, beautiful darling! Don't cry! Let me comfort you''—p. 145.

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"Keep!" Cynthia withdrew her hand with a sudden straightening of offence. "You can't keep a thing which was never yours. You can't force love. It"—the blood showed in her cheeks—"it goes where it will! One may reason and say in one's heart that another person is wiser, better in many ways, but that alters nothing. People would tell you that you were doing a foolish thing in caring for *me*, that there are many women far more suitable—older, better, cleverer."

He smiled at her, a radiant smile which showed no tinge of offence.

"They would. How little they know! They give me credit for putting mental qualifications first of all, and here am I dreaming, like a love-sick boy, of your eyes, Cynthia, the little curl behind your ear! The first time I saw you at that musical evening you were frowning and fidgeting like a cross child; an ordinary onlooker would have looked upon you with disapproval, yet from that moment my life was changed. A voice spoke in my heart, and said: '*My wife!*'"

"Don't!" pleaded Cynthia once more. She leant her elbows on her knees, and hid her face in her hands. "You make me so miserable. I—I think I ought to tell you; I can't let you go on deceiving yourself. There is someone else!"

There was a moment's intense silence, then once again Cynthia felt the touch of Dauglish's hand on her own, drawing it down from her face, clasping it close and firm.

"I know it!" he said. "That is no news to me, Cynthia. I have known it all the time!"

Cynthia looked up sharply.

"You—guessed! I don't understand. If you knew, why have you gone through the form of saying all this?"

"Why not? I told you that I meant to fight for my prize. As a first step I want you to realise how we stand. You will never again be able to think of me as a man apart from your own life. You know me for what I am—your devoted and humble lover. That's one great thing that has been gained by my plain speaking. For the rest I must be content to wait. You are very young, dear; you said so yourself; just a beautiful big child. Children's fancies are not always lasting, or the best thing for their real happiness, Cynthia!"

But at that Cynthia threw aside the de-

taining hand, and rose to her feet, a very stately young lady.

"Really, Professor Dauglish, you go too far! If you wish to pose as the disagreeable 'good-for-me,' I must tell you plainly that I prefer my own choice. I gave you one confidence in return for another, but I cannot allow it to be discussed. I wish you would understand that for once you have come up against a never which means what it says. Shall we go into the house?"

He looked at her with a strained attempt at a smile.

"I shall never believe that, Cynthia, never, unless an hour arrives when you are actually married to another man, and then—I can't imagine what would happen to me then! You would have killed all that you have called into being, all that is yours, for which you are responsible. What was left would be but a broken shell. No! I won't stay longer this afternoon; you won't care to have me, and I am not fit for ordinary conversation. I'll say good-bye, and you must make my excuses." He held out his hand in quiet, ordinary fashion, but as his fingers touched hers—suddenly, uncontrollably—his composure gave way, his face worked, his voice shook with emotion. "I'm in your life, Cynthia; you can't thrust me out! I am yours, whether you will it or not. If there is anything in me that is worth having, think of it, think of it—let it weigh! These little hands hold my fate; for God's sake, Cynthia, think well before you decide!"

Cynthia tore herself hastily away. She could not look into the tortured face; listen to the harsh, broken voice. To refuse a man's proposals of love must always be a heartrending task to any woman worthy the name, but when as in this case the man has been held in superlative regard as the wisest and most distinguished of his sex, the ordeal is doubly painful. It must surely have been in a dream that she, Cynthia Charrington, had rejected Professor Malcolm Dauglish, and beheld his dreamy calm transformed into quivering emotion. Again the mysterious impulse to make him happy at any price swept over Cynthia; she held herself back as one on the edge of the irresistible, and the sound of his retreating footsteps brought with it a blessed slackening of relief.

He had gone without waiting for a reply to that final, impassioned appeal; but, though she was not called upon to answer

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

in words, she was shaken and overcome. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she turned down the shady path behind the lime trees; she sobbed as she went with the helpless, hopeless sorrow of a child. "Oh, his poor face! How he looked! What shall I do? What shall I do?" In vain she tried to stem her tears; in vain reminded herself that their traces must awake suspicion, and bring upon herself that weight of argument and reproach which of all things she was most anxious to avoid. Father, mother—how disappointed they would be. How cast down as the radiant possibility dawned upon them only to be eclipsed.

Cynthia sobbed aloud, her pity for the Professor gradually merging into compassion for her own solitary position. If she had only someone in whom she could confide and who would sympathise and cheer; but Beth was far away, and that other who could have helped more than anyone else—why did he keep away?

The deep whirl of the gong sounded from the house. That meant that tea was served, and her parents awaiting her appearance, but she must affect to be unconscious; it was impossible to return until the tear marks had disappeared. Cynthia fanned herself with her crumpled little handkerchief, but, so far from ceasing, the tears started again, as if provoked by the effort at self-possession. The gong pealed again, was again disregarded, then the window of the library opened, and a tall fair man stepped out into the sunshine.

The fine afternoon had tempted more visitors than one to pay a visit to the suburbs, and even while Cynthia had been lamenting Stamford Reid's absence he had been sitting within a few yards of her hiding-place. He came now striding across the lawn, a self-appointed messenger to summon the truant to her duties—as handsome and well-set-up a young Englishman as could have been met in the length and breadth of the land. If the well-cut face were a trifle lacking in expression, that fault found an instant remedy as he turned the corner of the shaded path and came face to face with Cynthia—trembling, tear-stained, sobbing with agitation.

At sight of him she stopped short, the red rushing violently into her cheeks, and the young man reddened also as his brain leapt from one fact to another. Ten minutes before, from behind the railings of

the park, he had seen Daughlish striding rapidly toward, his face set and pale; Mrs. Charrington had showed surprise to hear that he had come and gone without waiting for tea, and here was Cynthia evidently under the stress of recent emotion.

A swift divination of the truth flashed through Stamford's mind, and with it a rush of wholly natural emotion. He would have been less than man if he had not been stirred by the light of welcome shining for himself in the face of the girl who had just refused the addresses of a man who in all worldly advantages towered high above himself. Still smarting from the effect of Beth's coldness, he was all the more susceptible to this most delicate form of flattery, and it was with an impetuosity most unlike his usual composed manner, that he hurried forward to meet his fate.

"Cynthia! You are in trouble. What is the matter? What can I do?"

He seized her hands as he spoke, and Cynthia's fingers clung round his own, her light form swayed towards him as by an irresistible impulse; the beautiful, vivid face was raised to his, the brown eyes soft with tears, the lips quivering in pitiful appeal. For the first time in his twenty-six years Stamford Reid was swept off his feet by an overwhelming impulse. The past, the future, were blotted out, prudence went to the winds, he was conscious of nothing in the world but that the girl was beautiful, and that her glance invited his caress. His hands dropped hers and were passed impulsively round her waist; he drew her to him and pressed a passionate kiss on the quivering lips.

"You beautiful, beautiful darling! Don't cry! I can't bear to see you cry. Let me comfort you—"

Cynthia gave a sob—a sob of pure, unchecked joy, and her head sank to the broad shoulder as to its rightful resting place. There was a moment's tense, breathless silence, then suddenly, disconcertingly, an interruption fell.

"Cynthia! where are you? We are waiting, dear. Please come!"

Mrs. Charrington's voice rang out with an air of command, the sweep of her dress could already be heard upon the gravel path. Flushed, discomfited, the young people turned to meet her.

[END OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN]

The Girl's Wasted Years

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

"WHAT must we do with our girls?" is a question of very recent origin. Not so long ago the feeling that girls who took up any work outside of the home sphere lost something of their sweet "femininity" was fairly prevalent. The "sheltered life" was the conventional idea even twenty years ago. The daughters of the better classes lived in a narrow groove, spending their days indolently, gracefully, whilst they awaited a desirable husband, the reward of girlish perfection and womanly patience. The conventional restrictions of a girl's life in the old days, whilst accepted by the majority, must have meant unhappiness for some. A yearning for life, a hatred of monotony and stagnation are characteristics not monopolised by the twentieth century independent woman. Restlessness and rebellion doubtless filled the hearts of some of our Victorian grandmothers in the days of their youth. Did they ever voice their aspiration for a wider, fuller life? Is there any record of high hopes that died stillborn, of the ability and intellectual powers of these women crushed by conventional standards? The bitterness of being a woman must have been keenly felt in the old days by those who had no outlet for the energy and ability they possessed. But they were strangely patient and long-suffering through the long years of their vegetable existence. Their lives present a vivid contrast to the modern girl's, with its opportunities, its wide horizon, and power of self-expression. One of the best things that the woman movement has brought us is release from the thralldom of the old view that the life of idleness was the one ideal for girls. The cloistered life in girlhood is not the best, but the worst, preparation for living. The aimless life is the wasted, barren, useless life, whether man's or woman's. The twentieth century has brought woman a great gift—the right to live a full, interesting, useful life. It rests with each individual girl to-day to utilise it if she likes. She can grasp the opportunities and make a great thing of her life. She can drift aimlessly and stupidly across the stage of

life from girlhood to womanhood without definite object or definite result.

Idleness versus Work

It is when the school days are passed that girls are so apt to waste the precious years which ought to be the most fruitful of their lives. From seventeen to twenty-two are the most valuable years from the educational standpoint. Very few girls marry before the age of twenty-three or twenty-four at the earliest, and some do not marry at all. What do they do with the years? It depends partly upon their financial position and a little upon the social set they belong to. The daughters of people who are not well off may be compelled, whether they like it or not, to take up some definite work which often proves their salvation. The well-to-do girls, in far too many instances, stand still mentally and intellectually. "They do not need to work" is a common excuse for woman's indolence, as if work were of one pattern and one end—the making of money. Every girl, whatever her financial position, whatever her station in life, *ought* to work regularly, diligently, even strenuously. Indolence is the cardinal evil, the great danger of girls as well as boys. On the score of health alone the provision of useful, interesting work would be the making of many young girls who are anæmic, dyspeptic, out-of-sorts, simply because they have not enough to do. The healthy mind is the mind occupied, interested, keen on some definite object. The healthy body is inevitably associated with activity, energy, and exertion. The girl whose days are filled with a few home duties which do not entail one hour of honest labour, with a little visiting and shopping, and a great deal of social recreation is not a healthy girl. She is stagnating mentally, morally. She is living a profitless existence, a stupid, aimless life which is essentially unhealthy.

Idleness and "Nerves"

Every doctor knows that a certain percentage of young women of the prosperous classes are hysterical, neurasthenic,

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self-centred, morbid in their minds from sheer lack of occupation. Tonics, change of scene, new interests are prescribed for them with less satisfactory result than a course of honest housework and daily gardening would confer. The cause of their ills is idleness, nothing else. The cure is work.

Regular occupation, in the second place, is essential for self-development. The girl who leaves school at seventeen or eighteen years, and gives herself up to social interests entirely until her marriage, cannot develop in the best sense of the word. She may be worldly-wise; she may acquire *savoir faire* and the power of conversing easily, charmingly, and superficially on everyday topics. She probably develops her taste in dress and house-furnishing. All these are good things, but they are not the essentials. A girl's mental education cannot finish at eighteen without serious loss, not only to herself but to her husband and children in the future. If girls waste the years between school and marriage they are inferior wives and mothers when responsibility comes to them. There are hundreds of feeble wives and ignorant, careless mothers in the world who might be fine women if they had not wasted the years of their girlhood.

To what extent, then, should a girl be educated? Ought she to leave school "finished" for life, or ought she to be trained to some definite end like her brothers? That is the practical question which every girl and every parent ought to face.

The Birthright of the Girl

In many houses, even nowadays, the future of the daughters is not seriously considered. Money is spent on the education of the sons. The daughter is given a smattering of accomplishments. "She is certain to marry" is the unspoken thought at the back of the parents' minds. They never imagine that their attitude is unfair, short-sighted, and almost absurd in a country where there are one million more women than men, and where a large proportion of nice, attractive, and good-looking girls never marry at all. No girl should feel that she must marry for any reason except mutual love and respect.

Every daughter, unless she has assured financial independence, has a right to an education which will provide that she *can* make a living. To give a girl a sound education, to fit her for a career, does not in any way diminish her chances of marriage. Rather the reverse. The dignity and independence of the girl worker are attractive qualities in a nice girl. The theory that work "hardens" women is not borne out by facts. The business and professional girls of the "unwomanly" type would have displayed their unlovable traits in the seclusion of the home. Work and responsibility bring out the best and not the worst of a girl. The forest trees grow stronger and straighter when they are pressed upon by others seeking the light. The strenuous life brings out sterling qualities that would never have been born in an environment of luxury, indolence, and mental stagnation. A woman's life is lived ill or well according to the quality of her usefulness. The girl whose work is of no real use to any one person might just as well not exist. The only life worth living is one of unselfish endeavour and useful work for others.

Her Choice of Work

The type of work a girl should take up depends entirely on circumstances. A daughter of rich parents may or may not qualify to make money out of her educational assets. That is an ethical question which need not be considered here. The point is that she should know the meaning of steady, responsible work if she is to be a woman of any moral and mental importance. She should have a knowledge of housewifery and child management. She should be able to speak at least one language besides her own. A girl cannot consider that she is educated until she has a fair knowledge of literature, history, and art, an intelligent grasp of politics and legislative questions, until she knows something of public work. Study, in addition to the personal benefit to the girl herself, has far-reaching consequences for good. The educated girl will make a better and more methodical mistress of a household if she has seriously studied the science of housewifery. Modern education gives the home sciences an important place. It has even been suggested that

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graduation in home science should be included in the University degree. At the King's College for women there is a course of lectures in science, hygiene, and economics of the standard of the Science degree, which is attracting a large number of students. The girl of leisure could not occupy her time better than in studying housewifery practically and earnestly at any one of the Domestic Science Schools which are to be found all over the country.

Although you may never wish "to make a living" at the work, by studying for the housewifery diploma you are compelled to work systematically and thus win self-respect as a result of honest work and exact knowledge. In the same way, if you take up music, French, art, you should go in for any examinations you can in order that you may "aim high" and acquire real knowledge. The years that are often wasted could be so profitably spent if method and thought were only utilised.

The great thing is to realise the danger of drifting through life. Ask yourself when you leave school what you would like to do. Make up your mind that you are not going to live aimlessly, feebly from year to year, with no goal in front of you, whether you need to earn a living or not. Try and take up some work for other people as you have leisure to do it, and you will never again know the meaning of boredom, the sickening sense of satiety. I know of one girl who first realised the emptiness of her life by going to visit a cripple child in place of a friend who was taken ill. "I never knew the poor could be so interesting," she said. "I wish I could do something for the children." And she found so much to do that she is now one of the best social workers of the day. So many girls are unhappy, tired, and depressed because they have no definite interest in life, and all such could be cured by definite work. If you are bored, it means that you are capable of better things than the trivialities of ordinary social existence. It means that you need work, real work, thorough work. That is your cure. Learn cooking, dressmaking, Greek—any subject which attracts you, but learn it thoroughly. Use the brains that have been given to you. These are

the days of educational advantages, of cheap books—so read. Read, not trash, but literature. Read Emerson, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Browning—in small doses at first until they grip you. Read also the newspapers and get in touch with the topical questions of the day.

"Efficiency" and Woman's Work

And if you have to work for your living, thoroughness must be your motto. There is no room for the inefficient worker in the woman's labour market to-day. Get a definite training, whether you are to be cook, doctor, gardener, or teacher of gymnastics. Become efficient in whatever your subject may be. So many girls fail in life because they are half-trained, because their work is poor in quality, not up to the standard of modern needs. The best advice I can give a girl who is going to work for her living is, first, to get a good general education; secondly, to have a practical, useful knowledge of housewifery; and, thirdly, to specialise. Do not grudge time and any money you can afford upon a good training. The longest training is often the most productive in the end. Then choose some work that is suited to your temperament and character. The domesticated girl who fails in University life might make a magnificent success in the home sciences, if she qualified in housewifery. The type of girl who would be excellent in a newspaper office doing daily journalism and reporting is not likely to succeed in the hospital ward where the capacity for finding interest in hours of monotonous and often depressing work is mainly called for. The sensible girl considers carefully before she chooses her occupation. The wise girl does not anticipate that any work is going to be invariably pleasant and absolutely satisfying. Every worker knows that there must be hours of discouragement and depression. But the joy of work always returns, and we can cultivate the power of working on in the dark days at what it is our duty to accomplish. "Tasks in hours of insight will be done through hours of gloom fulfilled." In the fulfilment and accomplishment of work done sincerely and to the best of our ability there is an enduring satisfaction.

A Pard-like Spirit

A Story of Resker's Rents

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

"DRAT them dust destructors!" said Bunker.

There was a tradition about Bunker in Resker's Rents—a tradition which said that he had once been a caddie on some well-known golf links, and that the Prime Minister of the day, losing his ball in a bunker, had had it restored to him after long searching by his faithful caddie, and that in his gratitude he had tapped him on the shoulder with his sword (Prime Ministers always wearing swords and other insignia of office when playing golf), and had said, in a tone that all might hear, "Let him ever after this be known as Bunker!"

It was a pretty story, and one that brought much social éclat to its hero, who might otherwise have been but lightly esteemed, for his occupation in life was to collect old tins and melt them down for the sake of the solder that held them together, and it was an occupation that was rather thought poorly of by the inhabitants of Resker's Rents.

Bunker had told the story so often that he had almost come to believe it himself, yet there were times when he remembered uneasily that the true origin of his nickname was not by any means so creditable. Long years ago he had tried to get his bread during a hard winter by most indifferent performances on the flute, and coming across a sad-faced young woman with a voice, he had proposed to her to join forces. "Sixpence a day and half profits at the end of a fortnight," had been his terms, and, sick of her solitary wanderings, the young woman had consented. Her voice was sweet, her face pathetic, and by the end of the fortnight his pockets were full. Going into a public-house on the plea of getting change, he had "done a bunk"; in other words, slipped out by another door and made off with the gains. The woman was found in the Thames a few days afterwards, and though the worst that happened to Bunker was the bestowal of an opprobrious nickname by those who knew the story, he winced even now when he happened to think of her.

He had never been able to get rid of the name, try as he might; and in sheer self-defence he had invented the Prime Minister and the golf links. An easier plan, one might have thought, would have been to quit Resker's Rents altogether; but the place was familiar to him, and the people tolerant. Their memories were short, moreover, and he knew that he would not have long to wait before he should be the only person who ever recalled the story.

But Bunker had a new worry now, and it was a very real one. The piece of waste ground that lay close to the cellar in which he lurked—it would be a misuse of terms to say lived—had at one time been used as a dumping-ground for all the saucepans and kettles of the neighbourhood. Those had been grand days—the condensed-milk tins alone had been worth a handsome sum to him—but since the establishment of a new dust destructor and the subsequent order that all tins were to be committed to it with the rest of the refuse, it had been hard times for the "sodder-runners"; tins were scarce and difficult to get, and even a starving wage was almost impossible to earn.

It was a bitter day, and as Bunker prowled round the courts and alleys, picking up an empty tin here and there, he cursed the cruel wind that sent the shivers through his bones. Yet, after a while, he laughed at his own folly for having called it cold—those were not snowflakes that drifted against him; they must be made of fire, for his face burnt where they touched him, and in spite of the blasts that ruffled his rags he gasped for want of air. Bunker had never known actual illness, though he had often suffered from hunger and privation, and he could not understand why it was that leaden weights seemed to be attached to his feet, and that strange curtains of darkness now and then fell before his eyes. At first he would not allow that there was anything amiss—it was all fancy, a fit of the jim-jams—but gradually the symptoms became too insistent to be explained away in this airy manner; they gained upon him swiftly and

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surely, making the courage ooze away from him and blotting out the ordinary landscape of his life.

Some instinct made him turn his face homewards; and as he struggled painfully along two ideas dominated his mind—he longed for water with all the passion that fever alone can give, but, above and beyond this, he yearned for human companionship, for some friendly voice to reach his fast deafening ears, some hand to grasp his through the grey shadows that hemmed him round.

He reached his destination at last, and stumbled down the greasy stone stairs that led to his cellar. The waste ground had once had houses upon it, and the fire that had destroyed them had left a few crumbling ruins, in which, though they had long been condemned by the authorities, one or two stray human beings made their dens. The inhabitants of Resker's Rents prided them-

selves on the fact that they asked no questions and never pressed their attentions on anyone; but every virtue has its corresponding disadvantage, as Bunker found to his cost when no one marked his return or took any heed of his state.

To mount the stairs again was impossible, but, happily for him, he had filled the cracked jug in which he kept his water before he went out, and seizing it eagerly, he drank as though he could never be satisfied. There was still some left, and placing it beside the heap of old sacks on which he slept, he threw himself down with the comforting reflection that a good sleep would "take the nonsense out of him." The light of the street shone cheerfully through the grating above his head, and as he saw it the trouble faded from his face and a hoarse laugh broke from his lips. He was not ill, he was not lonely; it had been a bad dream, but it was over now; he was in the bar of the "Green Dragon";

he saw the flaring lamps and heard the clink of the glasses, and he called cheerily to his mates and thumped out his applause of the songs.

Then suddenly the fever fit passed, and he lay cold, gasping, terrified, conscious of his misery and his desolation, struggling to keep himself from falling again into that black pit that threatened to engulf him.

"Water—water!" he moaned; then, remembering the jug, he put out his hand and tried to raise it to his lips, but his strength was unequal to the task—there was a falter, a splash, the sacking was soaked with the precious liquid, and only the empty vessel reached his burning mouth.

What came after that was shrouded in the horror of a darkness that left him sensible of his sufferings even while he was scarcely conscious of them. At times he saw himself getting up from his bed, going



"It was a bitter day as Bunker prowled round"—p. 749.

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across to the door and trying to climb the stairs; at times he heard himself shouting, sobbing, and laughing; at times he imagined that men and women came in and looked at him, some to say a word of sympathy, but most to mock him and jeer at his misery. Nor was it only human beings that visited him; strange shapes crept out of the shadows and glared at him with angry eyes, dark forms lurked in the corners ready to spring upon him, and writhing monsters crawled towards his bed, till, shrieking with terror, he tried to fling himself out of their reach and lay bruised and shivering on the floor of the cellar.

How long the anguish lasted he had no means of knowing; it seemed to him an eternity, an endless cycle of ages; but at last the darkness rolled away, the walls of the cellar returned once more to their places, and only his utter weakness showed him that it had been no nightmare, but a terrible reality.

Gaunt-checked and hollow-eyed, with shrunken limbs and wasted fingers, he lay upon the sacks, and with a clearness of vision that admitted of no hopeful delusions, knew that Death had come to him at last. There was water outside and a jug in which to fetch it; there were even some poor remains of food on the shelf; but they were as hopelessly out of his reach as though they were a thousand miles away; his hour had come, and there was nothing to be done but to wait for it. No thought of rebellion rose up in his mind; he had been wild and desperate enough in the course of his life, but he was too weak now for anything but submission; too weak even for fear; he only knew that he was sinking away out of the world, and the knowledge scarcely affected him.

A sleep of exhaustion must have fallen on him as he lay, for when he looked up again he saw, to his surprise, that a stranger stood before him—a fair-haired, slightly built man, who started back hastily as he opened his eyes.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were dead!"

"No; only dying," said Bunker, but his voice was so weak that it could not be heard.

The stranger gave one quick glance round the cellar, and then turned towards the door, picking up the jug as he went.

"I'll just get this filled," he said, as he

disappeared, and the sick man was left to wonder feebly whether the welcome apparition had not been a dream like the rest.

It was only a few minutes, however, before he returned, the brimming jug in his hands, and taking a flask from his pocket he poured some of the contents into an empty tin, filled it up with water, and held it to the patient's lips.

"Better now?" he asked, and Bunker nodded with a look of ineffable content on his sunken face.

The stranger said no more, but unstrapping a bundle that he carried on his back, he took out a loaf, and, breaking it in two, pulled out pieces of the crumb, sopped them in whisky and water, and put them slowly into the sick man's mouth. It was a rough and ready way of feeding a patient, but Bunker had been used to rough and ready methods all his days; and as the morsels went down one by one, a look of life began to come back into his face.

The stranger saw it and smiled, and at sight of that smile an awestruck expression dawned in Bunker's eyes.

"Are you an angel?" he whispered.

"Not exactly!" was the answer. "But you had better not talk at present; you're not fit for it. Eat a bit more, and then go to sleep."

Bunker obeyed him to the letter, and when he woke again he felt the throb of returning life in his veins. It was broad daylight now, and a ray of sunlight had straggled into the vault-like cellar; the stranger was seated on the one broken chair, his back against the wall, and a book in his hand. It was so restful, so absolutely comfortable to look at him, that Bunker had no desire to move, but he seemed to know by instinct that the patient was awake, and coming across to his side he gave him some milk.

"Hallo! where did this come from?" asked Bunker in astonishment.

"Never you mind about that," said his nurse. "Drink it up; it will make a man of you. You feel stronger, don't you?"

"Yes," said Bunker; "and it's your doing. God bless you!"

"Thank you," said the other gravely. "I have most need of blessing."

Bunker would not have recognised the quotation even if he had heard it, but his eyes were already closing, and in another moment he was asleep.

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"Now, my friend, I think I have done about enough for you," said the stranger, looking at him with a meditative air. "But still, as I have put my hand to the job, I won't throw it up half way."

He returned to his chair and took up his book again, but its pages had lost their power to hold him, and now and again he went to the foot of the stairs and listened with a thoughtful look upon his face.

"Where do you come from—and what's your name?" asked Bunker, when he woke the next time, and found the food that he had been dreaming of ready to his lips.

"I come from half the places on the earth," was the answer; "and as for my name, I've had so many that I almost forget the one I started with. You can call me Dick, if you like; it's as good as anything else."

Bunker nodded; he knew all about that kind of thing, and it put him on comfortable terms with his deliverer at once, but he felt instinctively that questions would be unwelcome.

"I like to 'ear your voice," he said, "you don't talk same as most people do; it's all full of church organs and bands o' music. Read me a bit out of your book."

A smile curled Dick's lip at the request; his pocket volume of Shelley was a treasure from which he had never parted, both for its own sake and for the sake of the hand that had written his name in it. But what could a poor ignorant creature like this make of the Lament for Adonais? The monotonous sound might soothe his brain, however; and turning to the stanza at which he had left off, he began to read:

"Alas! that all we loved of him should be
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! woe is me!
Whence are we? and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must
borrow.

As long as skies are blue and fields are green
Evening must usher night, night urge the
morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake
year to sorrow."

Smoothly and melodiously his voice flowed on, and Bunker listened with a content that was none the less pleasurable because it was touched by no gleam of comprehension; but suddenly he raised himself on his elbow with an eager exclamation, and, glancing up in surprise, Dick saw that his whole face was aglow with emotion.

"Read that bit again," he cried; "that bit with you in it."

"What bit do you mean?" asked Dick with a look of perplexity. "This was the last line I read:

"'A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift.'"

"That's it!" cried Bunker rapturously. "Ain't you got a spirit in you what makes you stick to a chap better than any pardner I ever 'eard tell of? Didn't you come swift to me when I was dyin'? An' didn't you look as beautiful as an angel when I opened my eyes an' saw you? Ah! the feller that wrote that book knew wot 'e was talkin' about. I'll bet you wot you like 'e'd seen death creepin' up close to 'im, an' 'is pard cut in swift an' saved 'im!'"

He turned over as he spoke to hide the tears that filled his eyes, and perhaps it was as well, for Dick was incapable of any answer. How could he explain to this poor soul the fallacy of his interpretation? What could he understand of Shelley's remorse and despair, of the dying lamp, the falling shower, the breaking billow? And yet the description was not all inappropriate, for as his eye fell on the preceding lines he knew that they were only too sadly applicable to himself:

" He fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their
prey."

If Bunker had known what manner of man it was that ministered to him, might he not have felt that it was better to die in his loneliness than to depend on him for aid? Yielding to a sudden impulse, he put down the book, and crossing the floor, stood beside the sick man.

"I've got something to tell you," he said slowly. "It's no concern but my own, and I'm a fool to talk about it, but I've been thinking a lot since I've been down in this cellar, and somehow—" He paused for a moment, and when he spoke again it was in a different tone.

"You say you like my voice," he said. "There have been other people who liked it, too. They liked it up at Oxford, so I neglected my work to study parts for the stage, and then, when I got my wish and became an actor, I wouldn't work at that any more than I had worked at my books at Oxford. So then money ran short, and the manager's till was handy, and the end



"'Read that bit again,' he cried ; 'that bit with you in it.'"

of that game was that I made tracks for the States. I got into a newspaper office out there, but I was born with something wrong in me, I suppose, for I've never stuck to anything in my life, and I soon got quarrelling with one of the others, and there was a little turn-up with revolvers, and the end of that was that I slipped across the border and tried my luck on British territory. Canada got too hot to hold me after a bit, so I drifted back again to the Old Country ; but the few pounds I brought with me were soon gone, and how was I to find work when there were a score of honest fellows scuffling and scrambling after any job that was going ? And the old life was so easy, and the old tricks just waiting for me to take them up again ! But that kind of thing can't go on for ever, and when you get dropped on, you're dropped on heavily. I've had a taste of jail once or twice in my life, and I've no desire for another, so I shaved my beard and changed my clothes, and was off to the docks to get out of the country, for I've a friend on board a Dutch

eel boat, and I knew that he'd put me across. But there were some hours to nightfall, and as I didn't wish to risk hanging about, I slipped into this old shell of a place to lie up till it was dark, and when I got downstairs I found you here." His tone was oddly apologetic, and Bunker looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"What's all that yarn got to do with me ?" he demanded.

The question was not an easy one to answer ; sin - stained, crime - hardened, as Dick might be, his confession showed that the instincts and traditions of another class than Bunker's still lingered in his breast. Among the inhabitants of Resker's Rents lapses from virtue were neither sin nor crime ; they were misfortunes, for which a man's circumstances and not himself were to blame. The mere fact that Dick considered an explanation necessary was a proof of the gulf that separated him from the man whom he had befriended ; Bunker would no more have made it than he would have asked questions as to his past of any waif

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or stray with whom he had been thrown in contact.

But Bunker's eyes were still searching his face, and he felt it incumbent on him to answer.

"It's all right so long as you don't mind," he said. "I don't know why I told you the yarn except that it's the first chance I've had to sit still and think for many a day, and it seems to me as if I'd only just found out what a hopeless mess I've made of things! Oh, my God! The opportunities I've had! And here I am, a jail-bird, with the police on my track to bring me to the gallows!"

His face was white with an anguish that Bunker could not understand, but the last words came home to him forcibly; he sat up on the sacks and stared at Dick with hollow, glowing eyes.

"The coppers were after you, an' yet you stopped along o' me!" he said. "You went out an' got milk for me when just to be seen out there might 'ave meant your being took? That's more nor I thought that any man alive would 'ave done!"

His voice was reverent, awestruck, adoring. Then it changed suddenly, and a look of wild anxiety flashed into his face.

"Don't lose another second!" he cried hoarsely. "Git your bundle an' be off. It 'ud be the death of me if I was the cause of their nabbin' you."

He tried to push him away with his thin hands, but Dick only smiled.

"It's daylight now," he said. "We'll talk about it after dark. Let's have something to eat; I slipped out last night and got some things. I'm flush just now, so you needn't think about that."

Bunker took the food and swallowed it eagerly, but he felt a tinge of shame when he saw that Dick hardly touched anything.

"What's amiss?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing," said Dick. "I feel like having a lie down—that's all. I shall wake up as fit as a fiddle presently."

He spread a couple of sacks in the opposite corner and settled himself with his face to the wall; Bunker fell asleep promptly and did not wake again till the darkness had fallen and the faint light of the street lamp shone on the cellar wall.

"Git up! It's time you was off!" he said, as he sat up and looked across at Dick.

"Why? This place is as good as any other," said Dick in a dreamy voice.

"What d'ye mean by that?" demanded Bunker in astonishment.

"I mean that the game is bound to come to an end some time, and why should I not wait for the ending here?"

"But they'll find you!" said Bunker angrily. "They must find you sooner or later if you stop here; it takes a deal o' craft to put them sleuth-hounds off the track."

"That is just what I say," retorted Dick. "Let them find me! I have been trying to escape the price of my deeds for years, and I don't mean to try any longer. It is time that I began to pay."

"You're a-goin' stark, starin' mad—that's my belief!" said Bunker uneasily. "If you don't see sense in another hour or two, I'll come and make you."

There was no answer, and Bunker lay tossing and turning for a while till he could bear it no longer; his legs were strangely weak and shaky, but he managed to get on to them at last, and, staggering across to Dick's corner, he leaned down and touched him on the forehead, thinking to wake him from his sleep.

But his hand fell by his side again, and his jaw dropped in helpless dismay.

"E's got the fever—sure's a gun!" he said. "An' now, what are we goin' to do?"

But there was no one to answer his question. Dick had got the fever, not a raving, furious attack, such as Bunker had had, but a quiet sinking and exhaustion that was carrying him down the dark road to death with fearful rapidity. The shock brought Bunker's strength back to him as nothing else could have done; Dick had risked all for his sake, and if anything that he could do would save him in return, he would expend his last breath in doing it. Nurses, doctors, and medicine were alike out of the question, since to ask for them would be to disclose Dick's hiding-place; but anything that devotion and gratitude could give him should be laid at his feet.

But, alas! deep and true as Bunker's devotion and gratitude might be, there was but little that they could give in such a case as this. To moisten the parched lips, to smooth the tangled fair hair from the damp forehead, to try and force a few drops of spirit down the throat that was fast losing its power to swallow—this was all, and such weapons were far too weak to avail any-

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thing in the battle with Death. Bunker was not afraid of the ghostly enemy—he had seen his coming too often; the only dead face that he had ever trembled at was a dank, drowned face, with strands of wet hair lying across its forehead. He thought of it now as he sat by the sick man's side on the floor of the cellar—thought of it with a sickening sense of shame. Dick had declared that he was unworthy to be anyone's friend; yet when he might have "done a bunk" for his own advantage, he had chosen to stay that he might save the life of one who was altogether unknown to him, and who had not the slightest claim upon him. What would he say if he knew that the man for whom he had done so much had stolen from the poor and defenceless, and had, through his miserable meanness, sent a despairing woman to her death?

"Listen! listen!" cried Dick suddenly, and recalled to himself, Bunker saw that he was struggling to raise his head.

"Lie down. You'll hurt yourself," he said. "That's not the coppers; it's nothin' but bits o' paper. The wind blows 'em round an' round the waste patch on stormy nights; I often 'ear 'em cracklin' on the stairs."

But Dick did not heed him.

"Mother's coming!" he said in a low, rapid whisper. "I hear the rustle of her dress on the stairs. She promised to come and put my candle out; father said, 'No, he's been a bad boy to-day,' but she said, 'Then he wants me all the more.' Here she comes. Oh, mother, mother! I have wanted you so!"

His voice broke in a sob, and he stretched out his arms, while Bunker looked on in a wonder that left no room for fear; he watched till Dick fell back again in sheer exhaustion, and, with the hopefulness of ignorance, he thought that it was sleep that closed the hollow

eyes, and that the morning would find him better. His own eyelids drooped after a while, for he was weak and weary, and when he woke again, the grey light of morning had dawned and he could see the face that lay so near his own. He needed no one to tell him what had happened, and staggering across to his own corner, he threw himself face downwards on the sacks and cried like a child.

Yet, after a while, a ray of comfort came to him—no one could harm Dick now; that was the thought that dried his tears and brought him to his feet again. The authorities must be informed, he knew that; but he would not tell them yet; while he could close the eyes and fold the thin hands on the breast, he felt that there was still something that he could do for his friend.

The morning had gone, the afternoon was passing, and the shadows were darkening



"'You are too late,' he said"—p. 756.

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the cellar, when a sound of heavy steps was heard on the stairs, and with an instinctive desire to guard the sleep from which there could be no waking, he moved forward quickly and stood with a hand on either doorpost.

"Here he is!" cried a triumphant voice, and a strong hand gripped his shoulder.

Bunker had all the true-bred loafer's hatred of a policeman, but instead of flinching, he looked his captor straight in the face, and when he spoke his voice was perfectly calm.

"You are too late!" he said.

A lantern flashed in his face, and as his shock head and heavy jaw were revealed, the sergeant dropped his hand.

"It's not our man, after all!" he said in a crestfallen tone as he turned to his subordinates.

"No, that's plain enough," was the answer; "but this chap's only screening him. I've had certain information that our man's been seen lurking in and out here, and we'll search the place till we find him."

"Search as much as you like," said Bunker; "he's out of your reach."

"He has been here, then?" said the sergeant, sharply.

"Yes; 'e's bin 'ere all right," said Bunker, his pale face flushing and his thin hands moving nervously. "'E knew you wos on 'is track, an' yet 'e stopped to look after me—a poor beggar more nor 'alf dead; 'e tended me till 'e caught the fever off me, an' after 'e'd brought me through 'e lay down an' died 'imself."

The sergeant laughed scornfully.

"You don't take me in like that," he said. "The man was a thief and a murderer; he wouldn't risk his skin for the sake of anyone on the earth."

"And it's my belief that we're being kept here talking that he may creep out of his rat-hole some other way!" said the man who had spoken before.

Bunker's eyes blazed with sudden fury.

"He's in there safe enough!" he said fiercely. "Step in an' see 'im!"

The men exchanged meaning glances, and pushing past Bunker, they entered the cellar, but once inside their faces fell, and they drew back hastily. St etched on a sack in a corner lay the man they were in search of, his face peaceful as a child's, his hands folded on his breast, and as Bunker saw their discomfiture he stepped quickly forward and stood beside his friend.

"There 'e is!" he said, stretching out his hand with a dignity so strange to see that they stared at him with an astonishment that had something of dread in it. "A thief an' worse; a rascal an' worse—but one wot gave 'is life for another! I wanted 'im to live an' cut away safe; but, anyway, 'e's bin saved from the gallows, an' 'e's 'ad a death as anyone might be proud of."

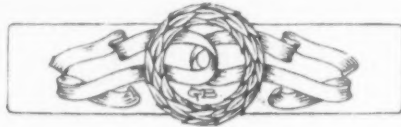
He paused a moment to draw his ragged sleeve before his eyes, and none of his hearers attempted to answer him—a scene so far removed from their everyday experiences struck them dumb. Nor did Bunker himself—Bunker, collector of empty tins, anathe-matiser of dust destructors—understand what spirit it was that moved him to such unwonted speech, nor realise that the noble deed of a felon had lifted his degraded nature to a higher level than it had ever reached before.

"An' now you can take 'im away," he said, after a silence that no one seemed inclined to break. "'E can't 'ave no stone over 'im with things on it for people to remember 'im by, I know that; but I've laid a paper on 'im to say wot sort of chap 'e wos, an' I'd like it to be put in 'is coffin with 'im."

He pointed to the paper with a trembling finger, and as the sergeant turned the light of his lantern on it he felt a queer lump come up in his throat. It was the flyleaf torn out of the volume of Shelley's poems, and on it Bunker had written, slowly and laboriously, and with much licking of his small tump of pencil, the line in which he had found the description of his deliverer:

"HERE LIES DICK,

" 'A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift.'"





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A DUTCH FLOWER MARKET.

By Hans Hermann.

Rings and their Symbolism

By RHODE KNIGHT

IT is somewhat remarkable that the finger-ring, despite its wealth of historic and religious associations, of romance, poetry, legend, and exquisite, expressive symbolism, should be so greatly neglected by those who seek to familiarise themselves with past phases of ever-varying human thought, taste, and sentiment. Archæologists alone seem to study the subject. To the man in the street, and even to his counterpart, the woman in the house—who, at least, one might think, would feel more than a superficial interest in such a favourite feminine adornment—to both alike the ring is as unsuggestive as “a primrose by a river’s brim” was to the rustic in Wordsworth’s poem. It is a ring—and nothing more.

Its varied history and associations are a sealed book to them. They may admire, and—be it whispered—perhaps covet, the precious stones which adorn it, unconscious of the emblematic meaning each gem bore in times long past. And, if it should be an ancient ring, they may comment with surprise on the curious device engraved upon it, indifferent to, or quite misconceiving, its import.

An amusing instance of this occurred not long ago. A gentleman, whose enthusiasm for sport far exceeded his knowledge of symbolism, was listlessly examining a collection of ancient Roman rings, when his attention was arrested and his interest aroused by the device of a hare pursued by a greyhound engraven on a signet. He exclaimed in astonishment: “Fancy the old Romans going in for coursing! How the original owner of this ring would have liked to try for the Waterloo Cup!” It would be hard to say whether surprise or disappointment predominated in his mind when he learned that the device in question, far from illustrating the sporting proclivities of the ancient Romans, was emblematic of the persecutions to which Christians were subject in those days. It was one of the many symbolic devices severally engraved on their rings, and one frequently used.

A clearer conception of the old-time

symbolism of rings will be obtained from a letter written by Pope Innocent III. to King John of England just seven hundred years ago. Sent together with four gold rings set with precious stones, it said that the gift was emblematical. “The rotundity,” wrote Innocent in explanation, “signifies eternity: remember we are passing through time into eternity. The number signifies the four virtues which make up constancy of mind, namely—justice, fortitude, prudence, and temperance. The material signifies wisdom from on high, which is as gold purified in the fire. The green emerald is the emblem of faith; the blue sapphire of hope; the red garnet of charity; and the bright topaz of good works.”

Whether Innocent thought that King John stood in need of a gentle reminder of the beauty of certain virtues, especially those typified at that period by the garnet and the topaz, is a point left to the imagination. If such was his intention, the hint would seem to have been thrown away or ignored, as hints, particularly good ones, usually are; but, this apart, the letter is interesting by reason of the sidelight which it casts on our subject.

The symbolism of rings is a topic far too wide and too varied to be exhaustively treated in the course of an ordinary article; but that phase of it which relates to ecclesiastical and what may be comprehensively termed religious rings (several curious examples of which are represented in the accompanying illustrations) will be found singularly rich in suggestiveness, as well as in strange and often striking indications of various customs and beliefs, ideals and superstitions, which have influenced the minds of men in past ages.

And at this point it may be well, perhaps, to remark that much of the symbolism associated with rings, particularly during the Middle Ages, was largely attributable to the influence and teaching of the Church of Rome. It was one of the many factors utilised by that Church to extend her power and establish her authority. Hence the sacerdotal element

RINGS AND THEIR SYMBOLISM

in this form of symbolism. Hence, too, the superstitious element which so often polluted and degraded it. These forces, however, are now practically inoperative, in England at any rate; and no mind is likely to be disturbed by contemplating the *media* through which they worked. Once its fangs are drawn, the deadliest serpent may be handled with impunity.

Several passages in the Bible show that the ring, at a very early period of the world's history, was something more than a mere personal ornament. Used originally as a signet at a time when handwriting was unknown, the transference of its custody to another had, as the story of Judah and Tamar indicates, come to be regarded, in patriarchal times, as a pledge. Turning over a few leaves of the Book of Genesis, we find a proof, in the incident of Pharaoh placing his ring on Joseph's finger, that it was recognised



1. EGYPTIAN RING.

among the ancient Egyptians as an emblem of authority and insignia of rank.* In the graphic story of Esther, again, a very similar significance attaches to the confiding of the ring of King Ahasuerus to Haman and subsequently to Mordecai; while the narrative of the ruthless Jezebel's plot to murder Naboth, and the account of the sealing of the lions' den by Darius, are additional illustrations of the same point.

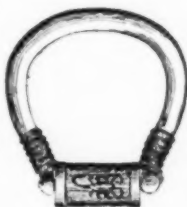
By the time of our Lord the ring had evidently acquired a further and more touching significance, so beautifully indicated in the Parable of the Prodigal Son; and a new light is thrown upon this passage in St. Luke's Gospel as well as upon the words in St. James's Epistle. "If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring," etc. (chap. ii., v. 2), when we know that, in Apostolic times and even during the life of our Lord, a gold ring was, among the Romans at least, a badge of rank that could only be worn by per-

mission of the Emperor—a law first promulgated by Tiberius, A.D. 22.

Originally restricted to those who possessed, or whose fathers possessed, property to the value of 400,000 sesteriæ (about £3,250), the right to wear a gold ring was extended by Aurelian to all soldiers of the Empire; and, subsequently, under Justinian, a similar privilege was granted to all who had a legal claim to Roman citizenship.

The wearing of rings then became a mania. Not only was it carried to such extravagant lengths that every joint of the fingers, and—among the women—of the toes also, was thus encircled, but the devices and subjects engraved upon the bezel, when not pagan, were often so lascivious that Clement of Alexandria was constrained to write very strongly against the general custom. Having urged Christians to wear but one ring, a signet, discarding all others, he adds: "Moreover men ought not to wear their ring upon the top-joint of the finger, for this is the practice of women, but on the little finger, and pushed on, too, as far as it will go; thus the hand will be readily used for all purposes. And let us have, for our seals, a dove, or a fish, or a ship running before the wind, or the lyre of a musician, or a ship's anchor; and if it represents a man fishing, the wearer will be put in mind of the Apostle, and of the children drawn out of the water. For we must not engrave on them images of idols, at which we are forbidden even to look; nor a sword, nor a bow, being followers of peace; nor drinking goblets, being sober men."

With this key, so to speak, in our hand, we are enabled to unlock the meaning of many of the symbols engraved upon the rings which have been found in the catacombs and elsewhere. Diligent research has brought to light the meaning of many more. The symbol most frequently met with on these old Christian rings is the monogram of Christ. Other symbols are a ship,



2. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GOLD SIGNET RING. 2500 B.C.



3. VERY MASSIVE GOLD EGYPTIAN SIGNET RING.

* The ring was probably somewhat similar to those shown in Figs 2 and 3.

THE QUIVER



4. ABBESS'S RING OF IVORY.

the emblem of the Church; a palm, the emblem of martyrdom; an anchor, representing hope in immortality, doubtless suggested by the familiar passage in Hebrews: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast"; a dove, typical of peace and of the Holy Spirit; a stag, reminding the faithful of the pious aspiration of the Psalmist: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God"; a horse, the emblem of strength in the faith, appropriated, it has been suggested, and adapted from that striking passage in Job (chapter xxxix.), which, a well-known writer declares, is the finest description of a horse ever penned.

Strange to relate, even personages of the pagan mythology appear on these rings, such devices having been employed by the early Christians in a concealed sense. Thus Orpheus, enchanting the wild beasts with the

music of his lyre, was the secret symbol of Christ, as the civiliser of men, leading all nations to the faith; Ulysses, bound to the mast of his ship, was obscurely suggestive of the Crucifixion. But the most remarkable symbol, and, perhaps, the least apparent in point of meaning, is the fish. This was used for our Lord, because the letters of the Greek word for fish—ΙΧΘΥΣ—form an acrostic of His name and title—Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour.

As one touches these old rings, once worn on hands long since crumbled into dust, and deciphers the devices upon them, a sense of reverence steals over the mind. These simple gold circlets, tarnished and bent, the symbols upon them defaced or half-obliterated by time—these were the badges worn by men and women who were not ashamed to confess Christ before a pagan world—men and women for whom

the sword, the stake, the arena, had no terrors. To them, at least, symbolism was at once a comfort and an inspiration.

It is not only in connection with early Christian rings that the passage quoted from Clement of Alexandria is interesting. It contains words which, in all probability, suggested to one of the Roman pontiffs the idea of using on his signet, in remembrance of the Galilean fisherman, the device of St. Peter, seated in a boat and drawing a net from the water (Fig. 5). Used originally for sealing private letters, when and by whom this device was first adopted it is impossible to say; but Martin V., elected in 1417, was the first pope to use it officially. It has since then been known as the *Annulus Piscatoris*, i.e. the Ring of the Fisherman. It is the Pope's second seal of State. The first,

which is only worn on the most solemn and important occasions, is an exquisitely fine cameo, cut in bloodstone, of the head of our Saviour. This, the Great Seal, or *Bulla*, descends from one pope to another; but the *Annulus Piscatoris*, which always bears the

name of the reigning pope above the device just described, is solemnly broken when that pontiff dies, a new ring being made for his successor.

The *Annulus Piscatoris*, of which we give an illustration (Fig. 5), may be called the Papal ring of investiture. The ceremony is interesting and picturesque. According to a high authority, the late Mr. Edmund Water-ton, the ring "is taken into the Conclave with the space for the name left blank, and as soon as a successful scrutiny of votes has been arrived at, the newly elected pontiff is declared and conducted to the throne, when, be-



5. THE POPE'S FAMOUS RING, *ANNULUS PISCATORIS*, WITH IMPRESSION.



6. EPISCOPAL RING, WORN OVER THE GLOVE.

RINGS AND THEIR SYMBOLISM

fore the cardinals render homage to their sovereign, the Cardinal Camerlengo approaches, and, placing the Ring of the Fisherman on the finger of the Pope, asks his Holiness what name he will take. The sovereign Pontiff replies, and, taking off the ring, gives it to the first Master of the Ceremonies to have engraved on it the name he has assumed. The announcement of the election is then made to the public from the balcony of St. Peter's."

A curious story, by the way, is told by an old chronicler of a jackdaw that secretly stole the Ring of the Fisherman and swallowed it. The Pope excommunicated the thief, whoever he might be, whereupon the jackdaw lost all his feathers and pined away, until in the course of nature the ring made its appearance again, and was recovered! To this fable, no doubt, the author of "Ingoldsby Legends" is indebted for the story told in his amusing doggerel known as "The Jackdaw of Rheims," though in this case it was a cardinal, and not a pope, who was inconvenienced by the thievish propensities of Jim Crow.

Sticklers for chronological exactitude, to adapt a phrase once popular in political circles, may possibly cavil at the precedence given here to the Ring of the Fisherman, for, though standing first in importance by reason of its associations, it is by no means the earliest example of the ring being used as a mark or symbol of ecclesiastical authority. From a very early age of the Christian church a gold ring set with a sapphire—an emblem of hope, as Innocent III. informed King John—has been the appointed symbol of the episcopal dignity. St. Isidor, Bishop of Seville, who died in A.D. 636, speaks

of the bishop's investiture by the receiving of a ring as an old-established institution, and thus explains its significance: "A ring is given to the bishop either as a badge of pontifical rank or as a seal of secrets. For there are many things that priests, concealing from the senses of the vulgar and less intelligent, keep locked up as it were under seal."

At a later period the ring acquired an additional symbolism—that of the mystical union between the priesthood and the Church. Nor was it confined to the priesthood. The nuns, among others, wore, and many still wear, a ring—very similar to the modern wedding-ring—inscribed with these words: "With this ring of chastity I am espoused to Christ." The fact that this ring is worn on the third finger of the right hand is intended to testify that the wearer is subject to no earthly husband, but is wedded to a heavenly Spouse. The ring of an Abbess was more elaborate (Fig. 4).

One word of explanation is necessary concerning the remarkable size of many old ecclesiastical rings. This is accounted for by their having been worn, at one time, not only over the glove, but on the thumb (Fig. 6). Moreover, the individual taste of the wearer sometimes found expression in elaborate and cumbersome settings. Many costly rings were also worn by popes, cardinals, and bishops alike—Pope Julius II., whose portrait by Raphael hangs in the National Gallery, is wearing no fewer than six.

Apropos of the ring being used as a mark of investiture, an interesting incident recorded by John of Salisbury may be mentioned. According to the grant of Constantine, all islands belonged to the see of Rome; and when Pope Adrian IV. ceded and gave to Henry II., King of England, the island of Ireland, in hereditary possession, he sent as a mark of investiture a large gold ring set with a fine emerald. It would, however, be



7. SILVER-GILT ICONOGRAPHIC RING.



8. IRON "DECADE" OR DEVOTIONAL RING.



9. "BAMBINO" CHARM RING.



10. HEBREW TALISMANIC RING, TO WARD OFF THE EVIL EYE.

THE QUIVER



11. GOLD DEATH'S HEAD RING.

stretching symbolism—and imagination—too far to suppose that this stone was selected with any reference to the now popular designation of the isle. Turning from ecclesiastical rings to those of less dignified import, we come into closer touch not only with their symbolism, but with the religious sentiments which animated the "common people" at a time when the dividing line between faith and superstition was very imperfectly defined. In the Iconographic rings, for example, which usually bore a representation of the Virgin or some saint or saints (Fig. 7), and which were much worn in England and Ireland during the fifteenth century, the idea of a charm or talisman obtrudes itself. That the figure of St. Christopher bearing the infant Jesus across a river would, if engraved on a ring, preserve the wearer from death by drowning, may be cited as an instance of the superstitions of the time.

The ring with the heart-shaped bezel (Fig. 9), the lid of which opens, disclosing a *bambino*, or infant, the carrying of which on the person was supposed not only to be a preservative against many evils, but to effect miraculous cures, is typical of a credulity still prevalent in Italy.

Even the Jews, who kept themselves singularly free from the superstitions which beclouded men's minds during the Middle Ages, fell victims to the widespread dread of the "evil eye"; and the ring bearing an upraised hand (Fig. 10), with a Hebrew inscription upon the palm, was their talisman to avert this calamity. The inscription runs: "JENOVAN, Jerusalem, the Holy City," and is really an appeal for Divine protection. The uplifted hand, so inscribed, was believed to ward off the power of the "evil eye."



14. GOLD BYZANTINE WEDDING-RING.

The "Crucifix" ring, to be seen in nearly every museum, calls for no word of explanation or comment; but the purpose of the "Decade" ring (Fig. 8), thus styled be-

cause of the ten bosses round the hoop, is not so obvious. Dating, as near as can be ascertained, from the time of Henry VI., the decade ring is supposed to have been worn partly as a penance and partly as an aid and a stimulus to devotional exercises, especially at night, when a certain number of prayers had to be repeated. As each "Ave" was completed it was marked off, so to speak, by turning a boss, this being repeated until ten "Aves" had been said.

A strangely morbid phase of religious sentiment, which held sway during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, found expression in the "death's head" rings,

one of which is here shown (Fig. 11). Even Luther's imagination was led captive by this craze for the display of mortuary emblems, one of his rings, now preserved at Dresden, being of this design. His betrothal ring, however, which is now at Leipsic, is still more extraordinary. On one side of the hoop is a crucifix, together with a palm-leaf, a branch of hyssop, and a spear, while at the foot of the cross are several

dice and nails; on the other side are a sword and a ladder, the hoop being surmounted by a small ruby—a truly remarkable annular adornment!

Although barely within the confines of our subject, it is interesting to note that the memorial rings so extensively worn by the Cavaliers and others after the tragic event at Whitehall, bore a miniature representation of a skull or skeleton. In the ring shown in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 12), the hoop consists of two skeletons, in gold and white enamel, bearing on their upraised arms a small coffin, the lid of which, when raised, discloses another skeleton within! During the eighteenth century, memorial rings, though still fashionable, were less gruesomely suggestive of the charnel-house (Fig. 13).



12. AN ENGLISH MEMORIAL OR MOURNING RING.



13. MEMORIAL RING. 18TH CENTURY.



15. EARLY CHRISTIAN WEDDING-RING, BYZANTINE.

RINGS AND THEIR SYMBOLISM

Of the wedding-ring and its symbolism but little need be said. The ring itself is an instance of the evolution of custom. Presented by the prospective bridegroom to the bride-elect at the betrothal ceremony, its original significance was a pledge or promise to fulfil the engagement. This was before the Christian era. Some centuries later, but at a period that cannot be fixed with certainty, another ring was given which denoted the fulfilment of the pledge. For a considerable time after its introduction the taste of the bridegroom—influenced, no doubt, by the wishes of the bride—seems to have determined



17. A "PARADISE" RING.

its shape and design, the two Byzantine wedding-rings of the eleventh century here illustrated (Figs. 14 and 15) offering a curious contrast to the plain hoop now almost universally used. The representation of our Saviour uniting the bride and

bridegroom conveys its own meaning. Still more beautiful is the symbolism of the "gimmel" ring (Fig. 16), a ring so ingeniously constructed that, when the two hoops are closed, they appear as one, thus typifying the unity of husband and wife. Introduced about the time of the Reformation, these beautiful rings were most extensively used during the Elizabethan era, as betrothal as well as wedding-rings. Sir Thomas Gresham's wedding-ring was of this kind, and so, it is said, was Martin Luther's.

Symbolism of a somewhat similar nature found expression in the remarkable "Paradise" rings (Fig. 17), another product of the religious tendencies of the sixteenth century. Alleged, on rather doubtful authority, to have been used among the Jews in Germany as betrothal rings, these small cylinders are adorned with cleverly wrought representations of such



16. A GIMMAL RING. WHEN CLOSED, THE TWO HOOPS APPEAR AS A SINGLE CIRCLET

scenes or incidents as the Creation, the Temptation, the Fall, and the Expulsion from Eden, the lesson thus conveyed being twofold in character—first, the unity of man and wife; and, secondly, their joint suffering in even the most unfortunate doom.

The symbolism of the ring, both as a mark of investiture and as typifying the union of the sovereign with his people, is still preserved and perpetuated in the Coronation ring. It was to this that Queen Elizabeth referred when, pointing to a sparkling gem upon her finger, she told the Commons that when she received that ring she had solemnly bound herself in marriage to the realm.

When our beloved King, George V., is crowned at Westminster Abbey this month, the Coronation ring will be placed on his finger by the Archbishop of Canterbury with this solemn admonition: "Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the Catholic faith, that as you are this day consecrated head of the kingdom and people, so, rich in faith, and abounding in good works, you may reign with Him who is King of Kings, to whom be glory and honour for ever and ever. Amen."

The ring used on this occasion is that of Queen Victoria, the hoop having been enlarged to fit the late King Edward's finger. The principal stone is a large rounded sapphire encircled by brilliants.



19. THE CORONATION RING.



18. RING WORN BY KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

The sapphire is inlaid with five rubies, which form a St. George's Cross; while the shoulders of the hoop are enriched with smaller gems. By a happy touch of symbolism, reminiscent of Queen Elizabeth's famous declaration, this ring has been named the "Wedding-ring of England." A charming fancy, charmingly expressed.

George the First—Pauper

A Story of Lights and Shades

By MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY

KIT was having a fierce struggle with that objectionable entity conscience. She much wanted to join a river party, and at the same time she knew that George the First, of No. 3, Infirm Ward, Bridg-north Union, was slowly dying, and would be looking for her with dim and anxious eyes.

She paced the lawn, a slender figure in white, the large, wide-brimmed hat shading her charming, vivid face, as, with head bent, her dark eyebrows meeting in a perplexed little frown, she wandered to and fro, her hands clasped loosely behind her back, her blue eyes on the grass, her thoughts now with poor old George lying so patiently in his hot bed in the still hotter ward, and now with herself in a punt gliding through cool backwaters, the swish of green reeds and the note of a late cuckoo in her ears, and—Dick at the helm.

What was she to do? The time was passing. If she went on the river she must start in twenty minutes' time, as she was due at Simpson's boathouse at half-past two. She glanced at the watch-bracelet on her wrist. And oh, how ardently she longed to go! Dick had been up to ask her—an unexpected holiday—and there would be just six of them: two in the punt. "And you like a punt best," he had said; "we will go in that; at least—will you, Kit? I—I want to be alone with you. I have something to say. I—I have been wanting to say it for months, but daren't, because—because," he stammered painfully. "I—I thought you might not like to hear it, and I didn't mean to say anything now. And Mary and Tommy are going in the canoe, and Helen and Phil in the skiff, and we're all going to join forces for tea at Charter's Island. And you'll come? Oh, thanks; how ripping! You *are* a brick, Kit." And before she could say another word his big beflannelled form had shot down the drive and through the gate as though he feared she might change her mind after the manner of women and doom him to the most cruel disappointment.

"What was she to do?" she cried, wring-

ing her hands; "and why had she forgotten this was her Workhouse day? And why had she undertaken to visit a Workhouse at all?" She was not religious, and never pretended to be. It was all very well for the other ladies who paid a weekly visit to the wards, teaching the poor old inmates to fashion mats and baskets, and knit shawls—they *were* Christians, and the majority of them looked it; but, for herself, it was different. She had only undertaken the work from caprice and to make her feel "sort of comfortable," and had distinctly stated to the head Brabazon lady that she should never "talk pious to her ward," and should miss her visit whenever she had a more important engagement. Yet, strange to say, she never did miss. Monday after Monday saw her refusing invitations to bridge parties, skating parties, river parties, and other sorts of parties. For in her heart of hearts she liked and enjoyed going to see her old men. The sensation of being a Lady Bountiful was a new and pleasant one, and she liked to take them shag and tea and new-laid eggs, and see the old eyes brighten, and hear their quavering laughs at her little jokes.

There were the two Georges, whom she had christened George the First and George the Second to distinguish them—sweet, simple souls who were just nodding their lives away, sitting in the sun in summer on benches in the flagged yard and holding their withered hands to the fire in winter, with no ambition but to be let alone and to dream of the old, old days.

Then there was Jerry, the Irishman, who called her "My girl," and who was the life of the place with his humour and ready wit. He had been christened "The Chicken" by the rest of the ward, being only seventy-six and carrying his years well. Seventy-six is youth indeed to those who are much nearer the Valley—so near that the look of wonder and resignation is already on their faces.

Kit felt unusually sorry for Christopher, the splay-footed little wardsman. He was young, as were the majority of the wards-

GEORGE THE FIRST—PAUPER

men, and very white-faced. He always laughed at Jerry's jokes in an eager little way, as though in fear that he might miss some of the humour of them; and—Heaven help him—there was so little humour in his own life that that would have been a pity! Each time he scrubbed the ward it seemed to grow bigger, and every time he went up and down the long stone staircase for the meals his poor splay-feet seemed to drag heavier and heavier. He suffered from lung trouble—he had worked in a glass-blowing factory; and each week Kit noticed that he was thinner and whiter, and knew that soon there would be in Christopher's place another wardsmen, and she was sorry.

One of the men was seized with fits at inconvenient moments. He had been a butcher, he told his admiring audience when he "came to," and had been so knocked about and mauled by various bad-tempered cattle that "fits had come upon him all of a sudden loike," and he lost his job. When he was not having fits he related to the others exciting stories about the Royal Family, more particularly of Queen Victoria and her Consort. The one they enjoyed and liked best was of a quarrel that took place between Victoria and Albert, and of how the Prince locked the Queen out of the room, and of how, when the Queen sought admission, and on inquiry to his "Who's there?" replied, "The Queen of England," quite haughty-like, he refused to admit her. But of how, when at the end of an hour, she again knocked, and on his repeating his inquiry, replied meekly, "Your wife," he unlocked the door and gave her a hearty kiss, and said, "Enter my wife!" And at this point Jerry, to hide his feelings and extreme interest in the story, would say, "Gar on!" most impolitely.

But of all the lot, George the First was prime favourite with Kit. When the others grumbled at the food—the greasy soups, tough meat, and fossilised pie-crusts—he was silent. And when Kit questioned him on the subject his reply was that he had always had a rare appetite for his victuals, was the owner of a fine digestion, and had good teeth. Good teeth! Kit had turned away to hide the smile, as well as the tears which were close at hand. There were two in the poor old mouth, but they happened to meet, as he had

been heard to say, with pride assuredly pardonable.

No, not one word of grumbling or repining had ever been known to pass his lips, though he had "seen better days." He was always cheery, always contented. "There's your pension waiting for you if you wants it," he said to them once; "every Jack man of you can leave the place."

"How's you going to live on five bob a week when there's nobody to live wid you or look after you?" asked Bill Evans. "Tell me that. Rent, food, clothes, coal, light, and a bit of baccy."

"Exactly," said George. "Then don't you think as we ought to keep quiet as long as we stops here? Nobody makes us; and it seems mean." He smiled to soften his words, and the others shuffled uneasily.

It must be admitted that there was a certain degree of excitement in his life denied to the rest—the excitement of racing George the Second in going to bed. Every afternoon, summer and winter, these two old men, as the clock struck four, prepared for bed. They were tired, they were feeble, their chairs were hard, their beds were cosy. And what a race there was as to who should be in first!

George the First was eighty-seven years and four months, and George the Second was eighty-seven years and three months; and George the First generally won, which was very creditable, as he was the elder; but then George the Second was so very particular about the folding of his stockings.

At 3 a.m. it had been George the First's habit to get up and have a pipe, smoking in bed being against the rules. He made his half-ounce of shag, allowed weekly by the Workhouse authorities, last in a most astonishing way. He would fill his old clay about a quarter full, take one long, delicious pull, and then pretend to fall asleep; and just as his pipe was on the point of going out he would wake up with a start and take another pull, then more slumber, and so on for nearly an hour, when he would creep back to bed again and sleep peacefully till the regulation time to get up.

And if Kit enjoyed going to see her old men in No. 3, Infirm Ward, ah, how they looked for her coming! More perhaps than she ever realised.

THE QUIVER



"You must be Socialists."

They liked her because she did not pray with them or read the Bible to them—not that they were irreligious, but because the Workhouse chaplain visited them twice a week and did his duty most conscientiously. They liked her because she wore such pretty frocks and had such a charming face, and because she read the newspaper to them, picking out all the most exciting murders and suicides, and discussed the news and topics of the day in her enthusiastic, breathless fashion.

"You must be Socialists," she said one day. "I don't see how you can help it."

They looked at her with tolerant eyes. They wanted to get on to something more exciting than politics, but were too polite to say so.

She held forth on the subject of Socialism for a quarter of an hour by the clock. George the First glanced at it anxiously—so much valuable time wasted; and he didn't know anything about this Bernard Shaw chap or Tolstoy, and he didn't want to. What he *did* want was to hear of the hanging of James Creeby, the murderer.

A little story about George the First that had been related to Kit on her last visit by a nurse had amused her greatly. He had been poorly and ailing for a week, feeble and tired beyond words, and at length the

doctor gave orders that he should leave the old, tumbledown ward and be moved to the grand new Infirmary, where he would receive careful nursing and be put on an invalid diet. But George protested loudly and strongly. He didn't want to go to any Infirmary: he wasn't ill. He kept appealing to Christopher, the wardsman, to say that he was no trouble and never would be any trouble. He could wash himself, dress himself, and even make his own bed if they would give him time. He turned a deaf ear to the doctor's remarks about the fresh eggs and tasty milk puddings and sweet-scented flowers he would find in the new Infirmary.

He didn't want any of them. He had always disliked fresh eggs, musty ones had more flavour about them; and as for the scent of flowers, it reminded him of funerals; and milk puddings were only fit for children. But it was all of no use. The doctor was firm; and one afternoon, after an attack of faintness, he was borne away by the ambulance, and a feeling of desolation fell upon the ward.

But it was for one week only. In exactly seven days George the First was back in his old bed, and he never left it again. He lay there with a satisfied look on his dear old face, and once again listened to exciting stories of the Royal Family, and to Jerry's impressive rendering of "Little brown jug, don't I love thee."

Over George's bed hung a card upon which were inscribed these words in the doctor's handwriting: "Brought back through worrying." But George was not in the least ashamed of it. He just said something about having found a nightcap a hot, silly sort of thing to wear, and how the beeswaxed, polished floor of the Infirmary had annoyed his sense of smell; and the rest of the ward, who had welcomed his return with such unaffected pleasure, never knew of the awful life he had led the poor doctor and nurses for one solid week.

GEORGE THE FIRST—PAUPER

Kit was thinking of this now as she paced up and down the lawn; of his little chuckle of contented amusement when she referred to his insubordination, while she stroked the old wrinkled hand. "Such a fuss about nothing, miss," he had said. "What can it matter where I am? I don't give much trouble, do I, Christopher?" Again the pleading look at the splay-footed little wardsman. "I wants to sleep mostly, and some day I mayhap go to sleep and never wake up again."

"And never wake up again!" Kit's heart contracted as she thought of these words. Supposing such a sleep had fallen upon him now! That the tired eyelids had closed upon the tired eyes never again to open, that the tired hands were folded, and the old pipe put away for ever!

Her own eyes brimmed. She stooped and gathered a little bunch of flowers rapidly, selecting the most fragrant. Her mind was made up. She was going to George the First. Dick might want her—a smile of great happiness forced itself through the tears—but George the First needed her more—to-day. There were all the years for Dick.

She sped across the lawn to the house, despatched a hastily-scribbled note to Dick by a servant, and within ten minutes was cycling along the white dusty road to Bridgnorth Union.

The ward seemed very dark and gloomy as she stumbled in out of the hot sunshine, and, for a moment, her dazzled eyes could not find George the First till she heard a tired voice whisper, "I knew she'd come!"

They were all clustered round the bed, and a nurse and the chaplain were

there; and her heart stood still, for she had never seen death.

But she need not have been frightened, for it was sleep indeed coming very gently, very tenderly to poor old George the First.

They gave way for her as she fell on her knees beside the bed and took his hand in hers.

"I knew you'd come," he whispered; "they thought you wouldn't, as you was late, but I knew better." She had to bend her head to catch the feeble, panting words. "And I wanted to say good-bye to you, and to—and to"—she wiped the dew of death from the forehead—"to thank you for the baccy and for readin' the murders, and—and for everythink." He lay still for a moment, white and exhausted, the feeble breath fluttering through the parted lips. Then again he rallied. "Could you, could you say a bit of a prayer for me—just a little one?" The dim eyes looked into hers wistfully, beseechingly, and Kit buried her face in her hands in an agony of tears. What should she do? It was years since she had prayed. What should she say? She had forgotten everything but grace before meals.

There was dead silence in the ward. They were all waiting for her. A bluebottle buzzed



"He related to the others exciting stories"—p. 765.

THE QUIVER



"Down the long stone staircase."

ponderously on a window-pane. Kit's dry lips moved, but no sound came.

"Oh, George the First," she sobbed at last, "I can't! I don't know how to pray. I have forgotten everything. Oh, forgive me, George. I am sorry."

But he did not seem to hear her. His eyes were closed.

"Our Father," suggested the chaplain in a whisper, but Kit did not hear him. Her eyes were on George. She watched the whitening face and knew that he had begun the crossing, and that she could not help him, could say no word of comfort. She had failed him at the last.

Again she buried her face in her hands, wrestling with herself, crying dumbly for help to *something*. She forgot the others. George and herself were alone in the uni-

verse, and he was leaving her. Space and time stood still for her.

And then inspiration came:

"Lead, kindly Light—"

(she whispered, while the tears dropped from her eyes to the coarse, white coverlet)

"—amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on."

And so on through the beautiful, haunting lines of humble entreaty and child-like faith, her faltering voice growing clearer and firmer till she came to the last:

"And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

And then George the First opened his eyes—and smiled—and was gone.

* * * * *

They led her gently away. Down the long stone staircase, with faltering steps, she crept, through the wide doors into the strong, sweet sunshine—and straight into Dick's arms.

For he was there, waiting for her eagerly, adoringly. And there in the courtyard, right in front of the Workhouse, with its countless windows, right in front of the nurses, casuals, regular inmates, and errand boys, he took her into his big strong arms then and for all time.

* * * * *

And people said she was a changed Kit. She still laughed and sang and played, and was the life of any and every party, but somehow she was different. What was it? In her eyes was a look of serene happiness beyond and above the happiness of this world, on her lips the smile of contentment which lights up and irradiates the faces of those who have knowledge and understanding of the hidden things of life. They wondered and marvelled.

Only Dick understood, only he knew of her stumbling and groping after that great and kindly Light—the Light of the World. And when she found it he humbly thanked God for having created a Kit like his, for having given her to him; and his one prayer—unspoken, perhaps, but in his heart—was that he should live worthy of her and die worthy.





WHAT TO DO WITH GOOSEBERRIES

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

IF gooseberries cost a shilling a pound they would probably be considered a very desirable comestible, but because they are easily grown in any small garden, or bought for twopence a quart, they are—alas for the contrariness of human nature—regarded as a humble fruit, only to be partaken of on homely occasions, and relegated chiefly to the inmates of the nursery and kitchen.

There are, however, some sensible housewives who willingly make the most of a cheap and good article of food, and the following recipes, culled from cookery books used in the still-rooms of our grandmothers, may be helpful to those who appreciate the modest, albeit deliciously flavoured, fruit of the red and green gooseberry.

Green Gooseberries Preserved Whole

Take 6 lb. of the largest green gooseberries and carefully cut off the tops, leaving the stalks on. Throw them into a pan of boiling water and let them cook until the skins are quite tender, but not broken. Lift the gooseberries out of the pan (a very clean fish slice is the least likely to break the fruit) and drop them into a bowl of cold water. Boil 9 lb. of finely crushed loaf sugar with 9 pints of water until a clear thick syrup is produced. A quantity of scum will form, and this must be taken off with a skimmer. Let the syrup get cold, then lay the fruit in a preserving-pan, pour the syrup over, and set the pan on a slow fire. When the syrup boils take the pan off the stove and stand it in a cool place all

night. Next day take out the gooseberries, boil the syrup until it begins to look ropy, add the fruit again, and let all simmer very slowly until the syrup is *very* thick. Lift out the fruit and put it into shallow pots, and when the syrup has got cold pour it into the pots. This is a delicious preserve even when first made, but it greatly improves with keeping.

A Gooseberry Jelly which Resembles Guava Jelly

Cut off the "tops and tails" from 12 lb. of green gooseberries, place them in a colander and let cold water run on to them for ten minutes, then turn into a preserving-pan, add 4 quarts of cold water and simmer very gently until the fruit is thoroughly cooked and the skins are soft and broken. Rinse a jelly-bag in hot water, fasten it between two chairs and place a basin underneath. Pour the hot fruit in and let the juice drain through. Weigh the juice and return it to the preserving-pan to boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Lift the pan off the stove and add the same weight of crushed loaf sugar as juice, stirring it in by degrees till all is dissolved. Replace the pan on the fire and boil for twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Test the jelly on a cold plate; if it sets at once it is sufficiently cooked, but if it runs it must be boiled for a little longer.

Gooseberry Fool

This wholesome dish is always much liked by children, and during the gooseberry season may take the place of jam for breakfast and

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tea. It can be prepared in several different ways and be either simple or elaborate, as desired. The fruit in all cases should be unripe.

A simple method: "Top and tail" the gooseberries, put them in a stew-pan with a little cold water—just enough to prevent the fruit from burning. Stew very slowly until the skins are tender, then rub them through a coarse sieve, using the back of a wooden spoon to facilitate the process. Sweeten the pulp to taste and set it aside until cold. Just before serving add fresh milk, stirred in gradually until the fool has acquired the consistency of cream.

Second method: Cut off the "tops and tails" and put the fruit into a brown stone jar with a very little water. Cover the jar, stand it in a saucepan of boiling water (or in the oven) until the fruit is well cooked, then pass the pulp through a sieve. Add sugar to taste. Beat the yolks of two eggs with a pint of milk and cook them together until the custard thickens. The pulp and custard must not be mixed until both are quite cold. If you wish for a very pretty and good-tasting sweet, serve the fool in custard dishes, placing a tablespoonful of stiffly-whipped cream on the top of each. Savoy fingers, plain, or split and spread with whipped cream, or other fancy biscuits, may be arranged on the same dish and eaten with the gooseberry fool.

Gooseberry Meringue

Put 1 quart of green gooseberries, "topped and tailed," into a stew-pan with a teacupful of water and 4 oz. of white sugar. When cooked rub them through a sieve. Add to the pulp 1 oz. of butter, 2 oz. of fine bread-crumbs and the yolks of two well-beaten eggs. Whisk all together, pour into a pie-dish lined with short pastry, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Whip the whites of the eggs as stiffly as possible, adding a little castor sugar and a pinch of salt. Pile the meringue on top of the pudding and stand the pie-dish in a cool oven until the whites of the eggs are nicely coloured.

N.B.—The door of the oven should be left open and the meringue closely watched, as if it is cooked one minute too long the appearance is spoilt and the surface of the meringue becomes leathery. The whites of eggs should always be whipped in a

cold place; the kitchen is generally too hot.

This pudding may be eaten either cold or hot.

Gooseberry Water

is an agreeable and refreshing summer drink. Take any required quantity of ripe fruit and beat it well with a wooden spoon, press the juice through a strainer and put it into an enamel-lined saucepan. Add equal parts of cold water, boil for one minute, then strain through muslin. Sweeten with castor sugar and flavour with lemon juice. When serving, put some pieces of ice into a large glass jug and pour the gooseberry water over them.

Gooseberry Sauce

is often served with mackerel and it is sometimes eaten with roast green goose. The pulp is extracted from green gooseberries as for "fool," made hot, with a piece of butter and a seasoning of salt and sugar added. If a sharper sauce is desired the sugar can be omitted and a little cayenne pepper substituted.

SOME RECIPES FOR RED GOOSEBERRIES

Gooseberry Cheese

is best when made with red, hairy-skinned fruit. "Top and tail" some fully ripe gooseberries, stew them in a jar in the oven until soft, then press through a sieve. Weigh the pulp, and to every 1 lb. allow $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of crushed loaf sugar. Put the pulp in a stew-pan, and when it boils add the sugar—a little at a time. Boil for half an hour, removing the scum as it rises, and stirring continuously, for the thick mixture is very liable to burn. Pour on to plates and stand these in a cool oven so that the "cheese" may thoroughly dry. When cold divide into squares with a silver knife, store in tins with white paper in between the layers. This "cheese" is more like a sweet-meat than an ordinary preserve and forms a delicious accompaniment to blanchmanges, rice moulds, and other similar "shapes."

An Excellent Jelly Made from Ripe Red Gooseberries

"Top and tail" a gallon of ripe gooseberries, put them in a preserving-pan and stir gently until they have yielded all their juice. Pour this through a jelly-bag and

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weigh it. To every 3 lb. add 1 lb. of red-currant juice, previously prepared in the same way. Boil these quickly for a quarter of an hour, then draw the pan from the fire and stir in gradually half their weight of loaf sugar. When this has dissolved boil the jelly for six minutes, skim thoroughly, and test it. If sufficiently cooked, pour into small pots.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages. Letters, which must have a stamped envelope enclosed, should be addressed "Home Department," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Rice and Gooseberry Pudding

Spread 6 oz. of rice over a moistened and floured pudding-cloth and place on it 1 lb. of gooseberries which have been weighed after the heads and stalks are removed. Gather the edges of the cloth carefully together, leaving room for the rice to swell, and plunge into boiling water. Cook for an hour and a quarter. Serve with coarse brown sugar.



SOCIAL GRACES IN THE HOME

By MONICA WHITLEY

"A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint in temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those with whom we live."

STOPFORD BROOKE.

THE art of living with people—how few of us ever learn it perfectly, for it means unselfishness, loyalty, sympathy, and a large-hearted tolerance wide enough to recognise divergent views and varying opinions. Even amongst those who love one another deeply much self-restraint is needed, for temperaments and tastes differ so greatly in a large family that what is one's meat is another's poison.

We often make a great mistake in expecting of our home people what is not theirs to give—we might as well blame a butterfly for not being a bee. Each must develop his own personality on his own lines. On the other hand we are too much inclined to snub and discourage originality. Many a thoughtful, clever girl is afraid to express her opinions in the home circle because she is laughed at and derided as setting up herself to be cleverer than the rest. This either means that the girl, hurt and chilled, shrinks into herself and her nature is stunted, or she leaves home and seeks society which is more congenial. Either way the home has lost.

It is sad that so many people show to the world the best side of their character, which is rarely seen at home. I have known the genial, kindly man of business, much sought after because of his good nature, who is bad-tempered and moody at home; and I have known the sympathetic, courteous

society woman who is the reverse in her own home. To set off against this I have met people who were jeered at by their acquaintances because of their niggardliness, who were really stinting themselves to help some poor relation.

But all the same, the fact remains that we do not make the same efforts towards amiability and sweetness in the home as we do in the outside world. We argue, if we are bad-tempered, "It is a well-known failing of mine and my family understand me, so it doesn't matter. They take no notice of my unkind speeches," we say, "as they know I do not mean them."

If one expostulates with a husband on account of his lack of courtesy to his wife, he will argue, "Oh, I'm not demonstrative, and my wife knows better than to expect me to fetch and carry for her. She knows my affection for her without that." Too much is taken for granted in every home, and in some families especially, any display of affection is looked upon with amusement, if not with disgust.

But surely the little courtesies which oil the wheels of life are equally as useful in the home as outside it. Who would dream of giving a stranger unasked-for advice? Yet it is done every day in the home. Who would accept kindnesses and self-sacrifice from a friend without some expression of thanks? Yet they are taken as a matter of course from father or mother.

Does a daughter ever think, for instance, that her mother is hungering for loving words from her? Does she ever imagine

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that the simple words, "Mother, I do love you," would wipe out the memory of years of bitter toil? If she did she would be spared the bitter remorse of after years which made a girl write to me some such words as these: "Oh, if my mother could only come back to me for but one hour, how I would tell her how I loved her! How I would beg her forgiveness of the careless, irritable words I used to speak to her! How I would throw my arms round her and tell her she was the best mother in all the world. And now it is too late!"

And yet the girl had been a good daughter. She had been unselfish and attentive to her mother, and she had deprived herself of many luxuries and comforts in order to give them to her. But the thing she will never forget is, that she never told her love—that love which was real and true, but yet never found verbal expression. As Hugh Black says, "We are afraid of sentiment. We let our friends die without telling them how much we owe them; the sweetest souls of our households pass from us before we even know we have taken everything and given nothing."

We must also learn to be broad-minded if we are to live happily with others. We must learn to respect their point of view and to remember that everyone sees a thing with a different pair of eyes. We must not force our own opinions on others, but give the same deference to theirs as we expect for our own. We must remember that one person in a house can destroy the peace and happiness of all the rest. There are times in every family when

one can with advantage be both blind and deaf. The cross, sarcastic speeches one so much resents from a sister are probably the result of overtaxed nerves, and one cannot know how hard she is struggling for the mastery over them. So if our love is love at all, let us make allowances.

One seldom hears now the expression, "the duty one owes to one's family," and it almost seems as if the feeling it describes is dying out. It is true that it was sometimes carried to excess, but in its right proportion it is inseparable from any true family life. Absolute loyalty to one another should be early inculcated. To hear one member of a family "running down" another to a stranger is intolerable, and only in special circumstances is it advisable for one to mention the faults of brothers or sisters to those of the outer world. Even "strangers within the gates"—paying guests, governesses, etc.—should have this spirit of loyalty, and should regard themselves as bound to refrain from repeating anything said by the family or from adverse criticism of them.

The spirit of comradeship is also needed. There should be pride in the achievements of others, eagerness for their welfare, and generous whole-hearted praise for their efforts. Some people are afraid of giving praise, but I believe that more failures are wrought by want of praise than through excess of it. The outside world is fickle and unstable in its appreciation, but let the home be a place where no honest effort goes unnoticed or unpraised, where hearts can speak in fullest confidence, and where all offences are forgiven and forgotten.



FOR THE GARDEN

THE love for flowers and gardens is one that sooner or later comes home to most of us, and one is inclined sometimes to wonder why the care of plants should prove so fascinating. Is not the reason found in the fact that the gardener's work is never done, and that always his thoughts must be in the happy future? It has been well said by the Poet Laureate that "successful gardening lies in doing the right thing at the right time," and all who have a garden know how very true this is. But the success that rewards one's gardening efforts means very much more than this. It means that when skies are dull and grey, visions of spring blossoms are in the mind's eye, to be followed

when the March winds blow by beds and borders of summer bloom. One of the simplest aids to success in flower growing is the possession of a reliable guide, such as a weekly gardening paper, which, if it is up-to-date, keeps the reader thoroughly informed as to the work he should do every week and the way in which he should do it. Such a paper is the *Gardener*, which is especially designed to meet the wants of the amateur. Its pages are full of simple, practical instructions that cannot fail to teach the uninitiated, made still more intelligible by sketches. The *Gardener*, the price of which is only one penny weekly, is the amateur's ideal companion.



A Pageant Royal

SAWING and hammering, flag-hanging and bunting-draping; the preparations for the Great Occasion were proceeding apace, and my friend and I were viewing the decorations and forecasting the weather. "It's a lot of fuss to make about the Coronation," I remarked tentatively, by way of opening a conversation. My friend looked thoughtful. "And what seems strange to me," I continued, as he did not reply, "is the undue preponderance of the military element; why could not the procession be composed of the Empire's preachers, and statesmen, and authors—the men of peace, instead of soldiers, and the trappings of war?" "Perhaps it would not be so effective," he replied, in his slow way; "black frock coats and silk hats are respectable, but hardly impressive." "But it surely does not need spangled flags, red bunting, and brass bands to show that we are loyal to our King and our Empire?" "I am not so sure," replied my friend, as his fingers toyed with one of the decorations; "there is a time for demonstration, and pageantry, and show. You know that I am no Jingo, yet when the time for the procession comes, and the band strikes up 'God Save the King!' I shall feel a thrill that will touch me to the heart. I shall cheer and wave my hat, and feel a better citizen for it all. And so will the millions who will turn out on this great occasion." "But surely," I protested, "that is not patriotism. We could be just as patriotic if we stayed at home and did the business that keeps the Empire going." "True," replied my friend, "but patriotism, like love, needs an occasion to express itself, else it will grow cold. Our mutual friend Tom Smith loves his wife, and spends six days out of every seven toiling hard to give her just that ease and comfort that shall make her happy. Yet have you not noticed how cheerless she has grown of late, how that wonderful sparkle that used to shine in her eyes has vanished, and that in spite of the

comfort that surrounds her, she has grown listless and commonplace?" I nodded. "Tom Smith loves her just as much—perhaps more—than when he took his bride across the threshold of their new little home, but you see he has forgotten to express it of late, and so the bonny bride has become the careworn woman. You see she needs a fresh coronation—just a bit of demonstration to show that the old love is still there."



Love's Coronation

"I would not be a bad plan," said I, "to extend this Coronation idea; don't we all need a bit of demonstration?" "Precisely," replied my friend; "this world would be a very dull place but for that element of 'unnecessary pageantry,' as you might describe it. Take nature, for example; what are the flowers but a little extra demonstration of joy of the Divine Creator? You could conceive of a world where the seeds appeared on the stems without any flowers at all; but it would not be such a happy world. Take music—" "Pardon me," I interrupted, for my friend was growing sermonic, "but could not someone initiate a great Coronation Extension Movement, for the Demonstration of Dormant Affection? We might have a President—" "Your idea is a good one, but much simpler than you imagine. Instead of all these tributes being wasted, I would suggest that each of us sends, say, a bunch of Coronation Carnations to those who have had for so long to take our affection for granted. Do you remember our old Sunday School teacher, whom we both worshipped not so very long ago?" I blushed. "Then there is the Rev. Richard Jones, whose ministrations you have accepted almost for ages, and who hasn't had a testimonial for the last twenty years. Of course"—he hesitated—"of course, I need not say that your old mother too frequently receives more valuable tokens of

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your affection than is afforded by a few flowers, yet—well, a bouquet there would not come amiss, only you might add some red roses to the carnations. Then again——”

“I think it is going to rain, after all,” I said somewhat hastily, and we passed on.

What do my readers think of the idea? Amid all the rejoicings of this season of loyalty, shall we be able to spare a thought for those to whom we are so greatly indebted?



Day of Intercession

THE Evangelical Alliance have suggested the holding of a Day of Intercession for our King and Queen and Nation on Wednesday, June 21. A touchingly worded appeal—prepared by the Bishop of Durham, and influentially signed—has been widely circulated. It is hoped that all Christian people in the British Empire will unite in prayer on that occasion that the new reign may be distinguished by an advance of the Kingdom of God.



The Investiture of the Prince of Wales

THE eyes of the whole Empire will, in July, be turned to the little Principality of Wales, where, at Carnarvon, will be witnessed the Investiture of its Prince. Outside the royal circle, in accordance with an excellent tradition governing the education of young British princes, the personality of the Prince of Wales is almost an unknown quantity. This ceremony at Carnarvon, however, will introduce him to the world. Mr. Frank Elias has written a very well informed article on the Investiture of the Prince, and this will appear in my next number.



A New Serial Story

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing that I am commencing a new short serial story in my July issue. Mr. J. J. Bell, who is contributing this, is well known to all my readers, not only by the short stories he has contributed from time to time, but as the author of “Wee Macgregor,” and other works, which have placed his name in the front rank of modern story writers. Into “The Professor’s Predicament,” Mr. Bell has put some of his finest work. It pulsates with the humour we always associate with Mr. Bell, but at the same time there is that

quiet touch of human feeling, and that sincerity of purpose that will appeal to all readers. The Professor of the story is clever, generous, but terribly absent-minded, and the strange predicament in which he finds himself owing to his lack of business aptitude and the curious clauses of an aunt’s will affords excellent scope for the powerful and kindly treatment of the author. The story will be illustrated by Mr. W. D. Almond, R.I.



Heroes of the Line

AN express train was travelling at a high rate of speed down a steep gradient on one of our English railways. Suddenly the coupling rod of the engine snapped, struck the fireman and knocked him senseless on the footplate. The driver, bruised and shaken himself, manipulated the powerful engine with such skill that the train was brought safely into the next station. “I don’t know how I did it,” was his simple remark, “but God helped me.” His mates said “it was a miracle,” and perhaps miracles are wrought on the line, more often than is known by the general public, in answer to a Christian man’s prayer for help.

It may surprise many people to know that in the year 1900 no fewer than 364 railway men were killed, and 23,935 injured by accidents, while it is a striking fact that only one passenger out of 1,205,586,000 who travelled was killed. These numbers and the personal knowledge of those who work amongst the men in the Railway Mission have led to the establishment of two Convalescent Homes exclusively for railway men: one at St. Leonards, and one at Southport, with accommodation for seventy patients. In these Homes the poor fellows find needed change and rest after serious operations or the amputation of a limb, and often three weeks by the sea is the means of restoration to health, while the influences around them have led many a man to the feet of Christ.

Just now there is a great need of funds for the Homes, and I shall be pleased to receive and forward any sums my readers may be able to send, or they may be sent direct to Mr. R. Nixon, The Railway Mission, 1, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Editor





"In bloomy June, when all the land
Lies deep in crested grass."—SIR L. MORRIS.



Young People's Pages

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

JUNE again, Companions mine! And a Royal June in truth, this year! How we shall all hope and pray that our King's crowning may be completely happy, and that our rejoicings may fit in perfect harmony with all the gladness of our English June. Could any month be more appropriate for the Coronation of a king? I think not. The fields, with their spangles of buttercups; the hedges, with their rose wreaths; and the birds, with their songs, give us joy; and with this mood our national happiness will be in keeping. Are any of you among the boys and girls who think "History" "awfully dull," and those long lists of "dates" a nuisance? Forgive the slang. I am quoting real language of real boys and girls, you know. Of course, *some* history books are most dreadfully dry, and "William the Conqueror, 1066," and those other dates are slippery things to master, aren't they? But once one realises that they are only the skeleton, and that history really is the most fascinating series of "really true" stories—then it is different. And I am thinking of what lovely history lessons some of you will be able to give the boys and girls of your own or other homes by and by. For such wonderfully interesting history is being made nowadays! Why, some of you will be able to tell fine tales of these years:—Of how you lived in the reign of Edward the Peacemaker, and of the grief that was felt all over the world when he died; of how you read and heard of—and perhaps took part in—the great Peace movement led by the

President of the United States and an English statesman named Sir Edward Grey; of the marvellous inventions, of aeroplanes and electric machinery; and of social movements for making the people happier and more pure and healthy and good; and, we hope, of the glorious reign of King George and the love that Queen Mary inspired. Really it makes a splendid prospect. I should not be surprised if some of you were

inspired actually to write history books, when you are getting old, so that your children may learn from you what you saw in the early years of the Twentieth Century. And 1911 will be a very important "date." What gatherings there will be of friends from all parts of our Empire! I am wondering if any of our Companions over the seas will be "Home" for June. If so, I do hope they will let us know. In her recent letter, *Olive Dodd* (Melbourne) refers to the great event of June. She writes:—"The Labour Party has the majority in the House (Parliament) at Victoria, and Mr. Fisher, the



LORNA GASCOYNE.

Prime Minister, will be at the Coronation." This is an interesting letter of Olive's. "We spend every Easter holiday at Wandin. It is a very pretty place. A creek runs through this part of the country, and the banks are overgrown with ferns. The Maidenhair fern is the most popular. It is a very pretty sight to watch the clouds breaking over the mountains during sunrise. Victoria is going rapidly ahead. Melbourne, Ballarat, and Bendigo are growing into very large towns, and some magnificent buildings have lately

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been erected. The Melbourne Town Hall is very beautifully designed, and the photos of the late Mayors and Governors-General are erected on the walls. Muriel and I go to the Methodist Ladies' College. Our motto is '*Deo Dominique*.' I am 13 years old, and am in Form VIIb." Olive is to have the Foreign Letter Prize this month; her letter is written excellently.

Frieda Martin (Grenada, B.W.I.) wrote about her spring holiday also. "We are just back from a long holiday in Barbados," she says. "We spent four weeks at our grandfather's place, and five weeks at the seaside, where we enjoyed ourselves very much; and we spent one week in Bridgetown. The sea was very calm when we came back from Barbados, and none of us were sick. I was so pleased to see my letter in the January *QUIVER*. I never thought you would print it. I saw your photo, and am enclosing mine, which was taken in Barbados. Our carnival is to-morrow. The black people dress up in all colours and all sorts of queer ways, and wear masks. Some put powder on their faces, and others put paint. I don't think there is any more news. With love, yours affectionately." Frieda must have a "gift" for letter-writing, for she is only eight and a half! We will all copy "*Oliver*," Frieda, and ask for "more." Father or mother will tell you about Oliver, if you have not read his story.

Ivy Slesser's is the next on my pile of letters from afar. She was pleased about her prize.

"I had not written expecting a prize," she says; "and, in fact, as I said, I thought I would be too old to take part in the Competitions. I had said, before, that my prize getting days were done. I am delighted with it, and thank you very much." Ivy had just had a week's holiday with her mother, visiting a fresh place almost every day. "On the Monday we went to New Brighton, one of our seaside places. We took the electric tram to Burwood, a suburb east of Christchurch (New Zealand), where a steam tram met us and took us to



FRIEDA MARTIN.

the beach. All the line has not been electrified yet. Even then we were only in North New Brighton, where there are very few houses and no proper streets; so we walked down the beach for about a mile and then reached the township. It is a fine open, sandy beach, extending a few miles to the south, and many, many miles—I don't know how far—north. It is lovely clean sand, dark in colour, not white like I saw at Dunedin. . . . On Friday we went to Summer, our other seaside place. It nestles cosily in between the hills, nearly opposite the New Brighton beach. It was a glorious day after the rain of the previous day; the sea was sparkling and so blue, and the air was very clear, so we could see a long way. We walked up on the hills, and, reaching the top, saw the sea, blue as ever, on the other side. Below is 'Taylor's Mistake,' a little bay with rocky headlands, so called because a man named Taylor thought it was Lyttelton Harbour. We could see the Lyttelton Heads. . . . The hills come straight down to the water, and there is no beach. The Heads are almost straight-up cliffs. Can you imagine what the sight was like, with the blue sea stretching to the horizon and the blue sky with hardly a cloud overhead? It was beautiful, away up on the hills there, just the two of us, and no other living thing in sight but the sheep on the hills and the seagulls, ever restless, flying backwards and forwards over the sea. On Saturday we took tram south and walked up the hills there. Don't you think I had a glorious holiday? Mother and I hope Violet is getting on well, and wish her every success."

An Australian budget is the next. It contains letters from *Eileen* and *Muriel Nelson*, from East Kew, Melbourne. Eileen was busy working for a Music Theory examination at the University. She had passed the Practical (violin) two years previously, and we shall all hope to hear of her success in the later one. Eileen is a fern lover, and has her own special corner in the garden, sheltered from the north wind. Some of the ferns grow in pots and others in the ground. "The only trouble," says Eileen, "is the slugs; and at night time I go out with a

candle and massacre a few. Have you ever heard a little story about the Forget-me-not? I read it once in a book, and think it the prettiest little story I have heard. It was: 'God, in the beginning of the world, had a beautiful garden which He had made, and



HETTIE JOUBERT AND SOME OF HER CHUMS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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each evening He came down to earth and walked in His garden. One day He heard a little sob, and, bending down, He saw a little blue flower was in great distress. Kindly, He said: "Little flower, what is the matter?" The little flower, between its sobs, answered: "I have forgotten the name which Thou gavest me." And God answered: "Little flower, because thou hast not forgotten that I named thee, thou shalt now be called Forget-me-not." "It is a quaint little legend, Eileen, and I do not remember hearing it before. Thank you for telling it now. Then Eileen continues: "Well, about our Scheme. I get 3d. a week for cleaning boots (that is besides my ordinary money), so I am going to send that to you for Violet. I shall send it every three months." Bravo, Eileen! I shall value that gift. Muriel tells me she has been moved up into a higher class at school, and that they had a lovely holiday at Black Rock.

Hettie Joubert sends me another of her delightful letters. Here is a picture she gives of her outlook at "Zonneschijn" (South Africa):

"Far away I see the irregular outline of the mountains. A few clouds are in the bright blue sky. On the mountain slopes a few little white cottages are dotted in the dark green of the fir trees. Just in front of my window are rows of vines, and beyond them a tall row of Indian corn. The peach, apricot, and orange trees form a lovely background. As I look over some other orange trees, I see tall old oaks. In between them are the blue, hazy ranges of the Great South Eastern chain. How I wish I had a fairy ring that would grant me all that I desired. Naturally, one of my first wishes would be to have you with me for a week. I would take you up Paarl Mountain to see the rocks and 'Oude Kraal,' and father could take us out to one of the farms on the side of the other mountains. We could wander about in our garden and eat as much fruit as you would like—figs, grapes, oranges, peaches, apricots, plums, and bananas. In the evenings we could sit out on the veranda. In the morning we could walk about, or go down to the river to sketch, read, or sew. . . . I am going to sell books for an old lady who told me I could get sixpence for every book I sold. She said I must put the sixpences in my mission box; but when I told her about Violet, she said she would count that as my mission box. I hope you will understand—I don't think that Violet is a little heathen!"

I quite understand, and wish you may be a clever saleswoman, Hettie. Wouldn't I like to come to your home!

You would prefer, I thought, to hear these extracts from letters from far-away friends first this month. One other I want to mention is from Edith M. Jones (Toronto), who is not a Companion, but enjoys "reading your chats and the letters every month," and sends a gift for Our Violet.

The Home letters are particularly interesting this month, but our quotations must be brief:

Frances Boston says: "It was splendid

of the Editor to make it possible for us to have another little child to support, especially as Violet seems to be so happy in her new home. I hope our new little friend will find equal happiness. Would you rather have subscriptions in quarterly or yearly? My little box for Violet is getting heavier, although it contains chiefly coppers." Quarterly is really nicest, Frances, for then we can see how we are progressing financially.

E. Frederick Nelson (Newry, Co. Down), a new Companion, says: "I have read all about the Scheme, and am ready and willing to support it in any way possible. I was very glad to read the surprise the Editor had for the Companions, and it is splendid to be able to adopt another protégé so soon."

Noel Brydon tells me: "Mother gave me one shilling for knitting a scarf for the sale of work at church, and my sister gave me the other for helping her to arrange the fishpond." Poor Noel! He adds, "My kitten, 'Teddy,' has lately had its back broken, and died at the veterinary surgeon's. I shall not be able to try the Competition in the April number because my pet is dead." We hope the canary which Noel was getting will in some way compensate for Teddy! You must tell us about it later, Noel. I think that was a capital way of getting money for our Fund, and a very useful way for others too!

Grace Bright (Sythampton) was earning money by needlework; Kathleen Crago made part of her gift (6s. 6d.) also in that way; and Irene Knight says: "I send 2s. 6d. to help our lovely Scheme. I had a few unused postcards, and these I sold; then with that money I bought the materials for coco-nut ice, and mother made some. This I sold, and with the profit some more was made. I told my customers about Violet, and I soon sold it, and in this way made the 2s. 6d." Will you thank mother, Irene, for all of us, for her help? Another capital "trading" plan, you see.

Poor Enid Hayward (Teignmouth) was one of the victims of measles this spring, but was recruiting, with her mother and sister, at Chagford in the sunshine and warmth. She took the trouble to pick me a boxful of exquisite white violets that gave me pleasure for a week; and a gift for Our Violet was another delightful accompaniment of her letter.

What about a Badge?

Cameron Muir is busy in his corner of the world—near Glasgow—in organising a Group. He thinks "The Violet League" a good name for it. He asks again about a badge for our Companionship. Several others mention this matter, and I shall be pleased to hear what our members generally think

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

of the suggestion. Should you all like a badge? Could we sell enough to make a little profit for our Fund? And—very important—what should the badge be? Letters on the subject, if you please!

It was pleasant to hear from *Effie Forbes* (Ballater) again. She and Jeanie were grinding away for examinations, in which we hope they had good fortune.

Ella Wheeler has moved from Woking to Wimbledon, and asks if there are any other Companions there. What has become of *Vera Andrews*, and *Phyllis* and *Hugh Goody*?

A jolly letter comes from *Neil B. McCallum* (Mutley, Plymouth), a new member. He describes one of his favourite holiday places—Cawsand. "There is a beautiful powdery beach, lovely and soothing to the feet, and the best part is you can go out yards and yards into the sea without getting out of your depth. I always try to see how far I can go out. Another thing I like doing when I am bathing, and that is to dive into a monstrous, high, foaming wave. That is absolutely fine, Alison, I can assure you. I wish you could come down with me. But it's of no good wishing for a thing when you cannot have it: it only makes you unhappy." Very philosophical, Neil; but we do not always carry out your wisdom. But what fine holidays I should have if all your wishes were to be fulfilled!

Another new member, *Winifred Bainbridge* (Radford), says she has read our Corner for a year, and enjoyed it so much that she decided to join and help in any way she can. That is good news, Winifred.

Phyllis Cartwright sends a long and kind letter with her collecting card. She is keenly interested in Temperance work, and is a deputy ruler in the Rechabite tent in her village.

Ivy Pickard (Leeds), another new member, is at a very happy school in Harrogate. Her chum is a younger and smaller girl, and they are known as "The Uneven Twins," "which suits us exactly," says Ivy.

Gladys West (Macduff) sent the coupons of her friends, *Barbara Lyall* and *Elsie Skinner*. She was longing for her holiday in the Highlands, and promised a long letter all about her experiences.

Let me say "thank you for letters" to *Peggy MacPherson*, *Cathy Amos*, *Arthur Smart*, *Madge Storey*, *Freda Cartwright*, *Sam James*, *Nora Goble*, *Betty Balfour*, *Alice King*, *Gladys Richards*, *Dorothy Powell*, and all others who have written.

Next let me tell you the results of the "Competitions I Would Like" Competition. I am not going to give all the suggestions made by the prize-winners. But you shall

know when any of them are announced, which will be more fun, I think, than hearing them now. And, also, we shall have more space for something else. The prizes go to *Doris Amos* (age 14), Lydd; *Ida M. Jones* (age 16), Cardiff; *Elizabeth O. Steele* (age 17), Ballycarry, Co. Antrim; and *Frances M. Boston* (age 21), Bebington.

In the Junior Competition on "My Favourite Pet," the prize is carried off by *Grace Bright* (age 12), Sytchampton.

My Favourite Pet

Of all my pets (which are four in number) my favourite is a little black kitten, which I call "Smut." He was born in my father's barn in a snug nest made of straw. His mother ("Tigress") has long fur but sad-looking eyes. She is very timid and frightened, for when you go to stroke her she crouches down as if you were going to hurt her. Smut had two sisters which were black and white, but he was the fattest and prettiest of the three, so we kept him. When the time came for him to open his eyes, I was surprised to find one of them was closed, and I was afraid he would only have one eye that he would be able to see with. But after a little doctoring it soon got better, and he began to play prettily on the bundles of straw. He was not content at staying in the barn, so he would run as fast as his little legs could carry him into the house, where we used to find him curled up in the front of the fire fast asleep. Now he is older he stays indoors all day, and when it is time for him to go out and sleep in the barn he is nowhere to be found; but we know his hiding-place now, which is generally under the table on top of mother's work-basket. Smut is very affectionate, and I often wonder what he would say if he could speak.

This month I am announcing two fresh Competitions—the one for June, and another which will need longer time in which to prepare.

Will you write me letters on the

"How, When and Where of the Holiday I Would Have if I Could"?

This is a suggestion (with a slight addition) made by *Doris Amos*. Do not let your letters exceed 400 words, and please give us as many facts as to cost of travel and daily expenditure as possible. It will be useful for you to make sure of your facts, and possibly they may be suggestive to folks who can have the holidays you would like. All letters must reach me by June 30th, except those from abroad. Remember the rules, please.

The other is a Scrap-book Making Competition.

I particularly wish everyone would enter for this Competition. A friend, who is busy with work for invalid children in London, tells me how much pleasure the little patients in the convalescent homes get from scrap-books. And there are many others in their own small homes—little folks whose suffering can be forgotten for a while in the delights of the pictures. I should like to have a very big lot to send her as gifts for

THE QUIVER

them. So everyone please try. Any kind of scrap-book will be eligible, but brightness and prettiness and strength are the things most to be studied. I have seen some lovely books made of brown and other coloured art papers (stiff) fastened with ribbons. Use all the ingenuity you have, and let us see how clever you can be. There are certain to be some wet days during the holidays, when a piece of work like this will give hours of pleasure. I am giving plenty of time for you to prepare, and the books may reach me any day before September 1st.

There is still one other matter. I thought you would like to see our shareholders' list for the first quarter of this year. Here it is :

"How, When and Where Corner" Funds

	£	s.	d.
Marjorie and Irene Collier (New Zealand)	3	0	
Eileen and Muriel Nelson (Australia)	4	6	
"May"	1	0	0
Jane Murray Crawford	5	0	
Charlie and Mrs. McCash	5	0	
Ida M. Jones	4	6	
E. Penn	3	6	
Dorothy Jean Best	10	0	
"Santa Claus"	1	0	0
Mary Isabel Young	1	0	
Kathie and Marjorie Heard	1	6	
Daisy Valentine	1	0	
Frances M. Boston	2	0	
Jane Everett	1	0	
Harold and Stanley Warner	2	0	
Kathleen Whitwell	1	0	
Lizzie Grant	2	0	
Mrs. Uys (South Africa)	4	0	
Vera Eades	1	0	
Dora Brogdale	1	0	
Isabel Taylor	0	6	
Marion McPhail	5	0	
W. Allison Laudlaw	2	6	
Mrs. Gregory	3	0	
Gladys Richards	2	6	
A. B. (Ipswich)	5	0	
Peggy Macpherson	1	0	
Harry Blades	1	0	
"Miss Somebody"	1	0	
Vera K. Black	2	0	
Alice King (Jamaica)	2	0	
W. Cameron Muir	2	0	
Hilda Otway (Jamaica)	2	0	
Daisy Valentine (C. C.)	2	6	
Margaret Farbridge	3	0	

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Watkins	1	0	
Isabel Young (C. C.)	2	6	
James Graham	1	0	
Frances Winsor	0	6	
Arthur Smart (C. B.)	3	1	
Peggy Allan	1	0	
Dora Dewhurst (C. B.)	2	0	
James M. Henderson (C. B.)	1	6	
Irene Knight	2	6	
Noel Brydon	2	0	
Enid Hayward	0	6	
Samuel T. James (C. B.)	2	10	
Gladys Richards	2	0	
Kathleen Crago (C. B.)	6	6	
Edith M. Jones (Toronto)	1	3	
Phyllis Cartwright (C. C.)	2	6	

£8 0 8

C. B.=Collecting Book.
C. C.=Collecting Card.

Let me say that this list includes rather more than three months' contributions, as our £10 was complete just before Christmas. Isn't it good to have done so well? Do let it be an incentive to go right on and do better. Then I think we shall be justified in having the fulfilment of our dream of another little protégée to send out in the autumn.

The following Companions have promised definite sums, to be given or collected either quarterly or yearly:—*Harold Naish, Margaret Farbridge, Enid and Ida Jones, Alice King, Arthur Smart, W. Cameron Muir, Hilda Otway, Gladys Richards, Eileen Nelson, Daisy Valentine, Ida Wood, Ivy Slesser, and Vera Black.*

Thank you all for your sweet helpfulness, and take courage and work harder and have greater gladness in your work than ever. I must specially thank our anonymous friends, and express the wish that they would unveil themselves.

I am, believe me,

Your friend,

Alison.

NOTES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of "The Quiver" Companionship all readers young enough to enjoy the "Corner" chats. There is no age limit for membership. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

- One side of the paper only is to be written on.
- The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join and sends the coupons to "Alison." They need not necessarily all be returned at once.

PAINTED WHITE

A Sunday Talk

By the Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D.

ON reading Heine's prose works the other day I came across this rather amusing story. Long ago a Major Howditch was sent by the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope as an ambassador to his black Majesty, the King of Ashanti. He sought, on his arrival, to win the favour of the savage folk amongst whom he had settled; one plan he adopted was that of painting the portraits of the King's courtiers and especially of the ladies of the Court. The King was amazed that anyone could copy so exactly the features of living people, and before very long he asked Major Howditch to take his portrait. He gave several sittings to the Major, and used to come to the easel several times in the course of a sitting to see how the portrait was getting on. One day Major Howditch noticed the King was very uneasy, as if he wanted something, and did not quite like to tell what it was he wanted. So the Major said to him: "If your Majesty wants anything, I hope you will tell me." And, so encouraged, the King told the Major what he wanted. And what do you think it was? It was this. He asked Major Howditch if he could not be painted white!

Now, the idea of a black man wishing to be painted as a white man strikes us as comic, and tempts us to laugh, doesn't it? But Heine says we need not laugh at this African king, for all of us are like him in this, that we all wish to appear before the public in a different colour from that which really belongs to us.

I am not sure that we do not all of us wish to be painted white. For, if we are not literally black, as the negro is, we often carry a lot of black and ugly spots about us. Selfishness, for instance, is a black spot; and bad temper is a black spot; and impure thoughts and deeds are black spots. And we have all got them. As I once heard a missionary say, we may have white faces, but we have all of us black hearts. But we should not like the people outside to know how black they really are. I do not think any one of us would care to have the secrets of his heart laid bare—there are too many black spots about! So we "paint ourselves white." We try to make people think we are better than we are. That was what the Pharisee in Christ's day did. He "painted himself white." He wasn't really a good man. Inside he was full of rottenness and uncleanness. But he didn't want the people

to know all that, so he used to stand and pray in the streets, and was very exact about going to church and giving to the collection, until people thought the Pharisee was a wonderfully good man—he "painted himself white" so cleverly. And people do much the same kind of thing still. Their outward behaviour is better than their inner life. They are like the apple I picked up this morning at breakfast, very nice and attractive on the outside, but decayed and rotten inside. They have what Paul calls the "form of godliness" without the power of it.

Now, what I want to say to you children is this: it is a poor business to try to "paint yourself white," and that for at least two reasons:—

(1) *Paint does not last.* Weather tells on paint. It washes it away, and leaves the wood or the iron bare. You know, houses have to be painted over again every three years or so, because in process of time the paint wears off. Well, it is so in life. *Paint perishes.* You cannot keep up pretence for ever. You are sure to get found out. What did Abraham Lincoln say? "You can fool all the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people all the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time." Every man gets found out. The paint wears off, and the real colour begins to show. So do not be content with a coating of white paint; be white through and through.

(2) *"Paint" never deceives God.* He reads the heart. What men think is white, God perhaps sees as black. If you are selfish, greedy, jealous, and unclean, your nearest friends may not know it, but *God knows it.* "Thou, God, seest me." And it is what God sees that really matters.

Well, what is the lesson of it all? Just this: Make up your mind you will be white within as well as without. God desires truth in the inward parts. Be honest and good and kind *through and through.* But what about these black spots that are on our hearts even now? What about our faults and sins? What are we to do with them? Well, I will tell you. We can never really paint them white, but we can *wash* them white. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." If we only ask Jesus, He will give us the "clean heart and the right spirit," and so we shall be "white" within and without.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Fiji—and Other Things

I FAIRLY chortled with joy when, after hammering away for some years, I got my first member for the Crutch-and-Kindness League from Klondike, the city of gold beneath and ice above. But I chortled still more when I got my first batch of members from Jerusalem, where there is now a tolerable contingent. And the chortling fit comes on me again as I receive my first member from the Fiji Islands.

How little your average man knows about far-off places, or, as Toole used to speak of them, "foreign parts abroad!" And how much more he needs to *unknow*! It was my position till quite the other day. Fiji was no strange name to me. In a sense, I had been nursed on Fiji. When I was a boy at school if you had asked me anything about that kingdom of islands, you would have got your reply without hesitation. Mark me, I say without hesitation, I do not say with accuracy—the terms are not necessarily identical. But I knew my Fiji as well as books of that date could instruct, and to my thinking they were all readable books, most of them with creeps and thrills bound up in their covers. For was it not there that the great Captain Cook was killed, and so suddenly closed the book of adventures which was a book indeed to the heart of every healthy boy? And he was not eaten: I distinctly remember so much. Yet, while some lonely villages of the West are said to get a living by taking-in each other's washing, the Fijians had a way of taking-in each other—inside! They were cannibals! We had seen pictures of them in galore, both in the books of adventure and in sheets on the Sunday School wall. To the present day, I have no other ideas about cannibals but what these gave me—big, black, muscular men, wearing nothing worth speaking about, sitting round a fire and a large iron pot (which must have been stolen from some ship, for it was surely made in Birmingham), while human thigh bones, ribs, and a skull or two lay scattered about. Till a day or two ago, if I had been asked to sketch a group of Fijians, I could only have reproduced these scenes of my boyhood.

How I opened my eyes when I found an application for membership in the Crutch-and-Kindness League come all the way from Fiji! I had no doubt of its veracity, but to get right to my heart it had to pass through all those phantom figures and impressions

which had been in undisturbed possession of my mind from school-days, and so I turned me, wonderingly, to my encyclopædia, and there was humbled before my long-lasting ignorance. The Fiji of to-day is no more the Fiji of Cook, than England is the England of the time when our ancestors wore woad and punted in coracles for a living. It is now a great, highly civilised federation of lovely and fertile islands, with a representative Government which could give us points in several directions, wearing Western dress so far as climatic conditions allow, keenly interested in all modern education, and, best of all, with Christian churches and the Christian faith in every island and islet. It is a humiliating confession to make, perhaps, but all this and much more made me feel as if I were a poor relation of Rip Van Winkle, who had too long succumbed to the family torpor. I thank our new member for awakening me.

But why, it may naturally be asked, should anyone living so far away wish to become a member of a league which has its interests in London only? It is the charm and the unique feature of the Crutch-and-Kindness League. Like the sun in the sky it is local in itself, yet it takes a whole world within its sweep. Let anyone look over the list of New Members for the Month which appears from time to time in these pages, and he will see almost every part of the globe represented. What gathers the interest of all—like rays of light—to London for a common centre, is because there is here a very peculiar need; and, next, because wherever there is a heart that can be touched with compassion, there is the one by whom this need can be largely met through the agency of the Crutch-and-Kindness League.

For—listen!—in London alone there are more than 12,000 *poor* crippled children—children whose parents have a hard struggle for bread and shelter, let alone for meeting the medical and other wants of their little afflicted ones. These children, living in their own poor homes, are all under the motherly supervision of the Ragged School Union, whose Director and Secretary is Sir John Kirk, one knighted by our late beloved King, and one known throughout the English-speaking world, for his big, wise, and philanthropic heart. But while, through voluntary visitors, these little suffering ones are thus kept in sympathetic and loving

THE QUIVER

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

touch, it is not difficult to see how lonely their lot is. They have to be left much to themselves while father and mother, under dire necessity, have to go out and work for daily bread. That Pity, which forms the heart of the Crutch-and-Kindness League, raised it up to be the means of doing something to mitigate this dreary, lonely lot of the poor London child-cripple, by giving to every sympathetic soul throughout the world the opportunity of interesting these children in one of the simplest and most natural ways. All that it asks of its members is that each of them write a letter, once a month at least, to the crippled bairn whose name and address for this purpose is given, along with particulars of the case. That is all. There are no fees beyond the entrance one of a shilling—just enough to cover working expenses, and for which a beautiful card of membership for framing is sent. If ever anything extra is asked for, it is simply this—that when too busy or otherwise prevented from sending the expected letter, that some old illustrated newspaper or magazine, some toy, or bit of ribbon be sent the wee waiting one; for who can bear to disappoint any trusting child, and least of all when the little one is a lonely and suffering cripple? This is the gist of the Crutch-and-Kindness League and of the service which can be rendered by it to "the least of these," and the name of Sir John Kirk is a guarantee that every "case" is a most worthy one.

All other particulars about the League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss Isabel Allan, Finchley, London; Miss Ella L. du P. Archer, Moy, Ireland.

Miss Babbitt, Sydenham, London; Miss M. Ballantine, Nailaga, Fiji Islands; Miss Barham, Dartmouth, Devon; Mrs. Bird, South Ascot; Mrs. I. Boldero, Hargrave, Bury St. Edmunds; Miss E. Bourne,

Woodchurch, Kent; Miss Mary Bradshaw, Jamaica, B.W.I.; Miss Olive Brand, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk; Mrs. Briscoe, Westmeath, Ireland; Miss Brown, Naunton, Cheltenham; Miss G. Budd, Woolston, Hants.

Master Carter, Weybridge, Surrey; Miss Cassell, Streatham Hill, S.W.; Miss Winifred Clay, Slocan, British Columbia; Miss Elsie Colman, Bournemouth West.

Miss Davies, Ellesmere, Shropshire; Mrs. Dent, Ealing, London, W.; Mrs. Miss H. M., Master W. G. Dickson, and Miss M. Carrick, Bath, Somerset; Mrs. K. Dobbin, Waterford, Ireland; Miss Mabel Dowse and Miss Dowse, Wexford, Ireland; Dumfrow Junior Christian Endeavour, Essex.

Miss Lizzie Ewing, Aghmaclov, Ireland.

Miss Dorothy Fennell, Dublin, Ireland; Miss Laura Frankham, Notting Hill, London, W.; Mrs. Furrow, Wangford, Suffolk.

Mr. Benjamin Gay, Wincanton, Somerset; Miss Mary Gibson, Brecon, South Wales; Miss Phyllis Groome, Natal, South Africa.

Miss A. Harker, Kensington, London, W.; Miss A. Harris, Torquay, Devon; Mrs. Herbert, St. Albans, Herts; Miss Annie Hope, Edinburgh, N.B.; Miss G. M. How, Woodbridge, Suffolk; Miss Lilian Hungerford, Cork, Ireland.

Mrs. John P. Jackson, Bahama Islands, W.I.; Miss Jopling, Thurst, Yorks.

Mr. Arthur L. Larard, Hull, Yorks; Mr. Fred Letty, Harlesden, London, N.W.; Mrs. Loker, Ingatestone, Essex.

Miss F. MacDona, Lisburn, Co. Antrim; Miss Eleanor Moore, Wheatley, Oxon.

Master Brian Pass, Crondall, Hants; Mrs. Pennefather, Gould's Cross, Co. Tipperary; Mrs. Philo, Willesden, London, N.W.; Miss Lillie Poole and Miss E. Poole, Wimbledon, Surrey; Miss Price, Abergavenny, Mon.

Miss Rendle, Torquay; Miss Reynolds, Shaw Heath, Stockport; Mr. Wallace W. Rhodes, Tohno, Victoria, B.C.; Miss Emmeline Robertson, Maritzburg, S. Africa; Miss Violet Rutherford, Watford, Ireland.

Miss Sidney Samo, Newport Pagnell, Bucks; Mrs. Scott, Bishop's Stortford, Herts; Miss Jeanie Shanks, Ulva Ferry, Mull by Oban; Miss Margaret and Master Donald Skone-Palmer, Sydenham, London, S.E.; Miss E. A. Smith, Ebrington, Glos; Miss M. Smith, Shelton, Staffs; Miss Jean Strachan, Nelson, New Zealand.

Miss Joan Takle, Roslyn, Dunedin, New Zealand; Miss Dorothy and Miss Marjory Taylor, Woking, Surrey; Miss G. E. Toller, Leicester; Miss Audrey Tweedale, Harrogate, Yorks.

Miss Waddington, Accrington, Lanes; Miss G. Welford, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss Winterbotham, Toronto, Canada; Miss Wordsworth, Scarborough, Yorks; Miss M. Wright, Wallington, Surrey.



FOR THE CORONATION

THIS summer will be a time of festivities in which the pageant element, so strongly developed during recent years, will play its part over and over again. There will be a demand for Coronation masques, but no sweeter one will be found than "A Gift for the Queen," by M. F. Hutchinson, published in the June number of the *Girl's Realm*. It also contains a finely illustrated article on "Queen Marys of England," admirable directions for making Corona-

tion decorations at home, a paper on "Coronation Robes," and a beautiful photograph of Queen Mary.

The June *Little Folks* is the first number of a new volume, a volume which promises to be exceptionally good. It contains a beautiful colour frontispiece, eight other pictures in full colour, two new serials, several enthralling short stories by Dorothea Moore, Murray Fisher, Geoffrey White, and others; amusing verse, and interesting articles.

Lost

By **CANON FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, D.Lit.**

"IN all our language," from time to time it has been asked, "which is the saddest word?"

"Gone," answers a poet, not well remembered now:

"The knell of words, that vacant whisper—'Gone.'"

Another poet, a life-long student of the æsthetic value of sounds, has assigned the gloomy place of honour to "Nevermore." If we may trust entirely so riddling and freakish a being as Edgar Poe, the first stone in the masonry of elaborated artifice out of which rose at last that magic palace of music, "The Raven," was the word of doom, "Nevermore." There the sound, moaning like a lonely wind, breaking like a defeated wave, returning like a homeless echo, prolongs the sadness of the thought in the murmuring caverns of the sense.

Yes, when you wave your hand to the receding train that sweeps beyond touch and sight one of the few whom you love and need, one into whose being seem to have reached some of the roots of your soul; when you strive to call back the scent and bloom of some splendid hour that has sunk beneath the rim of the world and left it disinherited and cold; in separation and vacancy and longing, sad beyond assessing is each of those two words, "Gone," and "Nevermore."

But, change the circumstances, and you turn the bias of the words. If the train be carrying away some intrusive person who for a week has strummed rejoicingly on your nerves, taking everything wrong, setting everything wrong, filling your sheltered hours with draughts and creakings and the edge of the east wind, "Gone" is no more a vacant whisper, but a sign of grateful and immense relief. Associate "Nevermore" with some old, recurrent pain, some fear whose hovering wings were never far away, it is no longer the raven's croak, but the call of the morning thrush.

No, though we should not travel far from the circuit of their thought, most of us would refuse the supremacy to both of those words; pausing by each, we should

pass on, to set the crown of sadness on "Lost."

Unless you use it with a vicious laxity, you cannot turn this word about, and make its meaning set the other way—only in whimsical or careless phrase can you lose an ache or an enemy. In every natural service of the word it stands for a reluctant letting go, a missing, a bereavement, a cold unwrapping of the life. Trees lose their leaves, roses and girls their bloom; disappointed men their hopes, dejected men their health; men of middle age their buoyancy, old men their memory. To lose is linked with all that escapes, passes, is torn away; with all that we love and cannot keep, in spite of sighs and prayers and weak detaining hands.

Every picture that the word calls up is a picture of pain or gloom. A pity that familiarity cannot dull stirs at the thought of the lost child; a night with hardly a star sets on the thought of the lost woman; a gulf that has no sounding and no shore swallows the lost soul.

And surely—to consider the frame of the word, that tabernacle of sound in which its spirit dwells—nothing more forlorn ever crept into the dark than the broken murmur, "Lost."

And now behold the strange transfiguring power that lies in the touch of our Master. On that symbol of defeat and ruin—on that word "Lost," on that lost word—Jesus lays His hand, and lo! henceforth it stands for all hope and cheer. It becomes one of the Comfortable Words. In three little stories Jesus crushes it into balm for all the hurt world's healing. "Lost" was written on the finger-posts of Hell; it is a rainbow now, drawing hopeless eyes to the guardian mercy of the Heavens. Although in St. Luke's record this order is not kept, one hardly fails to find in the three "Lost" stories a natural gradation and climax. Beginning with the Lost Silver, we pass on to the Lost Sheep, and end with the Lost Son.

We know, every one of us, what it is to lose a coin. So lightly does it slip away,

LOST

so swift and agile is its flight, so undiscoverable its hiding place, that almost we endow the elusive coin with an elfish glee and spite. But in our serious thought we know this to be only a twist of irritated fancy. For all trouble and discomfort of seeking, the careless keeper is to blame, and not the slipping coin.

In the days of our Lord's Ministry, Capernaum was full of publicans and sinners, to the great scandal of the decent world. It called them lost men and lost women; shook its head at them, avoided them, moralised over them, and so washed its hands after them, and of them.

How often does a word of Christ's pull away the cushions of a comfortable conscience!

"Woe to the lost," said the Pharisee, then, as to-day. "Woe to the losers," says Jesus. "A piece of silver from the mint of the Great King I gave into your keeping. You have let it slip, let it roll away. But you cannot leave it lost. It bears the Royal effigy, the Royal name and symbol, hardly ever to be done away. God owns it, God needs it, God must have it back. But yours was the use of it. The loss is yours as well as His. You cannot afford to let it be. You must light the candle and seek and find. This thing of price, meant for true service, has rolled into the dust or the drain. You miss it—you want it—you must have it back. Find that which you have lost."

And when we think of half the world to-day, of men and women cursed in their parentage, in their natural drift and bias, in their associates and surroundings, in their desires, and in their conscience, in every breath they draw, and in almost every sight they see, the blame that we would cast upon them turns back upon ourselves.

God's silver yet, in spite of all the shameful soilage and all the ignoble wear, these lost men and women are the men and women whom we have lost. On us it lies to seek them, find them, cleanse them, number them, keep them. We shall be seeking our own souls as well as theirs, for when we lose another surely we lose ourselves.

And now, as we pass from the silver to the sheep, our interest deepens and divides. In the former parable, out-

wardly and obviously, our sympathy was called solely to the loser; it was only when we reached the inner meaning, and knew for what the coin stood, that our pity turned to that. But now, though the formal appeal is still on behalf of the loser, quite naturally our pity goes out towards the lost.

Of all familiar animals perhaps the sheep is most helpless, with least of character or resource; one of a flock, born to be driven or led, yet apt to wander and be lost; subject to strange collective impulses and alarms; foolish yet lovable; made for protection and pity—the type of men and women at their gentlest and weakest, it draws our hearts by a kindly right.

When one of the flock is lost, there is no thought of blaming it. It was only a silly sheep; some pleasant patch of pasture drew it aside. Its nature was to wander; it should have been better watched. But where is it now, at folding time? There are cliffs and gullies; wolves are about. The lost sheep must be sought and found.

How tenderly that picture checks our censorious thoughts! We have been hard and bitter; we have fixed our eyes upon the darkness of the sin; but now we think of the weakness of the sinner. How little he knew! how foolish and thoughtless he was; how easily led away. After all, he was one of ours, we should have kept him better. The more we think of sin as wrought by him, the more is anger touched with sorrow; the pity of it, not its wickedness, lies now upon our hearts. Oh, sin is foolish—foolish. If people only knew!

Well, we must light the lantern, and take cord and crook, and traverse all the pasture, and all the rock and wood, until we find the lost. He was one of the Father's flock; he was given to our keeping; we must seek him till we find.

And now we mount the topmost stair of sympathy; we have passed from Lost Silver and Lost Sheep; we have come to the Lost Son.

The Lost Son!—we know him, every one of us. He belongs, if not to our very household, at least to our kin, or our circle of friends. His face looks out on us from every book of photographs, though sometimes from an empty square. All down

THE QUIVER

the aisle in every church we mark the place where he used to sit. He is keeping sheep—he who could not keep himself!—all over Australia, up to the dreary silences of Carpentaria. He is washing the quartz of luckless claims in Mexico, South Africa, Klondike. He is ranching in Montevideo; selling matches or holding horses in Melbourne or in Sydney. He is living in the streets, dying in the hospitals, of all the cities of all the world.

Oh, we were hard upon him. He had made his bed, we affirmed—for always the devil has a proverb at hand to back our cruel judgment at its worst—and he must lie upon it.

But now those later years have rolled away, and left the old time clear and near. No more we see him as he was at last—a wild young man, selfish, wilful, riotous. He is a little fellow now. His fair hair runs into innocent curls. The baby wonder has hardly left his eyes; he has little winning ways of managing difficult words. Instinctively his hand seeks ours, and is lost in it; he looks up to us as to a great height; our wisdom is to him an unfathomed deep. He questions us of all things in Heaven and earth, changing from strides to little runs as he tries to keep up with our walk.

Ah, we remember now! His very heart is open to our gaze. We look down into its springs and impulses through his frank, serious eyes.

Bad? Hopeless? Lost? He whose innocence touched us, whose kindness rebuked our worldly standards, whose very touch drew us nearer to the Kingdom of God and the child? A heavenly pity dwelt in him that passed nothing by; he would cry over a dead rat; he stopped to pat sad donkeys drooping in the shafts; he would give his last penny to a hungry man; he grieved for all poor souls out in the dark and the cold; he prayed that God would find them out and bring them in. Will God forget that now?

And surely, under all the soiling, that image of the Heavenly King abides upon the coin. It is overlaid, but not effaced. You cannot rub God out of a human soul.

The woman sought the silver; the shepherd sought the sheep; the father stayed at home, and let the wild son go,

So it was, and so it has to be. Sternest of all barriers, as most strange and sad, is that which stands between our souls and the souls of those we love. We can give them counsel; plead with them, pray for them, hold them a little with imploring hands; but at the last we have to let them go. It is God who comes and stands between us, in the individuality of every will, the dreadful separateness of every soul. Our son passes from our sight.

But in the parable the father not only stays at home; he seems even to rest at home, passive, almost consenting.

But that, we feel, is only seeming. He could not keep the son; he might not follow him. The home-longing had to come without constraint, slowly born in the silence of the young man's heart.

But, though the father's feet were bound, his thoughts and prayers were free. Did not they go forth and hover round, suggesting, softening, drawing?

We, who know to-day the power of encompassing thought, can we fail to be sure that not without the touch of spirits, not without the calling of deep to deep, gathered and grew and broke at last in speech, that slow resolve, "I will arise"?

Love needed him; love sought, and found, and conquered him. It made itself a voice, a hand; it led him back.

And so our hard thoughts grow warm and kind, and we rest, our prayers said, waiting for our lost to come home. We seek, and we have good hope that they who seek shall find.

Ah, but there is better hope; stronger and surer comfort. Praying, we may win no visible answer; seeking, may seem to touch nothing with our poor, groping hands.

But God seeks; but Christ seeks; and Christ and God know not failure. Our Master has turned the word of despair into a promise of boundless peace. It shelters all we love—those at our side, and those who had to go, out into the noise of the world, out into the long silence.

No coin rolls out of God's sight; no sheep strays into wilds beyond his ken; no soul journeys into so far a country that God is left behind.

The lost are those whom God is seeking—and whom He seeks He finds.



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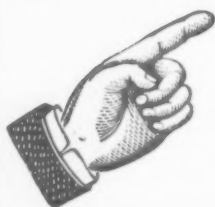
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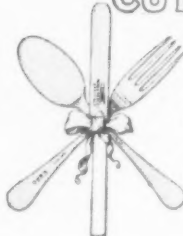
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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

JUNE 4th. THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER

John xiv. 15-27

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The proof of love. (2) The promise of the Holy Spirit. (3) The gift of peace.

Perfect Obedience

OBEEDIENCE is always the test and the proof of love. Where there is love there is sure to be obedience. "If ye love Me," said Christ, "keep My commandments," and He is saying the same thing to-day.

Dr. Tucker, Bishop of Equatorial Africa, during a journey from Zanzibar to the Victoria Nyanza Lake, observed a striking example of military obedience. His caravan had a small escort of German soldiers, and one of these men was sent into a native village to buy food. It was hoped to conciliate the savage tribes by evident friendliness, and the messenger was strictly enjoined not to fire under any circumstances. He did his best, but the hostile natives surrounded him and threatened him with their spears. Soon it became clear that his life was in danger, yet he could not use his rifle. His orders had been peremptory, and he adhered to them at all costs. He was stabbed to death where he stood—obedient to the last.

There would be great cause for rejoicing if all the warriors of the Cross evinced like fidelity to their Divine Captain.

The Ever-Present Comforter

The promise of the Comforter which Christ made to His disciples was fulfilled in their experience, and it is still fulfilled in the experience of every Christian who claims the blessing and obeys the conditions. "Divine comfort," says one writer, "does not come to us in any mysterious or arbitrary way. It comes as the result of a Divine method. The indwelling Comforter 'brings to our remembrance' comforting things concerning our Lord, and we are comforted by them. A text is inwardly suggested to us, perhaps, or the verse of a hymn, or some thought, concerning the love of Christ and His tender care for us. If we receive the suggestion in simple faith, we cannot help being comforted. But if we refuse to listen to the voice of the Comforter, and insist instead on listening to the voice of discouragement or despair, no comfort can by any possibility reach our souls. Our Lord commands us to be com-

forted, and it is as much a command to us to be comforted as it is a command not to steal."

JUNE 11th. HEZEKIAH'S GREAT PASS-OVER

2 Chronicles xxx.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The King's message to his people. (2) The national return to God. (3) The feast of rejoicing.

IN the message of Hezekiah the people recognised the call of God, and they were wise in doing so. "The average man is inclined to ridicule the faith of him who believes that God speaks to the devout soul. We are inclined to believe, in our moments of deadness, that God has ceased to speak to men as He spoke to the patriarchs. He is still speaking, but we do not hear; we have not ears to hear."

Believing God

Response to God's call is a sure indication of our belief in Him. Nowhere scarcely can be found a better confirmation of Abraham Lincoln's faith in God than in the following anecdote, related at a banquet in the city of Washington by General Sickles. "It was on July 5th, 1863," he said, "that I was brought to Washington on a stretcher from the field of Gettysburg. Hearing of my arrival, President Lincoln came to my room and sat down by my bedside. He asked about the great battle, and when I told him of the terrible slaughter, the tears streamed from his eyes. I asked him if he had doubted the result. He said, 'No.' Then he continued: 'This may seem strange to you, but a few days ago, when the opposing armies were converging, I felt as never before my utter helplessness in the great crisis that was to come upon the country. I went into my room and locked the door. Then I knelt down and prayed as I had never prayed before. I told God that He had called me to this position, that I had done all that I could, and that the result was now in His hands; that I felt my own weakness and lack of power, and that I knew if the country was to be saved, it was because He willed it. When I went down from my room, I felt that there could be no doubt of the issue. The burden seemed to have rolled off my shoulders, my intense anxiety was relieved, and in its place came a great sense of trust-

THE QUIVER

fulness, and that was why I did not doubt the result of Gettysburg."

JUNE 18th. THE DOWNFALL OF SAMARIA

2 Kings xvii. 1-18

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The siege and capture of Samaria. (2) The disobedience of Israel. (3) The Lord's anger with His people.

THE recurring disobedience of Israel runs all through the history of God's chosen people. Again and again they forgot God, and again and again their punishment fell. A farmer in America once wrote to the editor of a Christian newspaper, saying that he had ploughed his field on a Sunday, and also sowed his grain on the Lord's Day. When harvest-time came round he also reaped it on Sunday, and he boastfully declared that he never had a better yield. He asked the editor, in view of these facts, to explain the text which says that "God is not mocked." The editor published the farmer's letter in full, adding the significant comment: "God does not always settle His accounts in October."

Back to Christianity

As the Lord was frequently angry with Israel for their repeated disobedience, so might He well be angry with His people to-day for their forgetfulness and neglect of Him. It is told of a certain church committee that they met to consider matters of grave importance. The attendance at the Sunday service was declining, all the organisations were in a bad way, and it was felt that unless something could be done to arrest the decay, disaster would soon be upon them. At the committee meeting one man complained that the church socials were a failure, another confessed that the sermons on Shakespeare and Milton and the lectures on Mars and Venus had failed to bring out the people, while a third lamented that the gymnasium had failed to attract the young people. "Yes, all these things have failed us," mournfully admitted the chairman. "I wonder what we can try to interest the people? Has anybody any suggestions to

offer?" Then an old-fashioned Christian stood up, and quietly said: "I have been thinking that if we tried preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and practising it a little bit, it might interest people."

To get back to Christianity would prove the solution of many ills: when Israel returned to God their troubles passed to His shoulders, and that same story of victory is repeated when the Lord's people follow the paths of obedience.

JUNE 25th. REVIEW

If the lessons of the past quarter have taught anything at all, they have taught that the truest success and happiness lie along the line of obedience. And this is something which every Christian needs to remember. Half-hearted obedience will not suffice. God demands a service that is absolutely loyal. "To be half-hearted towards Jesus Christ," says the Rev. G. H. Morrison, "is the most tragical of all conditions. Other masters might be content with that. Christ will have none of it—He scorns it. It must be first or nowhere, all or nothing—King or nobody—with Jesus Christ. And the strange thing is, when we take Him at His word, and give ourselves up to Him in glad devotion, then when the burnt-offering begins, the song of the Lord begins also."

Rooted in Christ

In a Scottish valley, beside a little brook, where there was no kindly soil, a Highlander once planted a tree. Of course, it drooped. But suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, it took a new start in life and bore rich fruit. What was the source of its new life? That was the query put by all who knew it. An examination revealed the secret. With marvellous vegetable instinct the tree had sent out a shoot which ran along and over a narrow sheep-bridge and rooted itself in the rich loam on the other side of the brook. From this loam it drew its new life, and in the same way, rooted in Jesus Christ, the souls of men find a strength and a nourishment that fit them for all the trials and the struggles of life.





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The Divine Restraint of Evil*

By REV. W. L. WATKINSON

IN Nature we see abounding examples of the fact that limits are fixed to the destructive forces—limits they may not transgress. Geology shows how the terrible dragons of the primitive age were held in check, and finally eliminated. It might have been thought that these monsters, all teeth and claw, massive and heavily armoured, would have taken possession of the earth and retained possession. Yet they did not. Palæontology demonstrates that the best-armed species are those which have almost always disappeared. The stronger went to the wall.

The naturalist is familiar with a host of noxious plants which threaten the vegetable world, and put life in peril. The "devil-plant" of Mississippi destroys every bee and beast that touches it. How is it that these pestilent growths, with all their vigour, fecundity, and aggressiveness, do not prevail? One of the old kings had his garden planted wholly of poison flowers: how is it that the earth has not become such a garden? It has not; these foul and fearsome plants, despite all their advantages, continue local, and the landscape misses little of its glory. The fact is, there is a benign law, a delicately poised balance, a sovereign virtue, an antiseptic quality, in the very constitution of things, which keeps the destructive elements within bounds, and preserves the world a theatre of life, sweetness, health, and beauty. And as the snake is in the grass, the hawk in the sky, the poison-plant in the woods, so the octopus, alligator, and shark infest the waters; yet the protective law operates there also, sheltering whatsoever passeth through the depths of the sea.

The physiologist bears testimony to the same conservative law. It would seem reasonable to fear that diseases of the blood and brain would be transmitted; that they would accumulate from one generation to another, until the earth became a vast lazaretto; but, however imminent this disaster may seem, it does not occur. The student of heredity assures us "that there is a limit to the transmission of abnormal characteristics." Nature purifies the race of its physical defects, or, if the type be too vicious, exterminates it; so that the degeneration of society cannot proceed beyond a given point.

Evil is full of boasting; it is insolent, mocking, rampant, apparently irresistible; it threatens to occupy the whole sphere, annihilating all that is good, soiling whatever is beautiful, quenching in darkness whatever is joyous; yet somehow it breaks off unaccountably where and when we did not expect it to break off, not having wrought nearly the mischief that seemed inevitable.

If in Nature these gracious limits are imposed on the genius of destruction, let us be assured that stern circumscriptions restrain moral evil and render impossible its triumph. All about us in contemporaneous society are horrible things—infectious literature, vile institutions, degrading fashions, corrupting pleasures, iniquities framed by law, organisations, methods, habits, which eat as doth a cancer. Selfish men, loose women, prey on their fellows at every corner. We need only to take up the morning paper and run our eye down its columns to become conscious of the working in society in every direction of the forces which poison and destroy. It often seems to one who thoughtfully surveys the factors and workings of society, not less than a miracle that civilisation continues to hold together, swarming as it does with malignant parasites. Yet the foes of the race do not prevail. Just as a secret law conditions the rattlesnake, the vampire, the devil-fish, and the upas-tree, so God's eye is upon the gin-saloon, the gutter press, the gambling den, the racecourse, the camera obscura of lust, the prize-ring, the cabinet of the bloody men who delight in war, and all the rest of the brutal and devilish centres of the agencies and influences which afflict humanity. The proud, raging waves of wilfulness and passion, foaming out their own shame, are broken on mystic sands fixed by Heaven, and beyond which the powers of darkness may not go. So ethereal and impalpable are these sands that it seems only poetry to speak of them; but their reality and efficacy are demonstrated in the persistence and progress of the race—though the waves toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over. "Who shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." He who thus commands the Atlantic and Pacific rebukes the troubled depths of evil as they fiercely rage casting up mire and dirt.

The strangling creeper is hideous, yet the magnificence of the forest is unimpaired; the leopard and wolf are swift and fierce, but innocent life feeds among the lilies and sings among the branches; clouds of blight settle on the fields, still the golden corn feeds the world—so God checkmates and controls the craft and rage of wickedness, lest the spirit of man should fail before Him, and the souls that He has made. He limits one bad thing by another, causes a lesser evil to control a greater, and imprisons the whole pandemonium of revolt within the golden ring of His absolute sovereignty.

* From "The Fatal Barter" (London: Robert Culley).

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paddles are so well geared, so well regulated,
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Ice Cream is a frequent and inexpensive luxury
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8s. upwards.

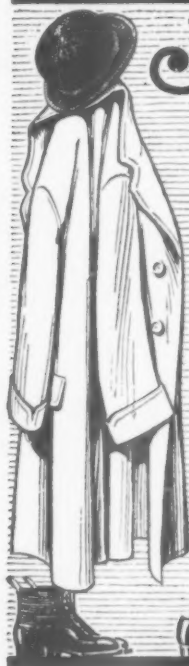
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Look for the
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The weather keeps changing. You cannot order the weather, but you can order a hat, coat, and pair of boots at Jacksons' to exactly suit the weather—furthermore to suit your pocket.

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Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm

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Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER enables the Readers of THE QUIVER, to get, on receipt of P.O. for 5/6, one will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of 5/6 our Prudential Real Seamless Woven Half-Guineas.

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suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedrooms, &c. handsomely decorated, in Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colours, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

FREE RUG.

this showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchaser's Middle Profit. OVER 40,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unqualified Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY! With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send two carpets and TWO RUGS for 10/6.

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Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants,
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Fry's
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MORE POPULAR THAN EVER,
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**300 GRANDS PRIX,
GOLD MEDALS
ETC.**

GEORGE II.

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WILLIAM IV.

VICTORIA.

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GEORGE V.

STOUT PEOPLE STARTLED

Not long ago an article appeared in a contemporary describing the risks which over-stout people run, too often unknowingly, when they allow the obese condition to get a firm hold upon the system, and the additional perils other "overweights" have to face when they persist in trying to starve and drug themselves down to normal proportions. The news was certainly startling. Fortunately, however, a way out of the difficulties encountered both by the neglectful and the misguided was clearly pointed out. That way was the simple and harmless Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity.

What is making Antipon so popular all over the world is that it is an amazingly stimulating tonic as well as an unrivalled fat-reducer; that it effectually stamps out the stubborn tendency to over-development of fatty tissue whilst rapidly eliminating the masses of unwholesome and needless fat already encumbering the organism and robbing the sufferer of both health and beauty. Antipon is in the true sense of the word a "thorough" cure for obesity in all its stages, and an unmatched restorer of health, strength, and beauty of form. Antipon promotes appetite and renews digestive power. Muscle, nerve, and brain are benefited. There is a reduction of 8 oz. and upwards within the first twenty-four hours. The skin and complexion are greatly improved, and there are no wrinkles. Antipon contains only harmless vegetable substances in liquid form.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world.

THE BRIGHTENING OF OUR HOMES

SPRING is with us, and the feminine mind reverts naturally to spring-cleaning. Not with any thought of pleasure, for it means a lot of hard work before the house is in that "spick-and-span" condition that is necessary to satisfy the keen eye of the particular housewife. It is to be presumed that she does not undertake the duty out of sheer delight for hard work—this is a necessity to secure the results. If one could offer a magic wand that by a simple wave over the house would do all the cleaning, one could anticipate a large demand for it. Failing this, we must use the best of those aids that will accomplish the most with the least trouble. Of these, Globe Metal Polish is the one that will be of the greatest assistance in the polishing of your brasses and bright metals. It has exceptional properties in that it readily removes tarnish without the necessity of a lot of hard rubbing; and not only does it

give it a most brilliant shine, but the shine withstands the action of the atmosphere to a greater extent than that produced by any other means, so that the metals retain their brilliancy much longer. Globe is obtainable in both paste and liquid. The liquid is in unspillable sprinkler-top cans, which enable you to take out just sufficient for your needs. For repoussé or ornamental metals Globe Liquid will be found a distinct convenience. Any grocer or chandler will supply you with paste in 1d., 2d., 4d. or larger tins, or with liquid in 2d., 6d., and 1s. cans.

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS FOR GIRLS

ANOTHER CLEAN SWEEP

It is well known that appointments in the Civil Service are filled by open competition, that is to say a certain number of appointments are advertised, and candidates for these have to undergo an examination. As a result of this they are arranged in order of merit, and those who are highest on the list are given the appointments. These competitions are open to all between certain limits of age, and the appointments once gained are permanent, remunerative, and carry the right to pension.

It will be remembered that quite recently, when 15 appointments were thus offered to competition, the whole 15 were gained by students of one institution, namely, Clark's College, leaving over 400 other candidates without a single appointment between them. Another result has just been announced in which the very much larger number of 85 appointments as Female Telegraphists were offered to competition. 631 candidates from all parts of the British Isles competed for these, mostly in vain, for again students of Clark's College have gained no fewer than 66 of the appointments offered, including the first 7 on the list in order of merit, 10 of the first 11, and 26 of the first 30.

Parents will see how hopeless it is for girls to compete with any chance of success without specialised training, the trained students of Clark's College having secured a practical monopoly of these appointments. So powerful is the effect of the training of this institution, too, that no student can pass through it without forcing his or her way on to the successful list. These two results are items in a long and honourable record extending over 30 years, of which Clark's College and its principal may well be proud.


THE "ZYAPER"

Sanitary Towel stretches when the wearer stoops, like the old-fashioned diaper. To ladies who golf, ride, etc., they are an immense boon. One trial means constant use.

At all chemists, drapers, and stores, in 3 sizes, 1s., 10s., and 2s. per dozen.

Sample, with name of nearest agent, post free, on application to Lady Manager.

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**Ye Sign of ye
Footpad.**

The footpad of old did not add to the pleasures of a walk on the king's highway.

The modern footpad—**REDFERN'S NAVY PADS**—softens the way and makes walking a delight. And the saving in shoe leather is enormous.


But you must insist on getting Redfern's.

Men's 6½d. per pair. Ladies' and Children's 4½d. per pair.

Redfern's Navy Quarter Tips for those who prefer this style of rubber heel, are just as good in quality as Navy Pads.

Write for booklet "How to fit Rubber Heels."

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Is supreme. It is so because of its extreme purity, delicate yet effective medication and refreshing fragrance. It costs but little more than ordinary soaps, wears to a wafer and gives comfort and satisfaction every moment of its use. Once used always used.

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Free, from Boston or London depots, samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with 32-p. booklet.

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The Satisfaction of Work Well Done.

For everything in the Kitchen that wants cleaning and polishing—use PANSHINE.



It saves half the time spent in washing up, cleaning knives, forks, spoons, the stove, dirty pots and pans, glass, the sink, and the floor.

Yet it costs less than soap and there is no waste.

PANSHINE is invaluable to Motorists for cleaning the hands and machinery.

PANSHINE cleans everything but clothing and woven fabrics.

PANSHINE must not be put into water. It is best used with a moist cloth or brush. Do not make the cloth too wet, but just moist.

Sold in economical dredgers—1d., 3d., and 6d. If there is any difficulty in obtaining it send 1d. stamp for sample, book of Panshine uses, and name of nearest agent to—

H. D. POCHIN & CO.,
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COUPON.

The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed).....

Address.....

FITS CURED

By **OZERINE**. It has **cured permanently** the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case Fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being **SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.**

Many thousands of testimonials have been received, and more are coming to hand every day.

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To Mr. Nicholl.

March 6, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly forward to Mrs. Larbey another 4/6 bottle of Ozerine as soon as possible. I am pleased to say that it is making a wonderful change in her. She has been steadily improving ever since she took the very first dose. She has not had one attack since, and that is two months ago, and she used to have attacks every fortnight. She is getting better, too, in bodily strength; she used to be so weak after the attacks, and had no time to gain any strength. I enclose order for same.

I am, yours truly,

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This is only one from many thousands of letters which have been received, all testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of **OZERINE**. It has cured sufferers of all ages, from 13 months to 80 years. I invite you to

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

You need not spend one penny on it. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle **absolutely free**, so certain am I that you will find it most successful.

Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

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Analysis **proves** that

PLASMON Mid- Lothian OATS

contain **70%** more nourishment

than any other oats.—*vide Lancet.*

PORRIDGE IN PERFECTION.

4 minutes' boiling only. 6d. pkt.

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is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. **ASK FOR**

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is **NO PILL "JUST as GOOD."**
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

Time will make your writing blacker if you use Onoto Ink.

Unlike ordinary ink, it cannot fade, but gets blacker the older the writing is.

Onoto Ink is so good because of the way it is made. Here is the science story.

The actual ink is colourless, until the colouring matter is added. But this added colouring matter is only needed to let you see what you write. The permanent and rich black colour is due to a change brought about by the air in the colourless ink, which age keeps turning blacker.

It is the clearest, cleanest ink to use—and will not corrode or spoil your pen. Ask your stationer or store for

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In bottles, 6d., 1/-,
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Onoto Ink



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A good **POLICY** is to keep a bottle of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** always in the house.

It is a reliable Health Insurance. Nothing else can better protect you from the ills the flesh is heir to.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

for over 35 years has been helping millions to regain and retain health, energy, and comfort.

Don't suffer from injudicious eating or congestion from lack of exercise. If you take "**ENO'S**" every morning you will soon find a great improvement in your general health. Your food tastes good and is beneficial, your sleep is unbroken and refreshing, the colour comes back to your cheeks, eruptions disappear, and you find life a delight, work a pleasure.

FRUIT SALT is pleasant to take and gentle in its action, and is the best remedy for Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Congestion, and Feverish Conditions of the system.

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

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THE CLEANERS
to be dry cleaned & made like new
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